

# Heather Alexander, The Hunt Is On

Sound the horn loudly, call the hounds!  
We will ride proudly through hunting grounds  
Who shall win?  
Blessed stag, or mortal kin?

Fast through the winding woods we push  
Flash of a tail within the bush  
For the stag is swift and the stag is fleet  
And he hears the sound of thundering feet

Here then gone, clansmen cry,  
"The hunt is on!";

It is more than sport 'tween beast and man,  
For the stag is sacred to our clan  
And we dare not risk the forest's ire  
For if we can't kill then We'd best not fire

Here then gone, clansmen cry,  
"The hunt is on!";

Sound the horn loudly, call the hounds!  
We will ride proudly through hunting grounds  
Who shall win?  
Blessed stag, or mortal kin?

Let the death be clean as life's released  
So we show our honor to the beast  
For your own death you will understand,  
When you hold life's blood within your hand

Here then gone, clansmen cry,  
"The hunt is on!";

Though we draw a bow and we wield a blade  
We respect the code that nature made  
For we know not when the shadows fall  
And the huntsmen comes to take us all

Here then gone, clansmen cry,  
"The hunt is on!";

Sound the horn loudly, call the hounds!  
We will ride proudly through hunting grounds  
Who shall win?  
Blessed stag, or mortal kin?

We are born, then gone  
Clansmen cry, "The hunt is on!  
The hunt is on!  
The hunt is on!";