Album: Boiled in the Bag – Artist: Sid Kipper

In the fields around Knapton, so I have heard tell
There in the stubble a white hare did dwell
And we had decided that white hare to try
Whether innocent or guilty, we'd know by and by.

So me and Anne Chovey begun and did start
But we hadn't no greyhound that white hare to hunt
We hadn't no greyhound 'twas all our complaint
But we had a red setter and a pot of grey paint.

So its up with the brush and the job was soon done
And its over to Knapton we straight way have gone
So straight and so true like some arrow in flight
But unlike an arrow at Trunch we turned right.

Well when we got to Knapton the hare was soon found
Though the paint was still wet oh we let loose the hound
The setter took off with the hare close behind
Well that weren't exactly what we had in mind.

And then in a moment that dog it did point
Well the paint it had set and it froze every joint
That setter was solid from toe unto top
But coming up behind it the hare couldn't stop.

That white hare turned pale – I swear that its true
As straight for that rigid dog's tail it flew
The hare was proved guilty and justice prevailed
It died at the end of a shaggy dog's tale

(Transcribed and supplied to us by Trevor C)