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# The Black Hunting Hound

e e f] g e d b g a  
 "What did you wear on your wedding day?  
 g f] e d d e f] e d e  
 Organdy lace or a bridal bouquet?"  
 b b e e f] g e d b g a  
 "None of these," she replied, "a veil was my gown.  
 b a] b g f] e d b d f] e d e  
 As I was led to the altar a black hunting hound  
 e d c] c] c] c g a b  
 Crossed before, unaware of the way  
 b g f] e d b d f] e d e  
 We sacrament marriage on our wedding day."

"Who was the groom, your husband, dear child?  
 Did he allow the trek of the wild  
 To invade your private path?  
 Where was his righteous wrath?"

Her smile plied a trail through sadness and pain,  
 Recalling some hour in joy's secret reign,  
 Through crystalline silence, her voice softly found,  
 "But I wed my father's own black hunting hound."

"Daughter, dear daughter, what then did you do?  
 Surely this beast of darkness you slew!"  
 "Ah, no," she replied, "I loved him all too well,  
 'Til he died one night in the folds of my veil  
 e d c] c] c]  
 --And became a man."

"What did you wear on your wedding day?  
 Organdy lace or a bridal bouquet?"  
 "None of these," she replied, "a veil was my gown  
 When I wed my father's own black hunting hound  
 e e d c] c] c]  
 --When I was once a child."

a b c d e f g a b c d e f g A B C D E F G A B C D E F G  
 c] f]

