

The King's Hunt is Up
By William Gray

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
And it is well nigh day;
And Harry our king is gone hunting,
To bring his deer to bay.

The east is bright with morning light,
And darkness it is fled;
And the merry horn wakes up the morn
To leave his idle bed.

Behold the skies with golden dyes
Are glowing all around;
The grass is green, and so are the trees,
All laughing with the sound.

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