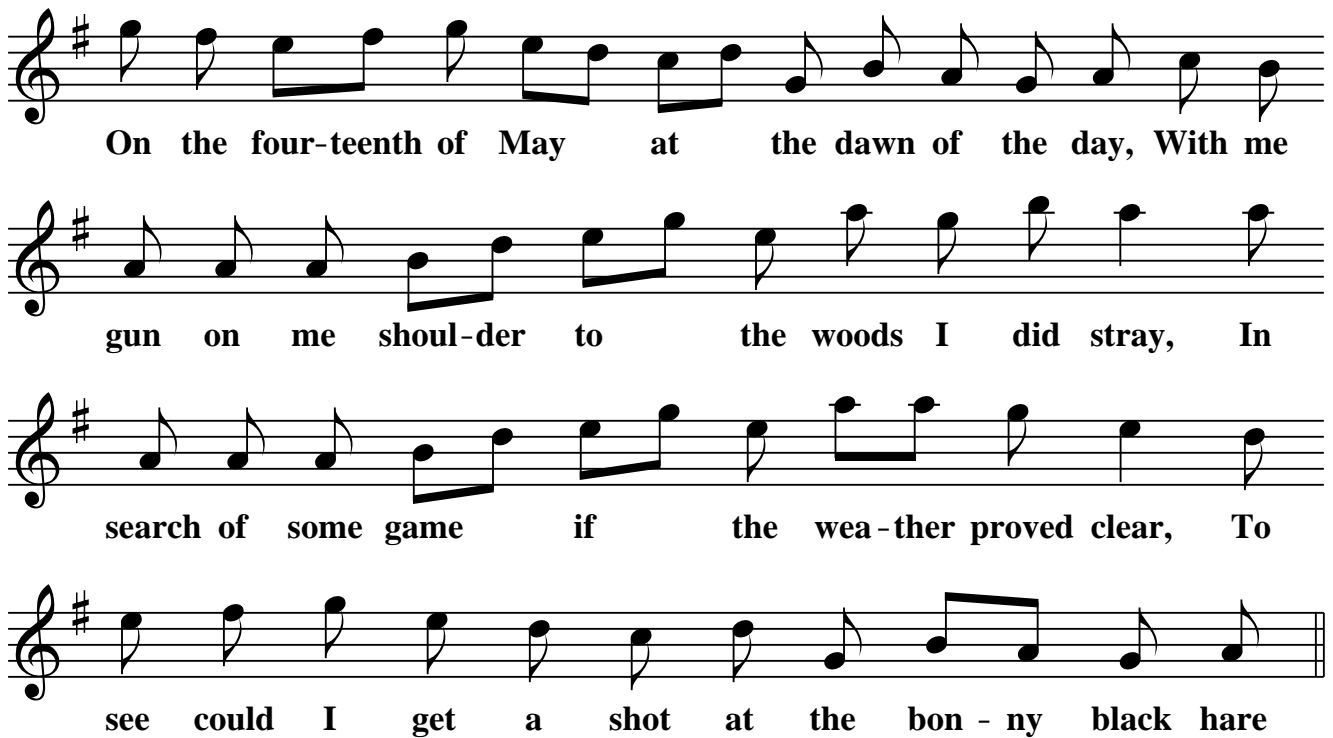


The Bonny Black Hare



On the fourteenth 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 proved clear, To
see could I get a shot at the bonny black hare

Well I met a young girl there as sweet as a rose
Her skin was as fair as the lily that blows
She said to me "Sportsman why ramble you so?"
I said "Can you tell me where the bonny black hare she do go?"

Oh the answer she gave me oh her answer was "no,
But under me apron well they say some do grow,
So if you'll not deceive me now and your bullets play fair
We'll go off together to seek the bonny black hare."

Well I laid this girl down with her face to the skies
I took out me ramrod aye and with bullets let fly
I said "Lock yer legs round me love and dig in with your heels,
For the closer we get love the better it feels."

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

Oh the answer she gave me oh her answer was "Nay,
It's not often young sportsman that you come this way
So if your powder is good, aye, and your bullets play fair
Why don't you keep firing on at the bonny black hare?"

"Oh me powder's all spent now and me bullets are gone,
Me ramrod is limber aye and I cannot fire on;
But I'll be back in the morning aye and if you are still there
I'll be delighted to have another shot at the bonny black hare."