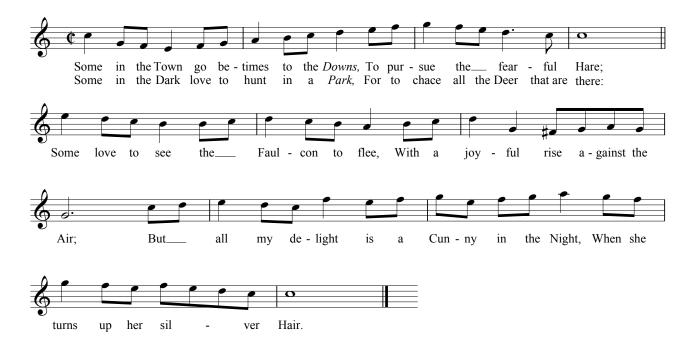
The HUNT.



When she is beset, with a Bow, Gun, or Net, And finding no shelter for to cover her; She falls down flat, or in a Tuft does squat, 'Till she lets the Hunter get over her: With her breast she does butt, and she bubs up her Scut, When the Bullets fly close by her Ear; She strives not to escape, but she mumps like an Ape, And she turns up, &c.

The Ferret he goes in, through flaggs thick and thin, Whilst Mettle pursueth his Chace; The Cunny she shows play, and in the best of her way, Like a Cat she does spit in his Face: Tho' she lies in the Dust, she fears not his Nest, With her full bound up Sir, career; With the strength that she shows, she gapes at the Nose, And she turns up, &c.

The sport is so good, that in Town or in Wood, In a Hedge, or a Ditch you may do it; In Kitchen or in Hall, in a Barn or in a Stall, Or wherever you please you may go to it: So pleasing it is that you can hardly miss, Of so rich Game in all our Shire; For they love so to play, that by Night or by Day, They will turn up their Silver Hair.