



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.