



# The Culloch Boar

1. High u - pon the Cull-och fell, in  
dwells a boar with eyes a - glow

Gm Gsus4 Gm Gsus4

accompaniment  
(continue throughout verses)

5 fo - rest thick and black as hell One cold win - ter,  
to its lair none dare to go

8 hard the ground Came the boar a - snuff - l - ing round

11 Takes a taste for hu - man meat Finds the blood and

unaccompanied

14 ma-rraw sweet

Chorus

Bro - thers, sis - ters, bea - ters all

Gm Gsus4 Gm Gsus4

19

Take up arms and heed my call E - ver - more my kin shall be

23

unaccompanied

those who hunt the boar with me

1. High upon the Culloch fell  
In forest thick and black as hell  
Dwells a boar with eyes aglow  
To its lair none dares to go

One cold winter, hard the ground  
The boar it comes a-snuffling round  
Takes a taste for human meat  
Finds the blood and marrow sweet

Chorus:

Brothers, sisters, beaters all  
Take up arms and heed the call  
Evermore my kin shall be  
Those who hunt the boar with me

2. Every night it kills again  
Hungry for the blood of men  
Till the keeper tells the town  
One of you must hunt it down

Every heart is filled with fear  
There's no yeoman dares go near  
Till a beater, bold and brave  
Vows he'll go, the town to save

Chorus

He takes his bow, he takes his spear  
He kisses wife and children dear  
He goes his speed and skill to try  
To slay the boar or else to die

Now the beaters, keen of eye  
Track it to the mountains high  
And from inside a night-black cave  
Piggy eyes glow bright with rage

Chorus

3. Every spear in bright array  
Is turned to hold the beast at bay  
But with one charge a man lies dead  
Its tusks and muzzle drip with red

Our beater lad, with all his might  
Steps up now to join the fight  
Thrusts and parries with his spear  
Holds at bay both beast and fear

Chorus

4. Now he thrusts the spear again  
Hears it roar and shriek in pain  
But the boar with bloody glee  
Rips his thigh from hip to knee

Now it stares with hungry eyes  
Eager to devour its prize  
Our beater gathers all his skill  
For one last chance the beast to kill

Chorus

5. And as it turns to run him down  
He plants his spearshaft in the ground  
Lowers the point, its charge to meet  
And skewers the brute dead at his feet

They carry home the beast they killed  
And long the feast, each belly filled  
And ne'er was tasted pork so sweet  
As that which fed on marcher meat

Chorus

6. (to the tune of the second half of the verse - slowly)  
Granted is the hunting right  
To those who slew the boar this night  
Culloch's horns shall ever sound  
Here upon their hunting ground.