

# A-hunting we will go

Hunting Song  
(18th century)

*Lively* *f*

The dus - ky night rides down the sky, and  
ush - ers in the morn; The hounds all join in  
glo - rious cry, the hounds all join in glo - rious cry, the  
hunts - man winds his horn, the hunts - man winds his horn.

*Chorus* *f*

Then a - hunt-ing we will go, a - hunt-ing we will go,  
go, will go go, will go

*ff*

a - hunt-ing we will go, a - hunt - ing we will go.

2

The wife around her husband throws  
Her arms, and begs him stay;  
|: “My dear, it rains, it hails, it snows, :|  
|: You will not hunt to-day?” :|  
*Chorus:* But a-hunting ...

3

“A brushing fox in yonder wood,  
Secure to find we seek;  
|: For why, I carried, sound and good, :|  
|: A cart-load there last week” :|  
*Chorus:* And a-hunting ...

(3b)

The uncavern'd fox like lightning flies,  
His cunning's all awake,  
|: to gain the race he eager tries, :|  
|: His forfeit-life the stake, :|  
*Chorus:* When a-hunting ...

4

Away he goes, he flies, the rout  
Their steeds all spur and switch;  
|: Some are thrown in the ditch. :|  
*Chorus:* But a-hunting ...

5

At length, his strength to faintness worn,  
Poor Reynard ceases flight;  
|: Then, hungry, homeward we return, :|  
|: To feast away the night. :|  
*Chorus:* Then a-drinking we do go, ...

Poem by Henry FIELDING

## **A-hunting we will go**

*Hunting Song*  
18<sup>th</sup> century

1  
The dusky night  
rides down the sky,  
and ushers in the morn;  
the hounds all join  
in glorious cry,  
the huntsman winds his horn,

*CHORUS*

Then a-hunting we will go,

2

The wife around her husband  
throws her arms,  
and begs him stay;  
"My dear, it rains,  
it hails, it snows,  
you will not hunt to-day?"

*CHORUS*

But a-hunting we will go.

3

"A brushing fox  
in yonder wood,  
secure to find we seek;  
for why, I carried,  
sound and good,  
a cart-load there last week."

*CHORUS*

And a-hunting we will go.

*Jagdlied*  
18. Jahrhundert

Die düstere Nacht  
zieht den Himmel hinab  
und geleitet den Morgen herein;  
die Jagdhunde stimmen alle ein  
in prächtiges Gebell,  
der Jägersmann bläst in sein Horn.

*Refrain*

Dann wollen wir auf die Jagd gehen.

Die Ehefrau um ihren Mann  
wirft ihre Arme  
und fleht ihn an, zu bleiben.  
"Mein Liebster, es regnet,  
es hagelt, es schneit,  
du willst (doch) heute nicht jagen?"

Aber wir wollen auf die Jagd gehen.

"Einen Fuchs mit buschiger Rute  
in jenem Wald  
sicher zu finden hoffen wir;  
denn ich brachte,  
heil und gut,  
eine Wagenladung dorthin letzte Woche."

Und wir wollen auf die Jagd gehen.

(3b)		
The uncavern'd fox		Der aus der Höhle getriebene Fuchs
like lightning flies,		flieht wie (der) Blitz,
His cunning's all awake,		seine Schlaueheit ist ganz wach,
to gain the race		zu gewinnen das Rennen
he eager tries,		bemüht er sich eifrig,
His forfeit -life-		sein Pfand - (das) Leben -
the stake,		(ist) der Einsatz,
<i>CHORUS</i>		
When a-hunting we will go.	wenn wir auf die Jagd gehen wollen.	
4		
Away he goes, he flies,	Hinweg läuft er, er flieht,	
the rout their steeds	die Rotte ihre Pferde	
all spur and switch;	[alle] anspornt und peitscht;	
some are thrown in,	manche werden hinein geworfen	
and some thrown out,	und manche hinaus geworfen	
	(= hin und her geworfen)	
some are thrown in the ditch.	und manche in den Graben geworfen.	
<i>CHORUS</i>		
But a-hunting we will go.	Aber wir wollen auf die Jagd gehen.	
5		
At length, his strength	Schließlich, (da) seine Kraft	
to faintness worn,	[zu Schwäche] erschöpft (ist),	
poor Reynard ceases flight;	endet der arme Reineke seine Flucht;	
then, hungry,	dann hungrig	
homeward we return,	kehren wir heimwärts,	
to feast away the night.	um die Nacht zu durchzechen.	
<i>CHORUS</i>		
Then a-drinking we do go.	Nun gehen wir trinken.	

Text aus Henry FIELDINGs Schauspiel  
Don Quixote in England (1733)

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