

If safely hidden, you have naught to mind,
But, that your Game shan'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 crowd the shore ;
Such are the Dainties of our LABRADOR.

If you wou'd wish with Hares to sport awhile,
You're sure to find them on each barren Isle :
But shou'd you there, the sign of Foxes trace,
Your Sport is o'er : No Hares frequent that place.
Grouse, Ptarmigan, and various sorts of Game,
With Birds and Beasts too tedious here to name,
You'll find in p'enty through the Year to kill ;
No Game-Laws there to thwart the Sportsman's Will.

September comes, the Stag's in season now ;
Of Ven'son, far the Richest you'll allow.
No Long-legg'd, Ewe-neck'd, Shambling Brute ;
In him strength, beauty, size, each other suit.
His branching Horns, majestic to the view,
Have points (for I have counted) seventy-two.
But do you think, you'll all this pleasure share,
And, when fatigu'd, to some good Inn repair ;