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The Horn of Chase

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The Horn of Chase.

To join the chase at break of day,
The hunter fearless leaves his dwelling ;
O'er hill, through vale, he speeds his way,
His cheering horn an echo swelling.
Attentive mark the eager hounds,
With list'ning ears, and watchful eyes ;
The thicket beat, now swiftly bounds
The stag, and from the covert flies.
Through brakes he shuns the hunter's sight,
But o'er the plain or upland bounding,
The rifle ball arrests his flight,
The horn of chase his knell resounding.

At close of day, the sport now o'er,
Towards home the hunter's steps are bending ;
The bugle sounds to chase no more,
But notes of glad return is sending.
His anxious fair one hails the sound,
Her heart no longer throbs alarms ;
He gains the door with one swift bound,
And clasps her in his longing arms,
The festive board displays its store,
Good cheer with social joys abounding ;
A welcome call to friends once more,
The horn of chase is gaily sounding.