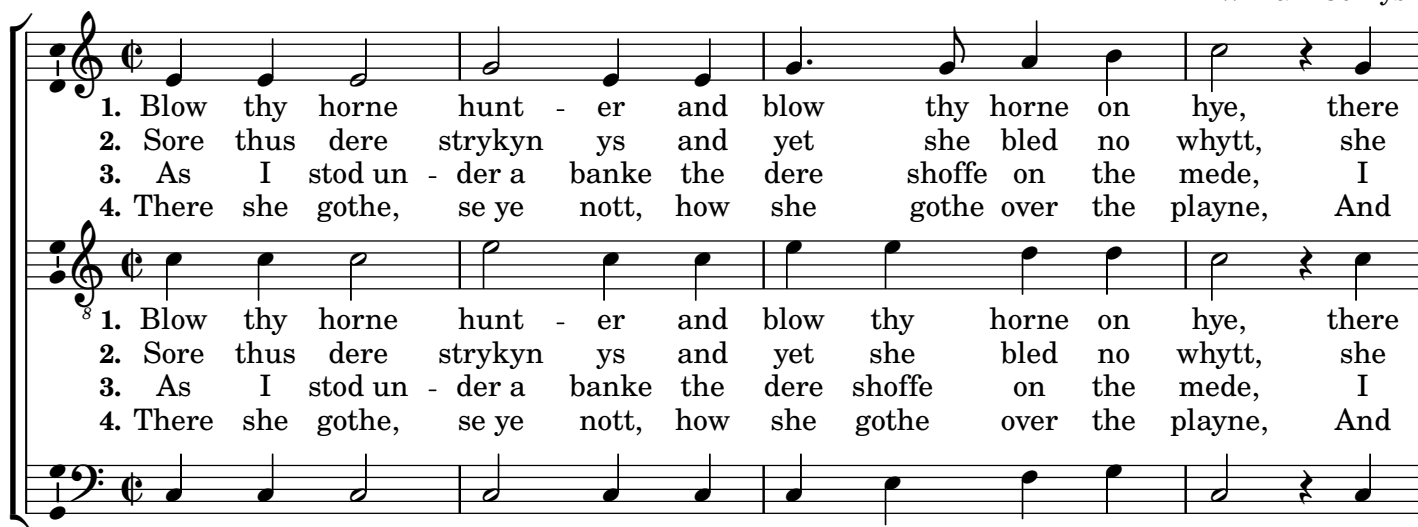


# Blow Thy Horne Hunter

William Cornysh



1. Blow thy horne hunt - er and blow thy horne on hye, there  
 2. Sore thus dere strykyn ys and yet she bled no whytt, she  
 3. As I stod un - der a banke the dere shoffe on the mede, I  
 4. There she gothe, se ye nott, how she gothe over the playne, And

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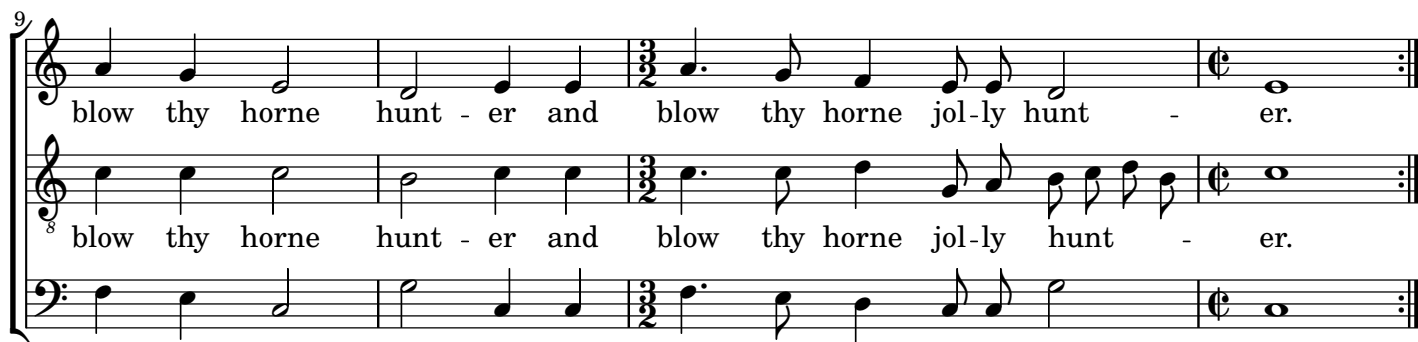
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ys a do in yon - der wode in faith she wyll not dye. *f* Now  
 lay so fayre, I cowde not mys, lord I was glad of it.  
 stroke her so that down she sanke, but yet she was not dede.  
 yf ye lust to have a shott, I war - rant her bar - rayne,

8 ys a do in yon - der wode in faith she wyll not dye. Now  
 lay so fayre, I cowde not mys, lord I was glad of it.  
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ys a do in yon - der wode in faith she wyll not dye. Now blow—  
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blow thy horne hunt - er and blow thy horne jol-ly hunt - er.  
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13

5. He to go and I to go but he ran fast a fore, I  
 6. To the covert both thay went, for I fownd where she lay, An  
 7. I was wery of the game, I went to tavern to drynk, now  
 8. Here I leve and make an end now of this hunt - ers lore I

17

had hym shott and strik the do for I myght shott no more. *f* Now  
 ar - row in her hanch she hent, for faynte she myght nott bray.  
 the con-struc-yon on the same, what do you mean or thynk,  
 thynk his bow ys well un - bent, hys bolt may fly no more.

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21

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