

The Hunters' Chorus

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH

Music by
REGINALD DE KOVEN
Arr. by Geoffrey O'Hara

Cheery tempo

(melody)
Oh cheer-i - ly sound - eth the hun - ter's horn, It's clar - i - on blast so

(melody)
fine;— Through depths of old Sher-wood so clear - ly borne, We hear it at eve and at

(melody)
break of morn, Of Rob - in Hood's band the sign.— A - hunt - ing we'll go,— Tra

ra ra tra ra!— We'll chase for the roe.— Tra ra ra tra ra!— Oh!

where is band so jol - ly as Rob - in's band in their Lin - coln green? Their

slow down

life is naught but jol - ly, A rol - lick - ing life, I ween.

§ More leisurely

Zum, zum, zum, zum. Hum _____

Jocularly

(melody)

1. A tail - or there dwelt near old Sher - wood edge, Who was
2. The tail - or grew wroth and ex - ceed - ing fierce cry - ing,

Hum _____

(melody) Yes deft with an old cross - bow. _____
Oh wife, bring my old cross - bow. _____

deft with an old cross - bow. _____
"Wife, bring my old cross - bow." _____

(melody)
Just
My

Hum _____

(melody)

so. _____ One day as he sat on his win - dow - ledge, Came a -
bow. _____ And he shot then a shaft that was aim'd to pierce to the

Hum _____

(melody)
Came
To

wing - ing a jet - black crow, jet - black crow,
beak of that jet - black crow, jet - black crow.

wing - ing a jet - black crow. — He perch'd near by and to
 slaugh - ter that jet - black crow. — He kill'd his fa - vor - ite

slower
 (melody)

caw be - gan, They heard him a - near and far. —
 pig out - right, The crow cried, and flew a - way. —

Brightly

Caw (la la) caw (la la) caw (la la) caw, (la la) Caw (la la) caw (la la) caw (la la)

(melody) (melody)

It takes nine tail-ors to make a

caw, (la la) Caw (la la) caw (la la) caw. (la la) caw, (la la) Caw (la la) caw (la la)

man, So a ninth of a man then you are, then you are. It takes nine tail-ors to

(melody) *big ritard.* 1. 2.

caw (la la) caw, So a ninth of a man then you are. — are. —

D.S. al Fine *Fine*

make a man. So a ninth of a man then you are. — are. —