

# The hunt is up

from Henry VIII's book

Anon

G G D G G D G C G D G D

The hunt is up, the hunt is up, And it is well nygh day, And  
 The East is bright with morn - ing light, And dark - nesse all is fled, The  
 Be - hold the skyes with gold - en dyes, Are glow - ing all a - round; The  
 The hors - es snort to be at the sport, The dogges are run - ning free; The  
 The sunne is glad to see us clad All in our lust - ie greene, And  
 A - wake, all men, I say a - gen, Be me - rie as you may, For

Am G D G D G

Har - ry our Kynge is gone hunt - ing To bring his deere to baye.  
 me - rie horne wakes up the morne to leve his i - dle bed.  
 grasse is greene, so are the treene, All laugh - ing in the sound.  
 woodes re - joyce at the me - rie noise Of hey tan - ta - ra - tee ree.  
 smiles in the skye, as he ris - eth hye, To see and to be seene.  
 Har - ry our Kynge is gone hunt - ing To bring his deere to baye.