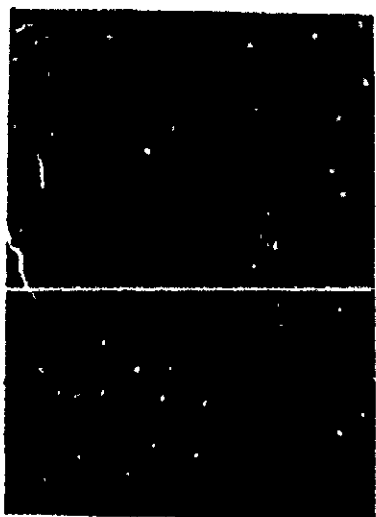


## THE MONTREAL HUNT

Air, We'll All Go a Hunting To-day.

The first verse and chorus are taken from the original—word for word.

What a fine hunting day.



MR. JOHN CRAWFORD.  
M. F. H., 1861-71; 1874-78; 1882-91.

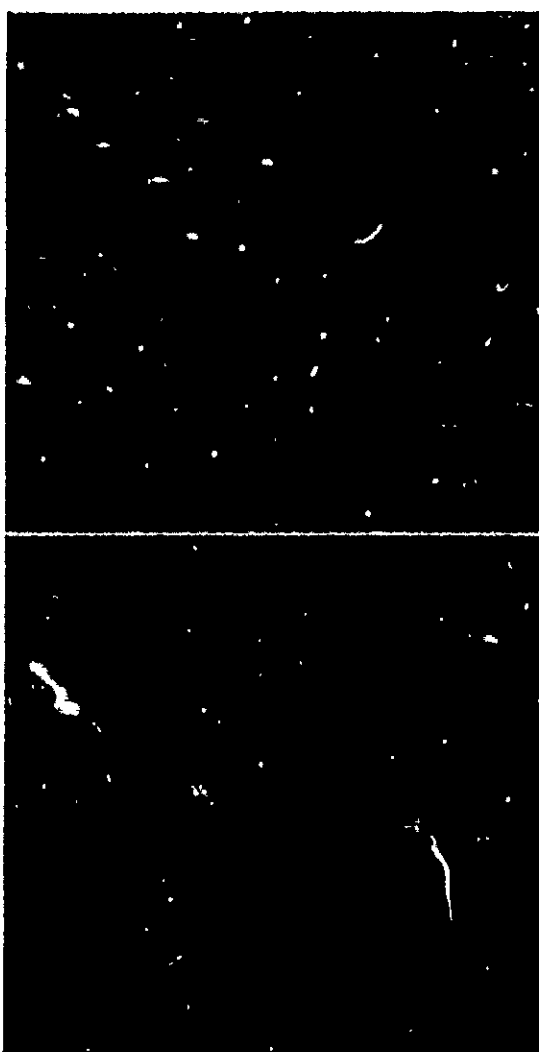
'Tis as balmy as May,  
And the hounds to the village will come,  
Every friend will be there,  
And all sorrow and care  
Will be left far behind them at home.  
See servants and steeds on their way,  
And sportsmen their scarlet display,

Another was inclined in a lark,  
But both are good sports,  
And care not for hard jolts,  
They will stay with the hounds till 'tis dark.  
Our Master has charge of the field,  
And ever good hunting will yield,  
In war or in fun,  
He is never outdone,  
A keen sportsman from shoulder to heel.

The "Refiner" drives down,  
To his office in town,  
Glances over quotations and stocks,  
Tells his broker to buy,  
For there's no reason why,  
He should worry with business or books.  
For sugar is sweet when 'tis dear,  
And fox-hunting brings him good cheer,  
So he's off to the meet,  
Looking happy and neat,  
And he'll ride as though Satan were near.

We've a handsome young "Vet" with us,  
and he's a pet,  
'Mong the farmers and sports who love mirth,  
When he hears "Tally Ho," he knows  
just where to go,  
He and Reynard must sleep on the earth,  
He sings jolly good songs by the score,  
And of stories his stock is galore,  
With "St. Walter," good horse, from the covert or gorse,  
He will lead the field straight as of yore.

To the clan of the Campbells a verse we will sing,



MAJOR HOOPER M. F. H.

