

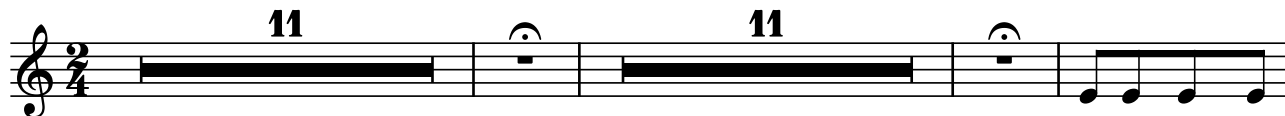
Alto

35 Blow thy horn, hunter choir

Cornish

1. 35 Blow thy horn, hunter choir

Marcia moderato ♩ = 86



As I stood un-



-der a bank The deer shoff on the mead; I struck her so that down she sank, But



yet she was not dead. Now blow thy horn, hun - ter, now blow thy horn, jol - ly

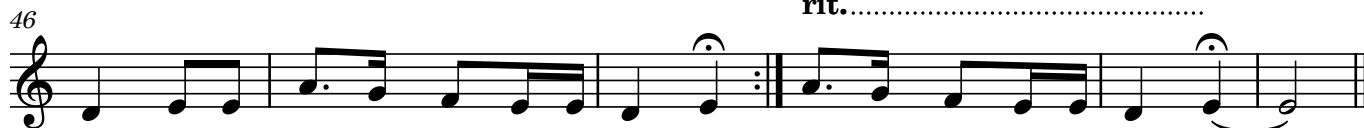


hun - ter! There she go'th! See ye not, How she go'th over the plain? And
He to go and I to go But he ran fast af - re; I



if ye lust to have a shot, I warr - ant her barr - ain. Now blow thy horn,
bad him shoot and strike the doe, bor I might shoot no more.

1. | 2. rit.....



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