


Blow Thy Horn Hunter


William Cornysh

Cantus




Blow thy horn hunt - er and blow thy horn on high, There
Sore thus the deer stricken is, and yet she bled no whit; She
As I stood under a bank, the deer shoff on the mead; I
There she goeth, see ye not how she goeth o'er the plain? And
He to go, and I to go, but he ran fast a - fore; I
To the covert both they went, for I found where she lay; An
I was weary of the game, and went to the tavern to drink; Now

Tenor




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Bassus




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5



is a doe in yon - der wood, in faith she will not die. Now blow thy horn,
 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. Now blow thy horn,
 if ye lust to have a shot, I'll war-rant her bar - rain.
 bade him shoot and strike the doe, for I might shoot no more. Now blow thy horn,
 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? Now blow thy horn,




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10




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

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