

On the fourteenth of May at the dawn of the day  
With my gun on my shoulder to the woods I did stray  
In search of some game if the weather proved fair  
To see could I get a shot at the bonny black hare  
Oh, I met a young girl there with her face as a rose  
And her skin was as fair as the lily that blows  
I says "My fair maiden, why mumble you so?  
Can you tell me where the bonny black hare do go?"  
Oh, the answer she gave me, her answer was "No  
But it's 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"  
Well, I laid this girl down with her face to the sky  
And I took out my ramrod and my bullets likewise  
I says "Lock your legs round me and dig in with your heels  
For the closer we get, oh, the better it feels"  
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 and I knew what I'd done  
Says I "Have you had enough of my old sporting gun?"  
Oh, the answer she gave me, her answer was "Nay  
It's not often young sportsmen like you come this way  
And if your powder is willing and your bullets play fair  
Why don't you keep firing at the bonny black hare?"  
"Oh, my powder is wasted and my bullets all gone  
My ramrod is limp and I cannot fire on  
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"