THE Jolly Sportſman's PASTIME; Or, Sir HARRY's DELIGHT.

To an' Excellent New TUNE,

LONG e'er the Morn
Expects the Return
Of Apollo, from the Ocean Queen ;
Before the Creak
Of the Crow, and the Break
Of the Day in the Welkin ſeen,
Mounted he'd hallow,
And chearfully follow;
To the Chaue with the Bugle clear :

Eccho doth he make,
And the Mountains ſhake,
With the Thunder of his Career.

How bonny Bay
In his Foine waxeth Grey,
Dapple Gray waxeth Bay in his Blood :
White Lilly ſtops
With the Scent in her Chops,
And Black Lady makes it good :
Poor ſilly Wat
In this wretched State,
Forgets theſe Delights for to hear ;
Nimbly ſhe bounds
From the Cry of the Hounds
And the Muſic of the Career.

Hills with the Heat
Of the Gallopers ſweat,
Reviving their frozen Tops ;
The Dale's Purple Flowers
That ſpring from the Showers,
That down from the Rowels drops.
Swains their repaſt,
And Strangers their haſte,
Neglect, when the horns they do hear,
To ſee a fleet
Pack of hounds in a Sheet,
And the hunter in his Career.

Thus he careers,
Over heaths, over Meers,
Over Deeps, over Downs, over Clay ;
'Till he hath won
The noon from the Morn,
And the Evening from the Day :
His Sport then he ends,
And joyfully wends,
Home again to his Cottage, where
Frankly he feaſts
Himſelf and his Gueſts,
And Carouſes in his Career

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church-Yard, Bow-Lane, LONDON.