

HUNTING CHORUS.

1 } We roam thro' the for-est and o-ver the
And then sun-set glow-ing by some leaf-y

mountain, No joys of the court or the banquet like this; }
fountain, To crown our full goblets with young beauty's kiss, }

Then end our bright eve-ning with dance and with singing, Till

night spreads her man-tle o'er vale and o'er wood; Thro'

rock and thro' for-est our horns gai-ly ring-ing, Fare-

well to the day-star that sets in the flood. Follow

hark; fol-low, hark! fol-low, hark! fol-low,

hark! follow, hark! follow, hark! follow, hark! follow, hark! fol-low,

hark! fol-low, hark! hark! fol-low, hark! fol-low, hark!

2

Then should icy winter be hailing and snowing,
Or summer look red o'er the yellow hair'd corn,
Or breezes are blowing, or night winds are flowing,
Still ring thro' the forest the hunter's gay horn.
Then end our bright evening, &c.