

**SONGS AND VERSES
ON SPORTING
SUBJECTS**

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Songs and Verses on Sporting Subjects by R. E. Egerton -Warburton

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BY

R. E. EGERTON-WARBURTON

AUTHOR OF "HUNTING SONGS"




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SONGS AND VERSES ON
SPORTING SUBJECTS.

Vive La Chasse!

“Image of war.”

SOMERVILLE.



F Melton heedless, uninspired by
Quorn,
The note I found is on a foreign horn;
Across the Straits I cast a sportsman's
glance,
My theme to-day the hunting-fields of France.

But though, as wont, in sporting phrase I write,
The fields I sing to-day are fields of fight;
The hounds I name are warriors of renown,
And every cover is a fenced town;
The chase still prompts my figurative speech,
I charge a “bullfinch” when I storm a breach;

Whene'er, exulting o'er some glorious day,
 O'er country cross'd, or trophies borne away,
 Remember, reader, that I speak not then
 Of killing foxes, but of slaughtering men.
 Heroes and kings are mirror'd on the stage,
 Why should not sport enliven History's page?

Through many an age the Masters of her chase,
 Or sprung from Valois or from Bourbon race;
 In turn uplifted, on the saddle fat
 The Fair, the Wife, the Affable, the Fat;
 Oft boundary squabbles, virulent as those
 Of modern masters, in the country rose;
 Some cared not for it, some were hunting-mad,
 The few were good ones, and the many bad;
 Poison would some into the trencher dip,
 Some used the knife too freely, some the whip;
 Throughout all countries still the same resounds
 Of names recorded in her list of hounds;
 Two stand conspicuous blazon'd on the card,
 The brave Du Guesclin and the good Bayard;
 And when great Louis later held the horn,
 Some gallant hounds were in the kennel born;
 The last, though, Condé needed now and then,
 A good and crafty hound was old Turenne.

Then wild disorder in the kennel rose,
 All running riot wherefoe'er they chose;

Then out of Revolutionist, a lot
 Of mongrel monsters Bonnet Rouge begot ;
 Knee-deep they waded in a crimson flood,
 With mouths insatiate howling still for blood ;
 Till o'er their Master, uttering shouts obscene,
 They cried " Who-whoop ! " and dropp'd the
 guillotine.

Then, keen for sport and powerful to command,
 A mighty Nimrod took the pack in hand ;
 He Murat nurtured—hound as Rupert rash—
 And many another full of fire and dash ;
 Kleber, Defaix, Dumouriez, Junot, Hoche,
Sans peur were all, but not all *sans reproche* ;
 Matchless on land, but when he took to water,
 There Nelson check'd him with defeat and
 slaughter ;
 In field successful, till one sad blank day
 On Moscow's snow the pack death-stricken lay.
 The Belgian covers one fine day they drew,
 The meet that morning was at Waterloo ;
 There Wellesley challenged their triumphant note,
 And English bulldogs seized them by the throat ;
 While "*Sauve qui peut !*" the pack's retreating
 cry,
 From thousand tongues re-echoed through the sky.
 The Victor vanquish'd and himself entrapp'd,
 In grey furtout his folded arms he wrapp'd ;