

Hunting Girl
Jethro Tull

Em **D**
One day I walked the road and crossed a field
C **G** **A5**
to go by where the hounds ran hard.
Em **D**
And on the master raced: behind the hunters chased
C **G** **A5**
to where the path was barred.
C **D** **G** **A** **Em**
One fine young lady s horse refused the fence to clear.
C **D** **G** **A** **B**
I unlocked the gate but she did wait until the pack had disappeared.

Em C D Em

Em **D** **C** **G** **A5**
Crop handle carved in bone; sat high upon a throne of finest English leather.
Em **D** **C** **G** **A5**
The queen of all the pack, this joker raised his hat and talked about the weather.
C **D** **G** **A** **Em**
All should be warned about this high born Hunting Girl.
C **D** **G** **A** **B**
She took this simple man s downfall in hand; I raised the flag that she unfurled.

Am **G** **F** **Em**
Boot leather flashing and spurnecks the size of my thumb.
Am **G** **F** **E**
This highborn hunter had tastes as strange as they come, come.

Am **G** **F** **Em**
Unbridled passion: I took the bit in my teeth.
Am **G** **F** **E**
Her standing over --- me on my knees underneath, underneath.

Em **D** **C** **G** **A5**
My lady, be discrete. I must get to my feet and go back to the farm.
Em **D** **C** **G** **A5**
Whilst I appreciate you are no deviate, I might come to some harm.
C **D** **G** **A** **Em**
I m not inclined to acts refined, if that s how it goes.
C **D** **G** **A** **B**
Oh, high born Hunting Girl, I m just a normal low born so and so.

Em C D E