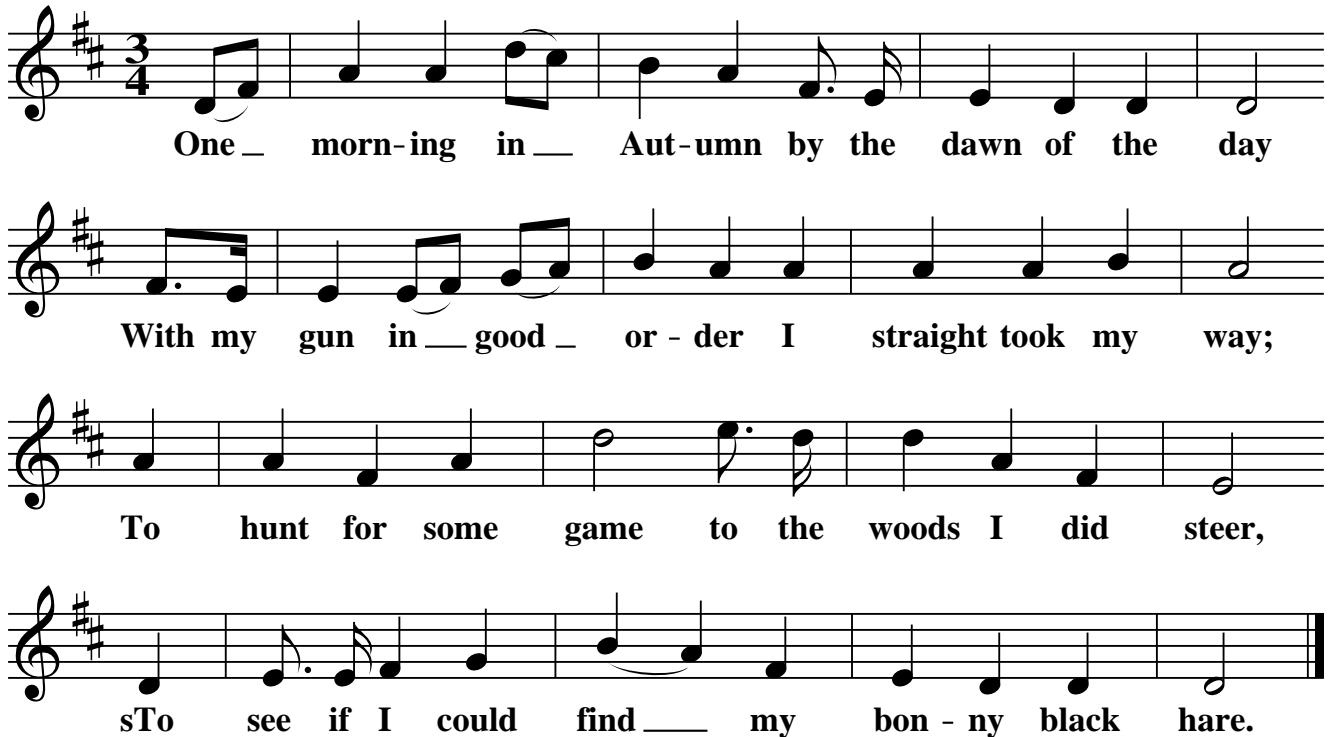


The Bonny Black Hare



One morn-ing in Aut-umn by the dawn of the day;
With my gun in good or - der I straight took my way;
To hunt for some game to the woods I did steer,
sTo see if I could find my bon - ny black hare.

One morning in Autumn by the dawn of the day,
With my gun in good order I straight took my way;
To hunt for some game to the woods I did steer,
To see if I could find my bonny black hare.

I met a young damsel, her eyes black as sloes,
Her teeth white as ivory, her cheeks like the rose,
Her hair hung in ringlets on her shoulders bare,
"Sweet maiden," I cried, "did you see my black hare?"

This morning a-hunting I have been all round,
But my bonny black hare is not to be found."
The maiden she then answer'd, and at him did stare,
"I never yet heard of - or saw - a black hare."

"I think you are deceitful, young maid," he did say,
"My bonny black hare I am told pass'd this way;
And you have decoy'd me, I vow and declare,
You shall go with me for to hunt the black hare.

My gun in good order, my balls are also,
And under your smock I was told she did go.
So delay me no longer, I cannot stop here,
One shot I will fire at your bonny black hare."

His gun he then loaded, determin'd he was,
And instantly laid her down on the green grass;
His trigger he drew, put his balls in her ear,
And fired one shot at her bonny black hare.

Her eyes they did twinkle, and smiling did say:
"How oft, dearest sportsman, do you come this way?
There is few in this country can with you compare,
So fire once again at my bonny black hare."

His gun he reloaded and fired once more,
She cried, "Draw your trigger and never give o'er.
Your powder and and balls are so sweet, I declare,
Keep shooting away at my bonny black hare."

He said, "My dear maiden, my powder is all done,
My gun is out of order, I cannot ram home,
But meet me tomorrow, my darling so fair,
And I'll fire once again at your bonny black hare."