

M.
L.A.I.
TAYLOR


500778

HARK HARK THE JOY INSPIRING HORN

A Hunting Song
Composed by M^r. R. TAYLOR

Philadelphia Printed & Sold by G. Willig at his Musical Magazine N^o 12 South 4th St

All^o Moderato



p *f*



f *hr*

Hark! hark the



joy in-spi-ring Horn salutes the ro-sy ri-sing morn and ec-chos thro' the

f Corni *hr*



dale. and ec-chos thro' the dale.

Corni



With clam'rous peals the hills resound the

Hounds quick scented scow'r the ground and snuff the fragrant

gale and snuff the fragrant gale.

Corni Tutti

2

Nor gates, nor hedges, can impede
 The brisk high prancing, starting steed;
 The jovial pack pursue:
 Like lightning darting o'er the plain
 The distant hills with speed they gain,
 And see the game in view.

3

The path the timid hare forsakes,
 And to the copse for shelter takes,
 There pants a while for breath,
 When now the noise alarms her ear,
 Her haunts desery'd, her fate is near,
 She sees approaching death.

4

Directed by the well known breeze,
 The hounds their trembling victim seize,
 She faints, she falls, she dies,
 The distant courses now come in,
 And join the loud triumphant din,
 Till eccho rends the skies.