The Merry Wolves of Windsor

Wolf runs wilde, wolf runs free
Over wolf does none have maisterye   mastery
Wolf is as merry as merry canne be
With his brethren of the pack for his compaignye.   company

Wolf runs highe, wolf runs lowe
Through the forest and dale wher man cannot go
Wolf stays warm, though the colde winds blowe
Curled up in his den 'neath the fallen snowe

Wolf runs fast, wolf runs flete
The joyes of the hunt bring the wolf his mete
Wolf sings loude, but ne'er as swete
As his even -song his mate to grete

Wolf runs nyght, wolfe runs day
Over mountayne and streme does his kyngdom hold sway
Wolf and his kinne in the moonlyght bay
And gyve thanks to Gode in their wolfen way

Wolf runs wilde, wolf runs free
Over wolf does none have maisterye
Wolf is as merry as merry canne be
With his brethren of the pack for his compaignye
With his brethren of the pack for his compaignye

for Kingdom Twelfth Night January 1993