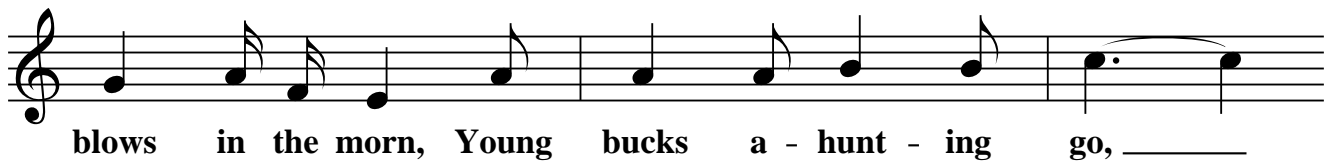
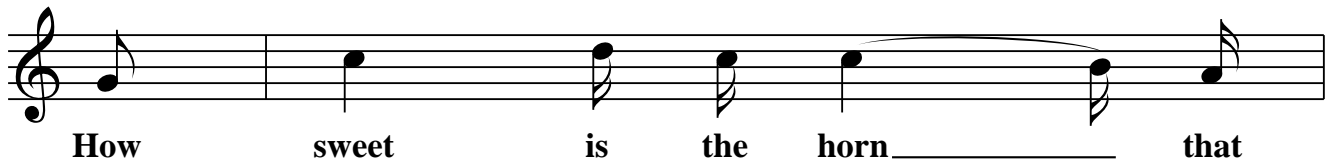
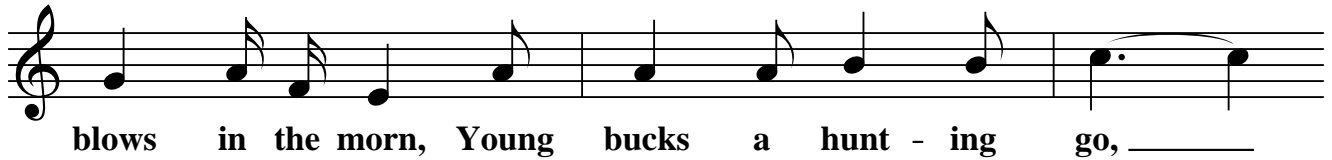
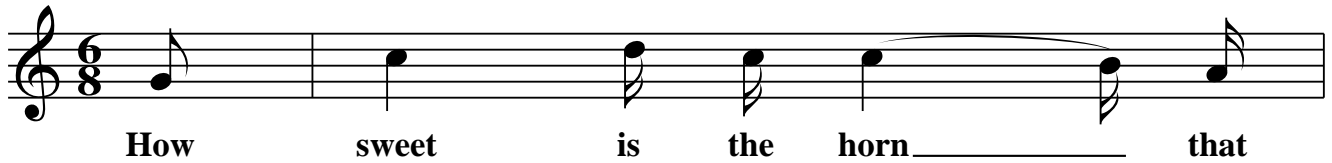


Young Bucks A-Hunting Go



How sweet is the horn that blows in the morn,
Young bucks a-hunting go;
How sweet is the horn that blows in the morn,
Young bucks a-hunting go,
You bucks a-hunting go;
All my fancy dwells upon Nancy,
While I sing Tally-ho!

The fox leaped over the hedges so high,
The hounds all after him go;
The fox leaped over the hedges so high,
The hounds all after him go,
The hounds all after him go;
All my fancy dwells upon Nancy,
While I sing Tally-ho!

How sweet is my home, my low, little cot,
Let my station be high or low;
How sweet is my home, my low, little cot,
Let my station be high or low,
Let my station be high or low;
All my fancy dwells upon Nancy,
While I sing Tally-ho!