

# Blow Thy Horne Hunter

William Cornysh (1465-1523)

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1. Blow thy horne hunt - er and blow thy horne on hye, there  
 2. Sore thus dere strykyn ys and yet she bled no whytt, she  
 3. As I stod un - der a banke the dere shoffe on the mede, I

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ys a do in yon - der wode in faith she wyll not dye.  
 lay so fayre, I cowde not mys, lord I was glad of it. Now  
 stroke her so that down she sanke, but yet she was not dede.

Now blow\_\_\_\_\_

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blow thy horne hunt - er and blow thy horne jol - ly hunt - er.  
 - thy horne hunt - er and blow thy horne jol - ly hunt - er.

4. There she gothe, se\_ye nott,  
 how she gothe over the playne,  
 And yf ye lust to have a shott,  
 I warrant her barrayne.

5. He to go\_and I\_to go  
 but he ran fast a fore,  
 I had hym shott and strik the do  
 for I myght shott no more

6. To the covert both\_thay went,  
 for I fownd where she lay  
 An arrow in her hanch she hent,  
 for faynte she myght nott bray.

7. I was wery of the game,  
 I went to tavern to drynk,  
 now the construcyon on the same,  
 what do you mean or thynk,

8. Here I leve\_and make\_an end now  
 of this hunters lore  
 I thynk his bow ys well unbent,  
 hys bolt may fly no more.