

O! for the dash, at the rifle's flash,
While the wounded roe-buck strains,
And the bounding blood, like a roaring flood,
Is sweeping through our veins.

As we take the track, with the yelling pack,
And the startled hills reply—
Delirious joy! all earth's a toy
When the chase lights up the eye!
O! respite rare, from the city's care,
And its artificial pains,
With the pack to be on the mountains free,
And the savage in our veins.

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