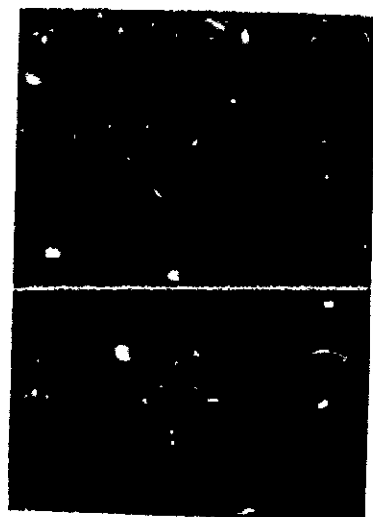
On the steeplechase course, with his  
gliss on the horse,  
His good judgment we never mis-  
trust.  
He's been many grand days in the  
field,  
But his heart to the fair sex won't  
yield,  
Yet with life there is hope,  
We will give him more rope,  
"Sweet sixteen" may yet capture this  
"chief."

The Miller wakes up, from his eyes rubs  
the dust,  
Yawns, and says this is Saturday  
morn.  
It's of little account, if wheat does  
take a slump,  
I must be with the hound and the  
horn.  
When the hounds find, it thrills his  
young heart,  
The steel gives his horse a brisk  
start,  
Foot and tail are not tall, the stone  
wall looks small,  
And he's right up with Arthur and  
Birt.

We greet friends from the West,  
Whose mounts are of the best,  
And the H—d—es we welcome with glee,  
We swear by Miss Maul with a vig-  
orous zest,  
Her bonnie face we all love to see,  
Brother and cousin can lead o'er a  
wall,  
They are Past Grands at the fox hun-  
ter's call,  
They ride without show, go straight  
as the crow,  
And never funk o'er the chance of  
a fall.

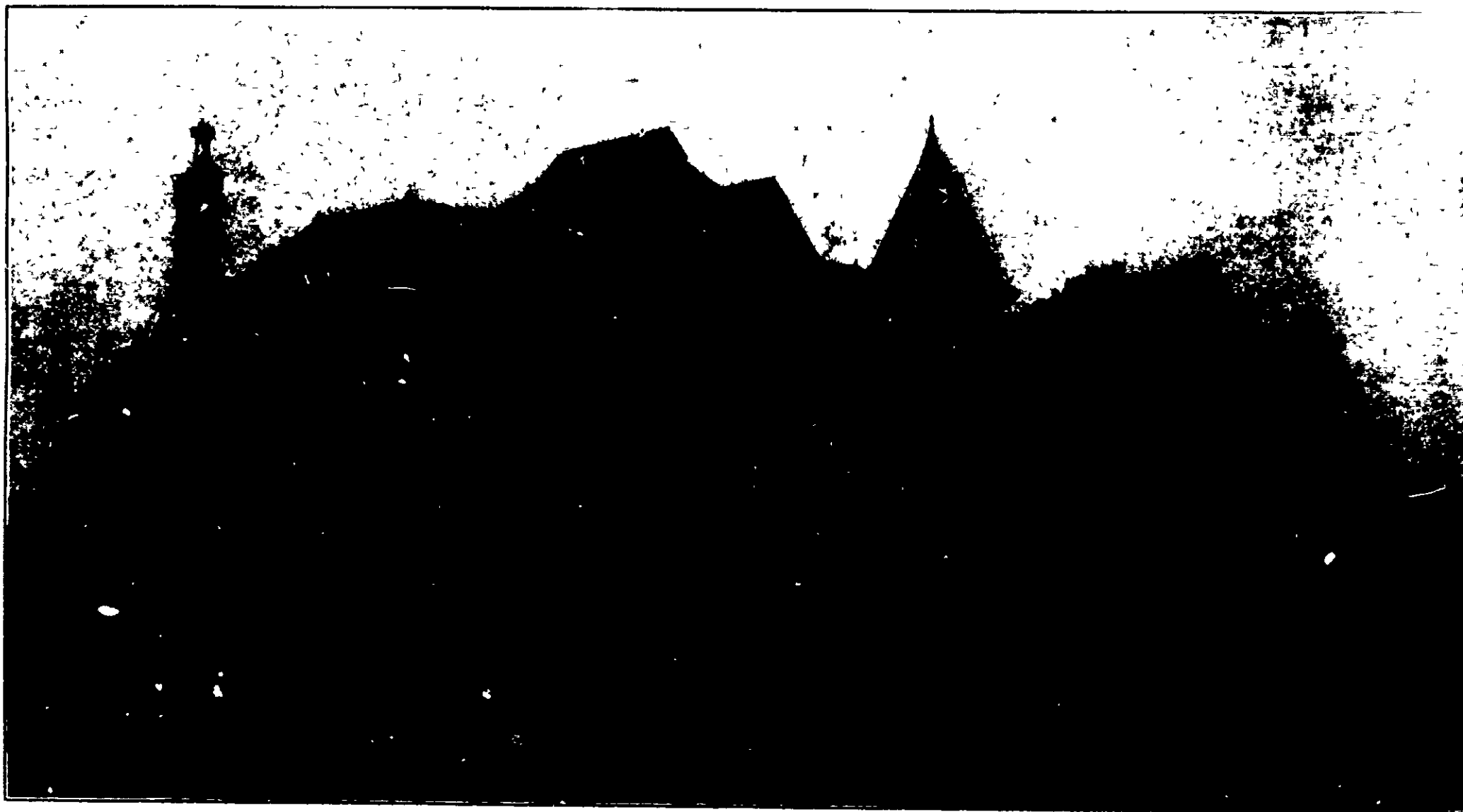
## THE MONTREAL HUNT.

