

Blow thy horn, hunter

Verse 1

Sore this deer stricken is,
And yet she bleeds no whit;
She lay so fair, I could not miss;
Lord, I was glad of it!

Verse 2

As I stood under a bank
The deer shoff on the mead;
I struck her so that down she sank,
But yet she was not dead.

Verse 3

There she go'th! See ye not,
How she go'th over the plain?
And if ye lust to have a shot,
I warrant her barrain

Verse 4

He to go and I to go,
But he ran fast afore;
I bad him shoot and strike the doe,
For I might shoot no more.

Verse 5

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.

Verse 6

I was weary of the game,
I went to tavern to drink;
Now, the construction of the same –
What do you mean or think.

Verse 7

Here I leave and make an end
Now of this hunter's lore:
I think his bow is well unbent,
His bolt may flee no more.