

August 2019

The Fox Chace

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk



Part of the [Folklore Commons](#), and the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "The Fox Chace" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1342.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/1342

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Broadside Ballads: England by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.

The FOX CHACE;

Or, The HUNTSMAN'S Harmony.

By the Duke of Buckingham's Hounds, &c.

To an excellent new Tune, much in Request.



ALL in a Morning fair,
As I rode to take the Air,
I heard some to halloo most clearly;
I drew myself a near,
To listen who they were,
That were going a hunting so early.

I saw they were some Gentlemen
Who belong'd to the Duke of Buckingham,
That were going to make their a trial,
To run the Heunds of the North,
Being of such fame and worth,
England has not the like, without all Denial.

Then in Wreckdale Scrogs,
We threw off our Dogs,
In a place where his lying was likely:
But the like ne'er was seen,
Since a huntsman I have been,
For no Hounds found a Fox more quickly.

There were Dido and Spanker,
And Younker was there,
And Ruler, that ne'er looks behind him;
There was rose and bonny lass,
Who were always in the Chase,
These were part of the bounds that did find him.

Mr. Tibbals cries, away,
Hark away, hark away;
With that our foot huntsmen did hear him:
Tom Mossman cries, Godzounds,
Uncouple all you hounds,
Or else we shall never come near him.

Then Caper and Countess,
And comely were thrown off,
With famous Thumper and Cryer,
And several Hounds beside,
Whose stoutness there was try'd,
And not one in the pack did tire.

Our Hounds were in apace,
And we fell into a Chase.
And thus we pursu'd the poor Creature,
With our English and French Horn,
We encourag'd our Friends that Morn,
And our Cry it was greater and greater.

It could not be exprest,
Which Hound run the best,
For they run on a breaf together:
They run at such a rate,
As you have not heard of late,
When they enjoy'd him in the Vallies together.

Then to the Moor he twin'd,
Being clear against the wind,
Thinking he might have cross'd it over:
But our Hounds run so hard,
They made the Fox afraid,
And forc'd him to turn to the Cover.

Up the hill he runs along,
And his Cover was full strong,
But I think he had no great ease on't;
For they run with such a Cry,
That their Echoes made him fly.
I'll assure you our sport was pleasant.

Then homeward he hies,
And in Wreckdale he lies,
Thinking the Wind might save him:
But our hounds ran so near,
That they posted him with fear,
And our Horsemen they did deceive him.

For 'squire Whitcliff rode amain,
And he whipt it o'er the plain;
Mr. Watfon his Morfe did not favour:
They rode up the highest hills,
And down the deepest dales,
Expecting his life for their labour.

Mr. Tybbals rode his part,
Altho' his chase was smart,
Default they were seldom or never:
But ever by and by
To the hounds he would cry,
Halloo, halloo, halloo, hark away together.

Tom Mossman he rode short,
Yet he help'd us in our sport,
For he came in both cursing and swearing:
But when it was in his power,
He cry'd out, That's our Lillywhore,
Hark to Caperman, now Slaughterman's near him.

Then to Skipland wood he goes,
Being persud by his Foes,
The company after him did follow;
An Uncarthage there we had,
Which made our Huntsmen glad,
For we gave him many an Halloo.

The sport being alm ost gone,
And the Chase being almost run,
He thought to have cross't the river;
But our hounds going in,
They after him did swim,
And so they destroy'd him for ever.

Then Leppin took a horn,
As good as e'er was blown.
Tom Mossman bid him wind his death then,
The County People all
Came flocking to his Fall.
This was honour enough for a Frenchman.

So woop we then proclaim'd,
God bless the Duke of Buckingham;
For our Hounds then had gained much Glory.
This being the sixth Fox,
That we kill'd amongst the rocks,
And there is an end of my story.