The Hunt

Cliff Richard

Hark, what is that sound I hear
Hark, is it a running deer
Hark, it is like music in my ears

Shh, I think there may be two
Shh, wait 'til I give the cue
Shh, and then be sure your aim is true

There, they are against the sun
There, they go there on the run
There, they know the chase has just begun

The fever of excitement
Running through my veins
The fragrance of the bracken
After heavy rains

The subtle hint of magic
That inflames my soul
The hunter is a king
And I'm happy in the role

Look, the hounds are losing ground
Look, they can't but stand around
Look, we may as well be homeward bound

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Homeward!
Homeward!

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