

**THE ENGLISH COUNTRY
GENTLEMAN, AND
OTHER POEMS; PP. 2-117**

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The English Country Gentleman, and Other Poems; pp. 2-117 by John Lloyd

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JOHN LLOYD

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OTHER POEMS; PP. 2-117**

THE
ENGLISH COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

And other Poems.

BY
JOHN LLOYD, ESQUIRE.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, ROBERTS, & GREEN.
1865.

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(See page 67.)

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Now is the time, to prove old proverbs right,
When the cold strengthens with th' increasing light,
When Christmas wreaths, though grown less fresh and fair,
At breakfast still we joy to see them there !
Still fondly watch them fading day by day,
Less bright the berries, and less green the spray.
Of hound and horn the frost forbids the use,
And reynard wonders at th' unwonted truce ;
But not the gun yields to th' inclement skies,
Not all debarr'd its healthful exercise.
This morn perchance, no special game in view,
You stroll for pastime forth an hour or two,
The next, at dawn, if youthful ardour lead
With stealthy step along the brook proceed,
The brook that sounding through the frosty night
Arrests afar the roving wild-fowl's flight.
And say ! what triumph home return'd to take
Forth from huge pocket the resplendent drake,
Or delicate teal, or widgeon's painted crest,
And shame the sluggards that preferr'd their rest.
Then the broil'd rasher has no common charms,
Or the streak'd sirloin owns your vigorous arms.

Nor seldom now amid the matted sedge
The hare is found, close to the water's edge,
Or in the narrow trench, that late convey'd
The sluice-adjusted stream, her form is made;
Forth in the leash your eager greyhounds led,
She starts, at first some fourscore yards ahead,
But reach'd, and turn'd, now close beside your horse
They whirl, now arrow-like shoots on the course.
Well pleased yourself in that familiar place
If back return the disappointed chase,
And puss in cover lodged, her safe retreat,
Some future morning to renew the feat.
Poor Puss ! how much she must enjoy the time
When round her corn-crops wave in summer's prime,
From huntsman's horn when all the fright is o'er,
And hounds lie basking on the kennel floor.

Now rabbit-shooting in attraction grows
As nobler sports are drawing to a close !
For these, the hollow stub, the hedgerow, try,
The hollow stub besieged by frantic cry
Of nimble pack minute ; nor heedless pass
Scant shelter seemingly, of wither'd grass

The tuft, on sunbright days their wont to lie
Ensnoced beneath its russet canopy.
No other game a quicker hand requires,
No pastime less by repetition tires.
But dallying all too long the Muse has staid
With what at best were an ungentle trade,
And oft, when wandering lone in woodland bower,
For sportsmen whilom have their pensive hour,
The thought has come, it greater joy might give
Were all wild creatures left their life to live!
Till the first riddled fence, or ruin'd tree,
Revives again the old hostility.

And hark! the woodward calls, from early morn
The busy grindstone hath small respite borne.
To thin the larch prepared each workman stands,
The bright axe gleaming in his sinewy hands,
Those that have branchless grown, or shaped awry
Offend each spiral rank's fair symmetry,
With all by nibbling tooth of squirrel peel'd,
And hence decay'd, are for removal seal'd.
With frequent strokes the startled woods resound,
And countless numbers soon obstruct the ground,