

The morn unbars the gates of light.

A FAVORITE HUNTING SONG;

Sung with great applause by

MRS. BURKE.

Composed by

John Davy.

PHILADELPHIA, Published by G. E. Blake No. 13 South 5th Street.

Spiritoso.

The musical score consists of eight staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. It features sixteenth-note patterns and rests. The second staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. It contains eighth-note patterns. The third staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. It has sixteenth-note patterns. The fourth staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. It contains eighth-note patterns. The fifth staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. It has sixteenth-note patterns. The sixth staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. It contains eighth-note patterns. The seventh staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. It has sixteenth-note patterns. The eighth staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. It contains eighth-note patterns. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the staves where appropriate.

The morn unbars - the gates of light, The landscape smiles in
beauty bright; The Nightingales now swell their throats, And on the wings of si - - lene floats
Hark, hark, hark, the huntsman's horn so shrill -----

The woods around with echo's fill,

Each

sportsman mounts his panting steed, And o'er the trembling earth they speed; The

welkin resounds, With horns and with hounds, The welkin resounds, With horns & with hounds, Tan-

-ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tang, tang, tang, tang ----- The

welkin resounds, With horns and with hounds, Tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan -

-ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra.

2.

The Stag pursues his eager flight,

The hunters keep their prey in sight;

The staunch old pack with wond'rous speed,

Rush forward o'er each plain and mead:

Hark, hark the huntsman blows his horn,

The Stag sat bay — his fate forlorn;

The trembl'ing tear steals from his eyes,

And lost in grief the Antler dies !

The welkin resounds &c.