

Blow thy horn, hunter

William Cornysh
(c.1465-1523)

Alto

1. Blow thy__ horn, hun-__ ter, And blow thy horn on high! There
 2. Sore thus the deer stri- cken is, And yet she bled no whit; She
 3. As I__ stood under a bank, The deer shoff on the mead; I
 4. There she__ go'th, see ye not How she go'th o'er the plain? And

Tenor

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Bass

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A

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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'll war-rant her bar - rain.

T

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 blow thy horn, hun - ter, now blow thy horn, jol - ly hun - ter!

T

8
 blow thy horn, hun - ter, now blow thy horn, jol - ly hun-__ ter!

B

thy horn, hun - ter, now blow thy horn, jol - ly hun - ter!

15

Alto

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, And went to the ta - vern to drink; Now
 8. Here I leave and make an end Now of this hun - ter's lore: I

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20

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bade 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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