

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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