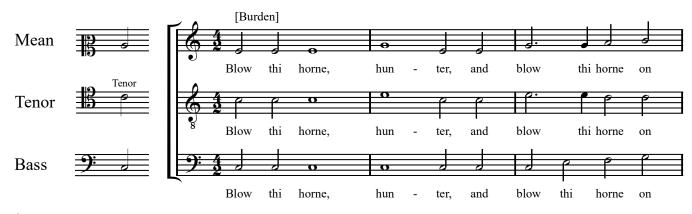
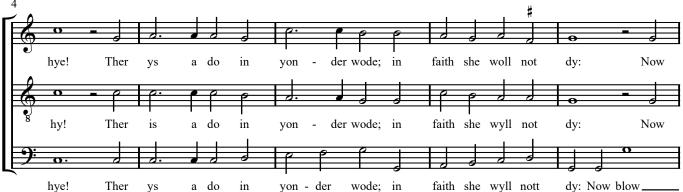
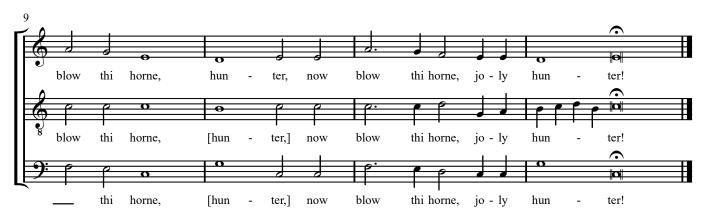
Blow thi horne, hunter

Edited by Jason Smart

William Cornysh (d.1523)







- Sore this dere strykyn is, and yet she bled no whytt;
 She lay so fayre I cowde nott mys; Lord, I was glad of it!
- As I stod under a bank
 the dere shoffe on the mede;
 I stroke her so that downe she sanke,
 but yet she was not dede.
- 3. Ther she gothe! Se ye nott how she gothe over the playne? And yf ye lust to have a shott,
 I warrant her barrayne.
- 4. He to go and I to go, but he ran fast afore; I had hym shott and strik the do, for I myght shott no mere,
- To the covert bothe thay went, for I fownd wher she lay;
 An arrow in her hanch she hent; for faynte she myght nott bray.
- I was wery of the game,
 I went to tavern to drynk;
 Now the construccyon of the same—what do yow meane or thynk.
- 7. Here I leve and mak an end now of this hunt[er]s lore:
 I thynk his bow ys well un bent, hys bolt may fle no more.

Sources

- A London, British Library Add. MS 31922 (c.1510–13), f.39v. at end of verses: W Cornysh
- **B** London, British Library, MS Royal Appendix 58 (1520s?), f.7ν. (Tenor only). Music and words of burden only (no verses). No attribution.

Notes

- A No music is given for the verses, which were presumably sung by a soloist to a well-known tune. However, the verses can be fitted to the music of bars 1–8, with the remainder of bars 8–10 being used as a refrain.
 - 10 M and for now / 4–12 T underlay misaligned / 8–12 B underlay misligned /
- B 2 T cum for now / 4-6 T in yonder wode there lyeth a dow / 8 T sbG for m-rest mG / 9 T mC mC are dot-mC crC /