

An MADAIRIN RUA (The Little Red Fox)

*A madairin rua, rua, rua, rua
A madairin rua, tá granna
A madairin rua, is a lui ina luachair
'Gus barr' a dha cluaise in airde!*

"Good morrow, fox!" "Good morrow, sir!"
"And what is that you're eating?"
"A fine fat goose I stole from you
And will you come and taste it?"

"Oh no indeed - ni ail liom é
Ni bhlaisfaidh pioc di ar aon chor
But I vow and swear that you'll dearly pay
For the fine fat goose you're eating!"

Now the little red fox is a raider sly
In a barnyard dark you'll find him
Where a chicken or a goose would be most of use
As his dinner, slung behind him!

Now the little red fox is a family man
By his own fireside reposing
But if the cry of the hounds shows his lair is found
There's no time left for dozing!

"I'm off!" says he - "Don't wait for me
I've a long long road before me
But home I'll be in time for tea
When I've left them grieving sorely!"

Hark hark FINDER, Lily, and Piper
Cruinnigi na gadhair lena gceile
Hark hark Trueman, an fleasc an cuma
's nach fear cúil é Bateman!

Tally ho leanbháin, tally ho leanbháin
Tally ho leanbháin, we'll catch him
Tally ho leanbháin, tally ho leanbháin
We'll catch the madairin rua!