

# Hunting the Cutty Wren

Lyrics by Les Barker  
-set to a version of the tune, "Green Bushes"

$\text{♩} = 60$

Oh where are you \_\_\_ go - ing, said Mil - der to \_\_\_ Moul - der. Oh

3  
where are you \_\_\_ go - ing, oh where do you go? I'm off

5  
to the for - - est, said Moul - der to Mil - - der, I'm

6  
off to the \_\_\_ for - - est, all in the deep snow.

Oh where are you going, said Milder to Moulder  
Where are you going, oh where do you go?  
I'm off to the forest, said Moulder to Milder  
I'm off to the forest all in the deep snow.

Why are you going, says Milder to Moulder  
Why are you going with all of these men?  
You nosy old bleeder, said Moulder to Milder  
You nosy old bleeder, we're hunting the wren.

Two dozen hunters? says Milder to Moulder  
Yet you never catch one, won't you tell me how?  
It's a bloody small target, said Moulder to Milder  
It's a bloody small target, you stupid old cow.

Then why do you do it, says Milder to Moulder  
Why do you do it, says the whiny old voice  
I know it sounds silly, said Moulder to Milder  
It's an old pagan custom and we have no choice.

Would you walk in the forest, says Milder to Moulder  
Would you walk in the forest like an old pagan man?  
We'll go in my motor, said Moulder to Milder  
I've got a Toyota, it's a four-wheel drive van.

Where have you been, says Milder to Moulder  
Where have you been, won't you tell to me?  
Hunting the wren, said Moulder to Milder  
Hunting the wren, has your memory gone?

Pray have you got one, says Milder to Moulder  
Pray have you got one please tell I'm all ears!  
Yes, we're enraptured, says Moulder to Milder  
It's the first one we've captured for two thousand years.

Where did you catch it, said Milder to Moulder  
Where did you catch it, oh pray tell to me  
We got it at Safeway, said Moulder to Milder  
We got it at Safeway for 55 p.

It's not very big though, says Milder to Moulder  
Won't need much stuffing, I don't see the sense  
Of course it's not big though, said Moulder to Milder  
It's one of the salient features of wrens.

You should have got a chicken, says Milder to Moulder  
A chicken or a turkey or maybe a joint  
We should have got chicken? said Moulder to Milder  
You silly old woman, you're missing the point.

So why hunt the wren then? says Milder to Moulder  
Why hunt the wren then if it's such a small thing?  
It's an old pagan custom, said Moulder to Milder  
And hunting the sausage don't have the same ring.

Where are you going, says Milder to Moulder  
Where are you going says Milder again  
Off to the Arundales, said Moulder to Milder  
To open a shop called Kentucky Fried Wren.

Tune is a version of "Green Bushes " from Sharp's book, "English Folk Songs".

There is a Manx legend that during the Irish rebellion, when English soldiers and Manx Fencibles were in Ireland, the noise made by the wren on the end of a drum woke a sleeping sentry and thus saved them from being taken unawares; this was the reason for hunting the wren on St. Stephen's Day.