

The Hunting Song (Orchestral)

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Almost every day during the hunting season you see at least one item in the newspapers about somebody who has shot somebody else, under the impression that he was a deer with a red hat perhaps, A large flesh-colored squirrel. at any rate, it seems to me that this marks an encouraging new trend in the field of blood sports, and deserves a new type of hunting song which I present herewi

Br>I always will remember,
'twas a year ago november,
I went out to hunt some deer
On a mornin' bright and clear.

I went and shot the maximum the game laws would allow,
Two game wardens, seven hunters, and a cow.I was in no mood to trifle,

I took down my trusty rifle
And went out to stalk my prey.
What a haul I made that day.

I tied them to my fender, and I drove them home somehow,
Two game wardens, seven hunters, and a cow.The law was very firm, it

Took away my permit,
The worst punishment I ever endured.
It turned out there was a reason,
Cows were out of season,
And one of the hunters wasn't insured.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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