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.