

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

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