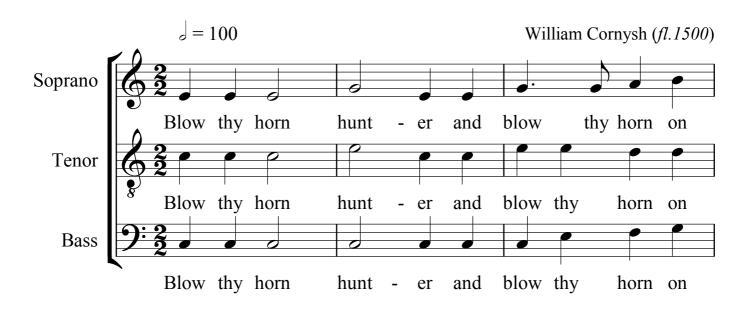
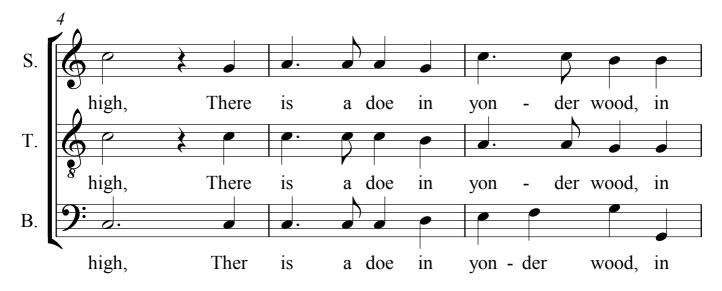
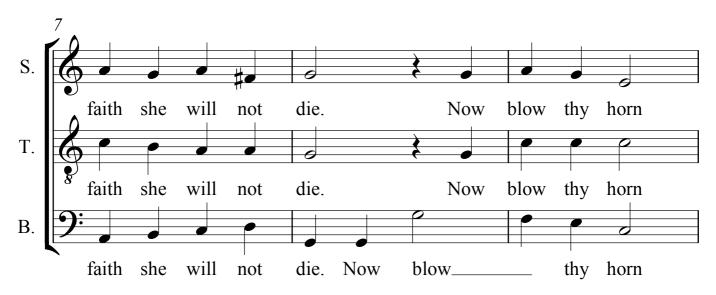
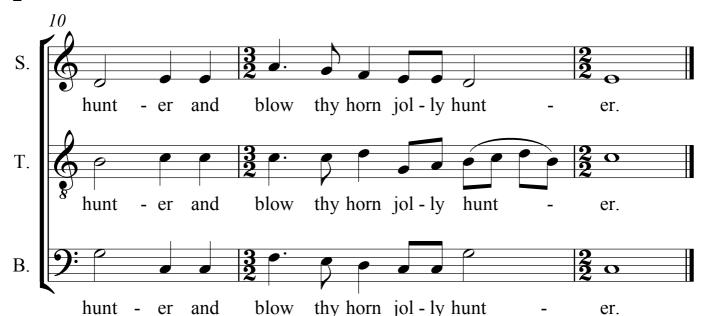
Blow Thy Horne Hunter











Blow thy horn, hunter, and blow thy horn on high. There is a doe in yonder wood, in faith she will not die. *Now blow thy horn, hunter, now blow thy horn, jolly hunter!*

Sore this deer sticken is, and yet she bleeds no whit; She lay so fair I could not miss; Lord I was glad of it! Now blow thy horn, hunter, now blow thy horn, jolly hunter!

As I stood under a bank, the deer shoff on the medd; I struck her so that down she sank, but yet she was not dead. *Now blow thy horn, hunter, now blow thy horn, jolly hunter!*

There she goeth, see ye not how she goeth o'er the plain? And if ye lust to have a shot, I'll warrant her barrain. *Now blow thy horn, hunter, now blow thy horn, jolly hunter!*

He to go, and I to go, but he ran fast afore; I bade him shoot and strike the doe, for I might shoot no more. Now blow thy horn, hunter, now blow thy horn, jolly hunter!

To the covert both they went, for I found where she lay; An arrow in her haunch she hent for faint she might not bray. Now blow thy horn, hunter, now blow thy horn, jolly hunter!

I was weary of the game, and went to the tavern to drink; Now the construction of the same, what do you mean or think? Now blow thy horn, hunter, now blow thy horn, jolly hunter!