

Blow thy horn, hunter!

William Cornish

1. Blow thy horn, hun - ter, and blow thy horn on high! There
 2. Sore this deer stric - ken is, And yet she bleeds no whit; She
 3. As I stood un - der a bank The deer shoff on the mead; I
 4. There she go'th! See ye not, How she go'th o - ver the plain? And

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is a doe in yon - der wood; in faith she will not die: Now
 lay so fair, I could not miss; Lord, I was glad of it!
 struck her so that down she sank, But yet she was not dead.
 if ye lust to have a shot, I war - rant her bar - rain.

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blow thy horn, hun - ter, now blow thy horn, jol - ly hun - ter!
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Blow thy horn (forts.)

5. He to go and I to go, But he ran fast a - fore; I
 6. To the co - vert both they went, For I found where she lay; An
 7. I was wea - ry of the game, I went to ta - vern to drink; Now,
 8. Here I leave and make an end Now of this hun - ter's lore: I

5
 bad him shoot and strike the doe, For I might shoot no more. Now
 ar - row in her haunch she hent; For faint she might not bray.
 the con - struc - tion of the same - What do you mean or think.
 think his bow is well un - bent, His bolt may flee no more.

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