

*The HUNT.*

Some in the Town go be - times to the *Downs*, To pur - sue the — fear - ful Hare;  
Some in the Dark love to hunt in a *Park*, For to chace all the Deer that are there:



Some love to see the — Faul - con to flee, With a joy - ful rise a - gainst the



Air; But — all my de - light is a Cun - ny in the Night, When she



turns up her sil - ver Hair.

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.