

## HARES ON THE MOUNTAIN

Traditionnel Anglais

D                    Bm                    D    Bm  
Oh Sally, my dear, it's you I'd be kissing,  
D                    Bm                    D    Bm  
Oh Sally, my dear, it's you I'd be kissing,  
G                    D                    A                    Bm  
She smiled and replied, you don't know what you're missing.

\*A            D                    G                    A            D  
\*With a ri-fol-de-di, cal-ol-de-day, ri-fol-aï-de

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

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If all you young men were hares on the mountain,  
If all you young men were hares on the mountain,  
Now many young girls would take guns and go hunting?

If the young men could sing like blackbirds and thrushes,  
If the young men could sing like blackbirds and thrushes,  
Now many young girls would go beating the bushes?

\*If all you young men were rushes a-growing  
\*If all you young men were rushes a-growing  
\*Now many young girls would take scythes and go mowing?

If all you young men were fish in the water, \* (1)  
If all you young men were fish in the water,  
Now many young girls would undress and dive after?

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

***Shirley Collins version 1964***

***\* Version 1959***

***\*(1) ducks on the water***

*In this theme the singer imagines what would happen if young maidens (or in some cases young men) were transformed into various creatures or plants, and describes the response of the opposite gender:*

*If maidens could sing like blackbirds and thrushes [sung twice]  
How many young men would hide in the bushes?*

*"If all those young men were as rushes a growing,  
Then all those pretty maidens will get scythes go mowing ».*

***Tommy Makem & Liam Clancy***  
*Ont une version différente*

*If all girls could sing like blackbirds and thrushes,  
Then All the young men would go beating the bushes.*  
***Isobel Anderson version 2014***