Established in 1820, the Montreal Hunt, is not only the oldest organiza-  
tion of its kind in America, but it is  
the only pack of hounds on the contin-



MR. A. BAUMGARTEN.  
M. F. H., 1832-9

ent that hunt the wild fox. That it  
has increased in prosperity with age  
is amply illustrated by the fact that  
it has lately erected a new and hand-  
some club house, very perfect stables  
and model kennels within easy reach  
of the city. The mastership for many  
years after the formation of the club  
was held by officers of the regular  
army, then stationed in Montreal, a



THE NEW CLUB HOUSE OF THE MONTREAL HUNT.

Let us join the glad throng,  
That goes laughing along,  
And all go a hunting to-day

## CHORUS.

We will all go a hunting to-day,  
All nature looks smiling and gay,  
Let us join the glad throng.

And when "Lochinvar" wins we all  
cheer,  
Colin's doubtless a wag, but good stuff  
and no brag,  
And he gladdens our hearts when  
he's here,  
He deserves all he wins on the course,  
For he trains hard, and loves a good  
horse,

So we drink to the health, wishing  
long life and health  
To our good friend the "Tanner" who  
knows.  
When he sees hunting done in good  
form,  
And thinks squeezing the girls is no  
harm,  
Let us hope he'll sit up,

We miss riders of fame, that we  
might call by name,  
Who would fain hear the glad "Gone  
Away."  
But hard luck will o'ertake  
The best sports in its wake,  
And you know every dog has his day.  
So we all board the train and away

we glance over the record showing the  
names of Captain Walter Jones, Cap-  
tain William T. Stockley, R. A.,  
Captain J. Stockley, Jr., R. A.,  
Captain, the Hon. Mr. Keane, R.E.,  
Lieutenant Lutvans, Lieut. Cox, R.  
E. Gen. de Winton, Col. Forsyth, D.  
Lorne Macdougall, Andrew Allan,  
John Crawford, J. R. Hutchins, Captain



MR. H. MONTAGUE ALLAN.  
M. F. H., 1891-93.

That goes laughing a'long,  
And all go a hunting to-day -  
One "shipper" was hurt  
When his horse made a lurch,

We hope his bright face, leads in many  
a race,  
And through life he'll be found in  
the chaso.

"There is nothing like leather" the old  
saying goes.  
And its logic we all will allow,

And take home the hunt cup,  
With good "Wildthorn," 'tis surely  
his turn.

There's no her old sportsman, called  
"Polly," for short,  
A Master with pencil or brush,

to Point Claire,  
Kiss our wives and our sweethearts so  
fair,  
Hounds and horses are fit,  
Every man is good grit,  
And we'll hunt the old Fox to his  
lair.

D. T. T.



MR. HUGH PATON.  
M. F. H., 2833-88.

Campbell, A. Baumgarten, Hugh Pa-  
ton, W. Montagu Allan, and Major  
George R. Hooper the present Master.  
The complement of the Hunt at present