

# The morn unbars the gates of light.

A FAVORITE HUNTING SONG;

Sung with great applause by

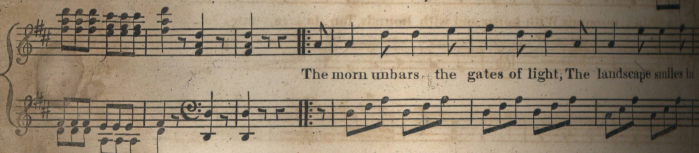
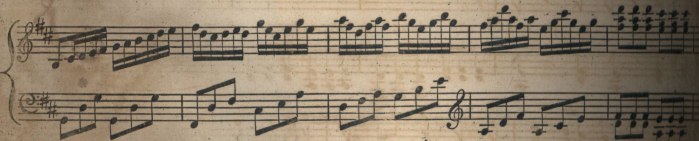
**MRS. BURKE.**

Composed by

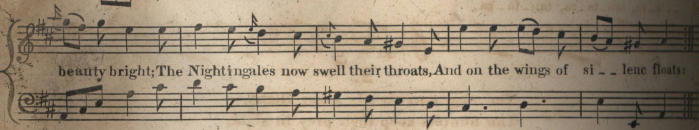
*John Davy*

PHILADELPHIA, Published by G. E. Blake No. 13 South 5<sup>h</sup> Street.

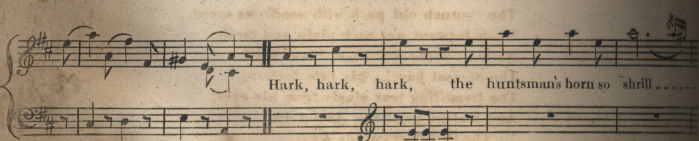
Spiritoso.



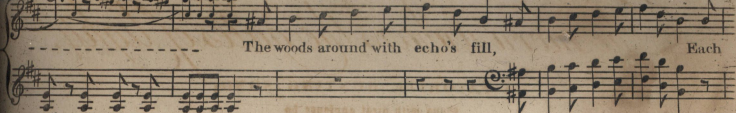
The morn unbars the gates of light, The landscape smiles in



beauty bright; The Nightingales now swell their throats, And on the wings of si - lence floats:

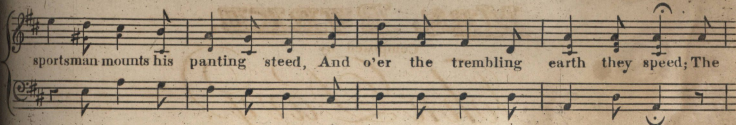


Hark, hark, hark, the huntsman's horn so shrill -----

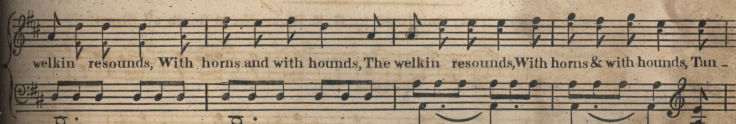


The woods around with echo's fill,

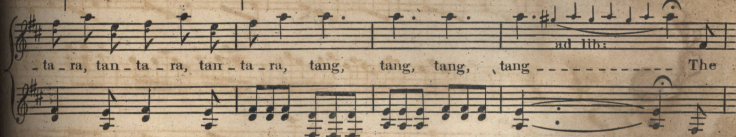
Each



sportsman mounts his panting steed, And o'er the trembling earth they speed; The

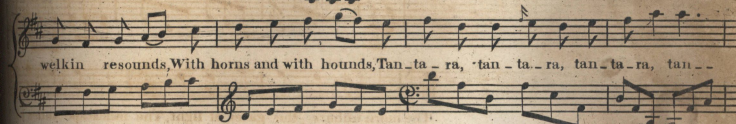


welkin resounds, With horns and with hounds, The welkin resounds, With horns & with hounds, Tan -

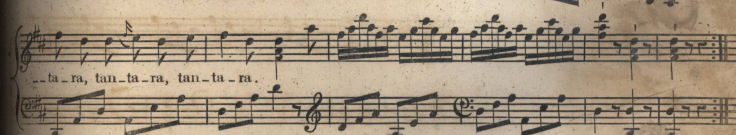


- ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tang, tang, tang, tang

The



welkin resounds, With horns and with hounds, Tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan -



- ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra.

2.

The Stag pursues his eager flight,  
The hunters keep their prey in sight;  
The staunch old pack with wondrous speed,  
Rush forward o'er each plain and mead:  
Hark, hark the huntsman blows his horn,  
The Stag at bay — his fate forlorn;  
The trembling tear steals from his eyes,  
And lost in grief the Antler dies!

The welkin resounds &c.