

Tunng, The Bonnie Black Hare

On the 14th of May, at the dawn of the day
With me gun on me shoulder to the woods I did stray
In search of some game, if the weather prove fair
To see can I get a shot at the bonny black hare

I met a young girl there with her face as a rose
And her skin was as fair as the lily that grows
I says, My fair maid, why ramble you so
Can you tell me where the bonny black hare do go

The answer she gave me, O, the answer was no
But under me apron they say it do go
And if you'll not deceive me, I vow and declare
We'll both go together to hunt the bonny black hare

I laid this girl down with her face to the sky
I took out me ramrod, me bullets likewise
Saying, Wrap your legs round me, dig in with your heels
For the closer we get, O, the better it feels

The birds, they were singing in the bushes and trees
And the song that they sang was, She's easy to please
I felt her heart quiver and I knew what I'd done
Says I, Have you had enough of me old sporting gun

The answer she gave me, O, the answer was nay
It's not often young sportsmen like you come this way
And if your powder is good and your bullets are fair
Why don't you keep firing at the bonny black hare

Oh, me powder is wet and me bullets all spent
And me gun I can't fire, for it's choked at the vent
But I'll be back in the morning, and if you are still here
We'll both go together to hunt the bonny black hare.