

# *Hassenpfeffer Row*

Music and Lyrics by Andrew Heinrich © 2007

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'Twas August in the farmer's field  
    Outside of Copper Lake  
And every year like every one  
    Before that bonny day  
The bunnies gathered 'round  
    For the hassenpfeffer row  
For to eat and drink and breed  
And then play football near the plow

Well, bunnies breed like rabbits  
    So there's warrens all a bunch  
And some of them are smaller  
    And some of them are lunch  
But some of them are bigger  
    And the biggest don't you see  
Well, they all recruit the little ones  
    In hopes of victory

Well one of these small warrens  
    Had a legend to uphold  
They were known to be ferocious  
    They were known to be quite bold  
They could pass and shoot and run the field  
    And do as they were told  
And their captain, aye he was a fearsome  
    Striker to behold

Well this team of dogged bunnies  
    They arrived at Copper Lake  
They put on all their uniforms  
    And to the field did take  
They were emboldened by their captain,  
    They were told he had a plan  
But they were all heartbroken  
    When their captain hit the lam

Well the bunnies they all wailed and cried  
"Oh, what are we to do  
Our captain he's not with us  
Was he eaten by a Gru?  
Then up spoke one bunny,  
It was his rookie year,  
He said "He's gone and left us,  
Yep, he's up and disappeared"

Well, the bunnies they got angry  
The bunnies they got mad  
They set aside the sadness for the captain  
They once had  
They took the field together  
Ear to ear they stood their ground  
And when they met the foeman  
He was heard to make this sound -

SQUEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

Well, somewhere in the carnage,  
Somewhere in the dirt  
They came upon their captain  
In the other team's bright shirt  
He'd abandoned all his kinsmen  
For some friends in other clothes  
But when they came upon him  
He was bruised from tail to nose!