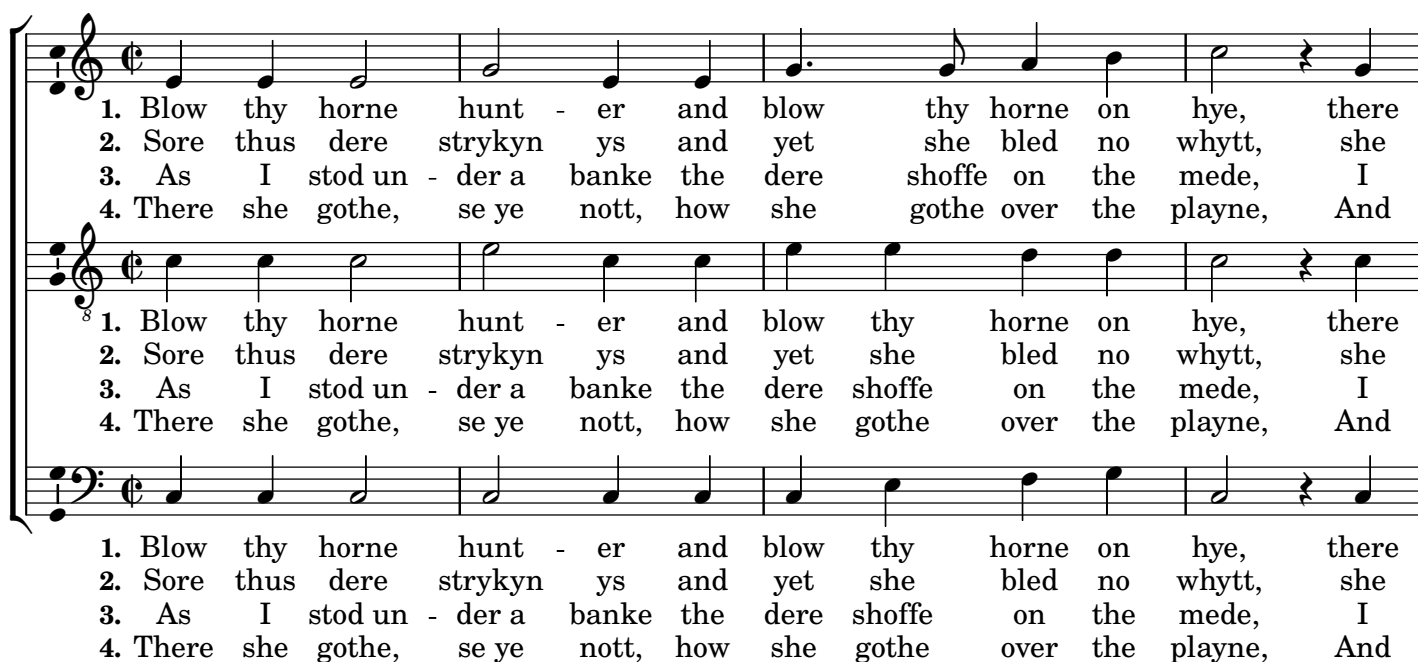


Blow Thy Horne Hunter

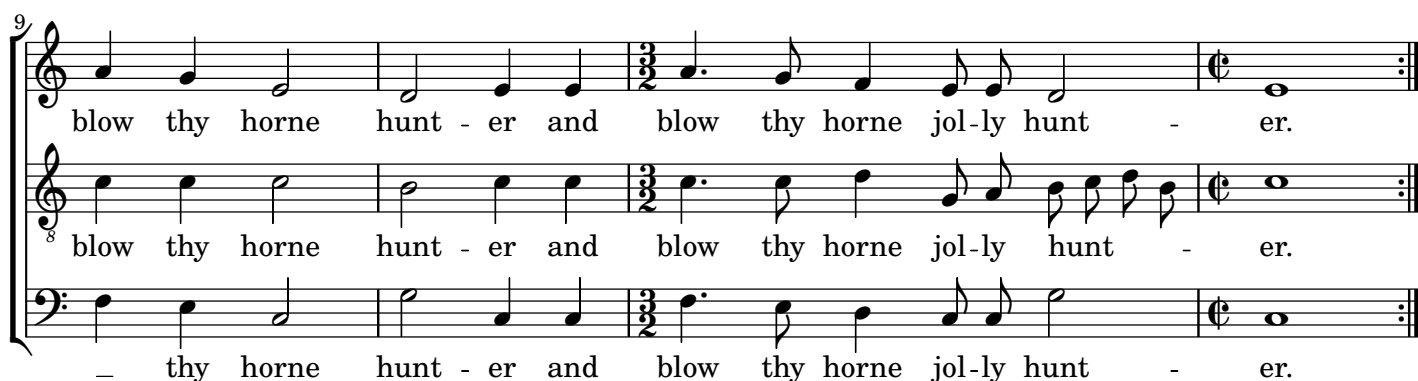
William Cornysh



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



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,



blow thy horne hunt - er and blow thy horne jol-ly hunt - er.
 blow thy horne hunt - er and blow thy horne jol-ly hunt - er.
 - thy horne hunt - er and blow thy horne jol-ly hunt - er.

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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

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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-struct-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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blow thy horne hunt - er and blow thy horne jol-ly hunt - er.