

A-hunting We Will Go

Hem

Overland
Through the rye
Gun in hand
Bird in sky
Calling out to the world below
A-hunting we will go

Every field
Ripe and fine
Every man
A friend of mine
On the trails that we name or know
A-hunting we will go

Throw some light on me
Tell me what you see
Every mystery grows like a vine
Reaching out to the sun for a while
And holding the soil
forever and ever

Now the sun
Has not stirred
Rusted gun
Fallen bird
Side by side in the world below
A-hunting we will go