

The heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn
The Bonie Moor-Hen
Robert Burns, 1787

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 mony a glen,
At length they discover'd a bonie moor-hen.

Chorus:

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

2. Sweet-brushing the dew from the brown heather bells
Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy fells;
Her plumage outlustr'd the pride o' the spring
And O! as she wanton'd sae gay on the wing.

Chorus:

3. Auld Phoebus himself, as he peep'd o'er the hill,
In spite at her plumage he tried 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.

Chorus:

4. 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.

Chorus: