## Blow thi horne, hunter

from Henry VIII's book

William Cornysh (d.1523)



- 2. Sore this dere stryken ys, and yet she bledes no whytt; She lay so fayre, I cowde nott mys; Lord, I was glad of it!
- 3. 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.
- 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 afore; I bad hym shott and strik the do, for I myght shott no mere.
- 6. To the covert bothe thay went, for I fownd wher she lay; And 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 construccyon of the same what do yow meane or thynk?
- 8. Here I leve and mak an end, now of this hunter's lore; I thynk his bow ys well unbent, hys bolt may flye no more.