

VLADIMIR VYSOTSKY - Wolf Hunt

With every sinew strained I hurtle,
But today like yesterday,
I'm cornered, chased, encircled,
Kept cheerfully at bay.
From the firs the shotguns blast,
In the shadows huntsmen lurk,
On the snow wolves tumble past,
Live targets - easy work.

The hunt for wolves is on! The hunt is on!
For the predators, the mothers and their brood,
Hounds bark themselves sick, beaters yell and run,
And the snow is red with flags and blood.

The hunter stacks the odds against us,
Fights unfairly, his hand won't shake,
With flags and ropes they've fenced us,
They'll hit squarely, and no mistake!
A wolf can't break with tradition,
Blind suckling cubs learn all is lost,
If you break mother's prohibition,
Ropes and flags cannot be crossed!

The hunt for wolves is on! The hunt is on! (*etc. repeat chorus*)

Our legs and jaws are quick,
Answer, leader, why oppressed,
Do we stumble poisoned and sick,
Without putting the fence to the test?
A wolf's fate cannot be questioned;
And now my time is done.
The hunter to whom I'm destined
Smiled as he raised his gun.

The hunt for wolves is on! The hunt is on! (*etc. repeat chorus*)

I burst through the flags in desperation,
The thirst for life is stronger still!
Behind I listened with elation
To yelling, cheated of their kill.
With every sinew strained I hurtle,
But today's NOT yesterday,
I was cornered, chased, encircled,
But the hunter lost his prey!

The hunt for wolves is on! The hunt is on! (*etc. repeat chorus*)