

**BOOK OF HUNTING
SONGS AND SPORT**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649078257

Book of Hunting Songs and Sport by Mrs. Chaworth Musters

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

MRS. CHAWORTH MUSTERS

**BOOK OF HUNTING
SONGS AND SPORT**

BOOK
OF
HUNTING SONGS
AND
SPORT.

COLLECTED BY
MRS. CHAWORTH MUSTERS,

AND DEDICATED TO
THE RIGHT HON. EARL FERRERS,
M.P.H.

1885.

Stee, Young

AVH3736

PR
1195
H9
B6
1885

TO THE
RIGHT HON. EARL FERRERS, M.F.H.,
IN REMEMBRANCE OF
A FRIENDSHIP OF MANY YEARS,
AND OF
"THE MIRTH, AND THE ADVENTURE, AND THE SPORT
THAT WE HAVE SHARED."



"WE were much pleased lately with the snugger of a great ex-huntsman, where we turned in for a couple of hours to chat of old times. Among the prints was a very characteristic one of old Meynell, sitting in his study-chair and pigtail, and giving orders to Jack Raven, who stands with a comfortable little corporation at the door. Jack appears in the well-known Billesdon picture on Loadstone, opening the gate with his whip; but the old horse wants no more, and resolutely puts his foot in the gate, while Mr. Lorraine Smith is wading with his coat, like an old woman's petticoats, in his hand. The drawing is bad, but the song which illustrates it is so scarce, and those few who possess it seem to have it only in MS., that we reprint it here, simply premising that there are one or two names of which there may be a different reading."

A HUNTING SONG.

TUNE—"DERRY DOWN."

Was there ever such work? as our leaders oft say;
Was there ever yet seen such a glorious day?
Not Meynell himself, the king of all men,
Ever saw such a chase, or will see such again.

Derry Down.

Billesdon Coplow 's the place where the contest began,
 And away from the covert bold Reynard soon ran :
 Two hours and a quarter, I think, was the time—
 It was beautifully great, nay indeed 'twas sublime.
 Derry Down.

At Skeffington earths the villain did try,
 Then, making all speed, to Tilton Wood did he fly :
 By Skeffington Town he soon after came back,
 And at Tugby was near being caught by the pack.
 Derry Down.

Then passing by Stretton to Wigstone he went,
 And at Ailstone we thought that the rogue must be spent ;
 But for crossing the river he found a good place,
 And, changing at Enderby, finished the chase.
 Derry Down.

Scotch, Welsh, Irish, and English, together set out,
 And each thought his horse than his neighbour's more stout.
 You must judge by the nags which were in at the end
 Which riders to judge and which to commend.
 Derry Down.

Lorraine and Lord Maynard were there, and could tell
 Who in justice's scale held the balance so well,
 As very good judges and justices too,
 The state of each horse, and what each man could do.
 Derry Down.

But if anyone thinks he is grieved in the song,
 And fancies his case stated legally wrong,
 To Enderby Hall let him go and complain,
 But he won't mend his cause if he meets with Lorraine.
 Derry Down.

Germaine, the most gallant, was first at the river ;
 Like a spaniel dashed in—how he made our hearts quiver !
 And as Albion, as bold, he gave Mellon a pull,
 And beat thro' the stream like Europa's famed bull.
Derry Down.

Jack Musters, delighted at this bright example,
 Close on the dun's heels in the water did trample.
 He held by the tail, and got safe to the bank,
 Though the water ran over the grey horse's flank.
Derry Down.

Cox stood on the brink, and would fain have gone arter,
 But the hydrophobia made him turn at the water ;
 So he scrambled away as fast as he could,
 And got up with the hounds at Enderby Wood.
Derry Down.

We have not much to say of Morpath and Shelley,
 They at Skeffington stopped, I suppose, for a jelly.
 It is true they ride hard, and are said to be keen,
 But yet in this run they never were seen.
Derry Down.

What came of Bob Grosvenor no poet can tell ;
 Not long with the pack did the gay bishop dwell ;
 He met brother South, and 'twas said by the people,
 That the parsons were perched up on Skeffington steeple.
Derry Down.

There they sat quite contented, like parson and clerk,
 And talked over things until very near dark,
 Till the bishop began to take fright at the weather,
 And their nags being fresh they reached Melton together.
Derry Down.

As 'twas late in the day the gallant Lord Craven,
 Finding matters grow serious, kept his eye on Jack Raven ;
 But the old Raven croaked when his horse was near done,
 So he changed with Ben Rowland and finished the run.

Derry Down.

In this state of distress my Lord Maddock saw,
 Who just in his nag had discovered a flaw ;
 Together they joined, and took leave of the pack ;
 Maddock trudged home, but the peer got a hack.

Derry Down.

Of Bobby Montgomery, Messrs. Waddle and Cuff,
 As they say they can ride, I would fain say enough :
 Their riding displayed a spread eagle complete,
 And to those who were near must have proved a great
 treat.

Derry Down.

Charles Meynell got in, but how he got there
 No sportsman could tell, for he made them all stare.
 We heard that the waggon had just passed the road—
 Why did not the waggoner stop with his load ?

Derry Down.

Of Joey Pantigious, 'tis said in a burst
 He finds it quite easy being second or first.
 We'd a chase on the pike, and he drove in his gig ;
 I then bet two to one on the little Pound Pig.

Derry Down.

Of a mighty great king, how it lowered his pride
 To be walking on foot when his subjects did ride ;
 Though they passed by in numbers to no one he spoke,
 But like Charley the Second got up in the oak.

Derry Down.

Tho' late in the song, yet perish the thought
That our gallant friend Villiers should e'er be forgot;
Some disaster, I fancy, his lordship befell,
As he did not get in, tho' he rides very well.

Derry Down.

Lord Charles rode on Marquis, so famed for his blood,
And shared in all dangers except in the flood.
Charles Ellis came up, but he got a fresh horse,
And we saw by the change that he was not the worse.

Derry Down.

By the bye, I forgot to name Lawley of Quorn,
Tho' forward at first lamed his horse with a thorn;
And losing a shoe is sometimes the reason
Why a gentleman's best at the end of the season.

Derry Down.

Tom Smith in the contest maintained a good place,
And tho' not first, at last made a famous good race.
I'm sure he'd no cause for his horse to abuse,
And I wish he'd persuade him to keep on his shoes.

Derry Down.

Mr. Saville and Nat dropped in at the end—
Which the best of the nags I cannot contend;
For tho' they breathe high they are still full of fire,
For he says they're so stout that they never do tire.

Derry Down.

I think now I've bored you enough with the chase,
And like Meynell's hounds I have run a good race;
Then a bumper, my boys, to Meynell we'll fill,
And to those that ride hard may they never stand still.

Derry Down.

Written by MR. BETHELL COX, from the
Sporting Magazine, 1856.

For notes to most of the heroes of this poem, see "Billesdon Coplow."