

HUNTING SONGS AND POEMS

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Hunting songs and poems by John Chaworth Musters

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JOHN CHAWORTH MUSTERS

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AND POEMS**

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AND

POEMS.

COLLECTED BY

JOHN CHAWORTH MUSTERS.

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THE BADSWORTH HUNT:

DESCRIPTIVE OF AN EXCELLENT FOX-CHASE, AS PERFORMED
BY THE HOUNDS OF MR. BRIGHT, OF BADSWORTH,
IN THE YEAR 1730.

“Hark! what loud shouts re-echo thro’ the groves—
He breaks away, shrill horns proclaim his flight;
Each straggling hound strains o’er the lawn to gain
The distant pack—’tis triumph all and joy.”

SOMERVILLE.

Ye huntsmen, give ear to my song,
Who to Sussex steep hills do resort;
I sing of a fox chase so long—
That you must allow it good sport.

It was in the time of the year
When foxes could fly and were stout;
In Badsworth’s gay hall did appear,
Of hunters a jovial rout.

Said the master, (1) o’er night, “It is ten;
Call Slinger, (2) for I will to bed;
At five I will see you again;
Pray, Tom, (3) now remember your head.”

1. John Bright, Esq., of Badsworth Hall, near Pontefract, was the master of the hounds.

2. Slinger was Mr. Bright’s valet.

3. Mr. Bright’s son.

At five, then, the Master arose ;
 The rest, half asleep, left their beds,
 And hastily donn'd on their clothes,
 Tho' some of 'em felt heavy heads.

To cover they walk a foot's pace,
 Where the company all does appear
 But Harvey, (4) who lost all the chase
 By taking twice leave of his dear.

It was just at the rise of the sun,
 To Barnsdale's great whin-bed they came—
 So famous for many a run,
 So crowded for fox-hunters' game.

"Hoix, Truelove," said Jarvise, "my hound ;"
 "Hey, Tumbler," Jack (5) quickly replied.
 "Egad," said Ben Tayler, "he is found ;
 Hark ! Duchess, who never yet lied."

"Hallo ! then away the pack goes ;
 "Master Wilson, come on," says Tom Sayle ; (6)
 Kit (7) answers, "I'll gather these sloes,
 And comb my nag's mane and tail."

Over Smeaton's wide fallows he made
 To Brokendale Earth, full up wind ;
 His besom he toss'd but ne'er stay'd,
 As tho' he said, "kiss me behind."

Over Stapleton Lees to Wake Wood,
 Down to Balne still up wind he doth fly ;
 But soon found, in spite of his blood,
 He must back again, else he must die.

4. Mr. Harvey, grandfather to the present Lord Hawke, then lived a Wormesley Park.

5. The hunter's name was A. Jarvise, and the whipper-in was called "Jack."

6. Thomas and Benjamin Sayle were brothers, and resided at Wentbridge.

7. Wilson then lived at Wakefield, and was generally styled "Kit Wilson of famous memory," as it is stated in the notes of the song published at the time.

From Grove Wood and sheer to Went Hill,
 Where a huntress came up to the cry :
 Her voice was so sweet and so shrill,
 It *must* be Diana (8) or Di.

From hence hied to Darrington Moor,
 Over Went and by Badsworth he goes ;
 Oh ! Reynard, thy fate I deplore,
 For there lives the worst of thy foes.

Then up to the Hollins he ran,
 Where a ploughman he met in the face ;
 This lucky hit let in each man,
 Or few had been seen in at the chase.

The Master came up in his chair,
 Saw Danger hit off the default,
 And said, " Had Ralph Elmsall (9) been there,
 Hey Danger, he'd quite split his throat."

" Now, Rockwood, " " Now, Delver, " some cried ;
 " Now, Rival, " " Now, Sempstress, " again ;
 Then Hall (10) his dog Rebel espied,
 And swore he led over the plain.

" Zounds ! " says Kitchingham, " Hall is foreswore,
 But he'll swear any man of his nag ;
 See Tapster and six couples more ;
 He cannot blow wind in their bag. "

Squire Thomas came up to the head,
 And swore they were every one blind ;
 " For see ! my dog Juggler does lead,
 And Tippler is not far behind. "

8. Diana Sayle, sister of Thomas and Benjamin Sayle.
 9. Ralph Elmsall lived at Thornhill, near Wakefield.
 10. Mr. Anthony Hall, of Wombwell.