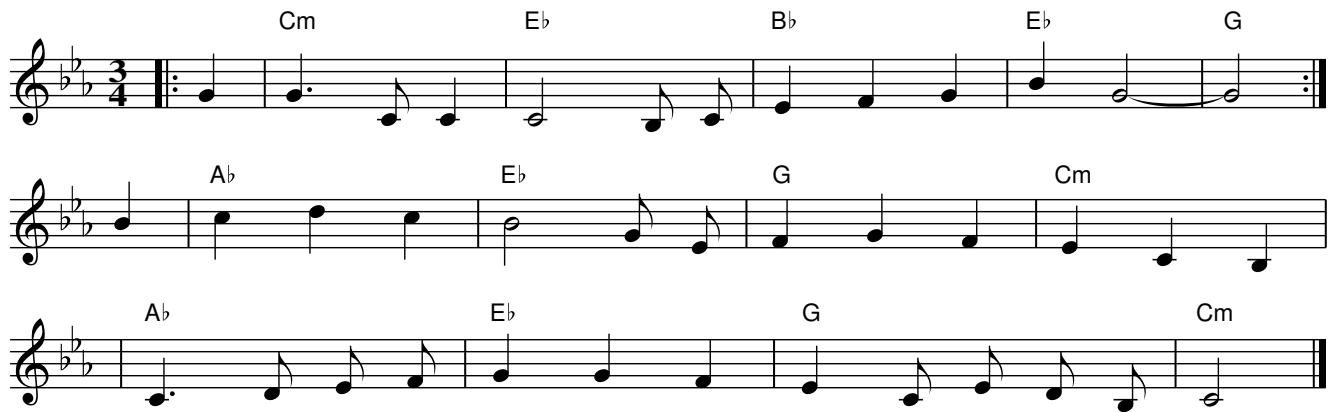


Hares on the mountain



|: Oh Sally my dear it's you I'd be kissing :|
She smiled and replied, 'you don't know what you're missing'

|: Oh Sally my dear I wish I could wed you :|
She smiled and replied, 'then you'd say I misled you'

|: If all the young men were hare on the mountain: |
How many young girls would take guns and go hunting?

|: If young men could sing like blackbirds and thrushes :|
How many young girls would go beating the bushes?

|: If all you young men were ducks on the water :|
How many young girls would undress and dive after?

But the young men are given to frisking and fooling
Yes, all the young men are frisking and fooling
So I'll leave them alone and attend to my schooling

Bushes And Briars



Through bushes and through briars
I lately made my way
|: Oh for to hear the small birds sing
And the lambs to skip and to play :|

I overheard my own true love
His voice it rang so clear
|: Long time have I been waiting for
The coming of my dear :|

Sometimes I am uneasy
And troubled in my mind
|: Sometimes I think I'll go to my love
And tell to him my mind :|

But if I should go to my love
My love he will say 'Nay'
|: If I show to him my boldness
He'd ne'er love me again :|