

A Wolf alone, is not your only chance;  
 Perhaps a Bear, or Deer may soon advance.  
 For various reasons, when the water's low,  
 All Beasts along the Shore delight to go.  
 If safely hidden, you have naught to mind,  
 But, that your Game sha'n't have you in the wind.

When August comes, if on the Coast you be,  
 Thousands of fine Curlews, you'll daily see:  
 Delicious Bird! not one with thee can vie!  
 (Not rich in plumage, but in flavour high)  
 Nor Ortolan, nor Cock, with trail on toast,  
 Of high-fed Epicures, the pride and boast!  
 Young Geese too now, in numbers croud the shore;  
 Such are the Dainties of our LABRADOR.

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