

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.

