The Moorhen

The Moorhen
(Robert Burns)

The heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn,
Our lads gaed a-hunting ae day at the dawn,
O'er moors and o'er mosses and monie a glen:
At length they discovered a bonie moor-hen.

cho: I rede you, beware at the hunting, young men!
I rode- you, beware at the hunting, young men!
Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring,
But cannily steal on a bonie moor-hen.

Sweet-bruising the dew from the brown heather bells,
Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy fells!
Her plumage outlustered the pride o' the spring,
And 0! as she wanton'd sae gay on the wing.

Auld Phoebus himsel, as he peep'd o'er the hill,
In spite at her plumage he tryed his skill:
He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae-
His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where she lay

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill;
The best of our lads wi' the best o' their skill;
But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,
Then whirr! she was over, a mile at a flight.

tune:I rede you beware at the hunting
ARB