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# Favourite Hunting Song

Author Unknown

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# Favourite Hunting Song

Sung by Mr. D E A R L,

at Finch's Grotto Gardens.

**H**ARK! hark! the joy inspiring horn  
Salutes the rosy rising morn,  
And echoes thro' the dale,  
And echoes thro' the dale,  
With clam'rous peals the hills resound,  
The hounds quick scented scow'r the ground  
And snuffs the fragrant gale,  
And snuffs the fragrant gale.

No gates nor hedges can impede  
The brisk high mett'd starting steed,  
The jovial pack pursue?  
Like light'ning darting o'er the plains,  
The distant hills with speed he gains,  
And sees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,  
And to the corpse for shelter makes,  
There pants a while for breath;  
When now the noise alarms her ear  
Her haunt's desery'd, her fate is near,  
She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well known breeze,  
The hounds their trembling victim seize,  
She faints, she falls, she dies;  
The distant coursers now come in,  
And join the loud triumphant din,  
Till eccho rend the skies.