

THE  
FIELD

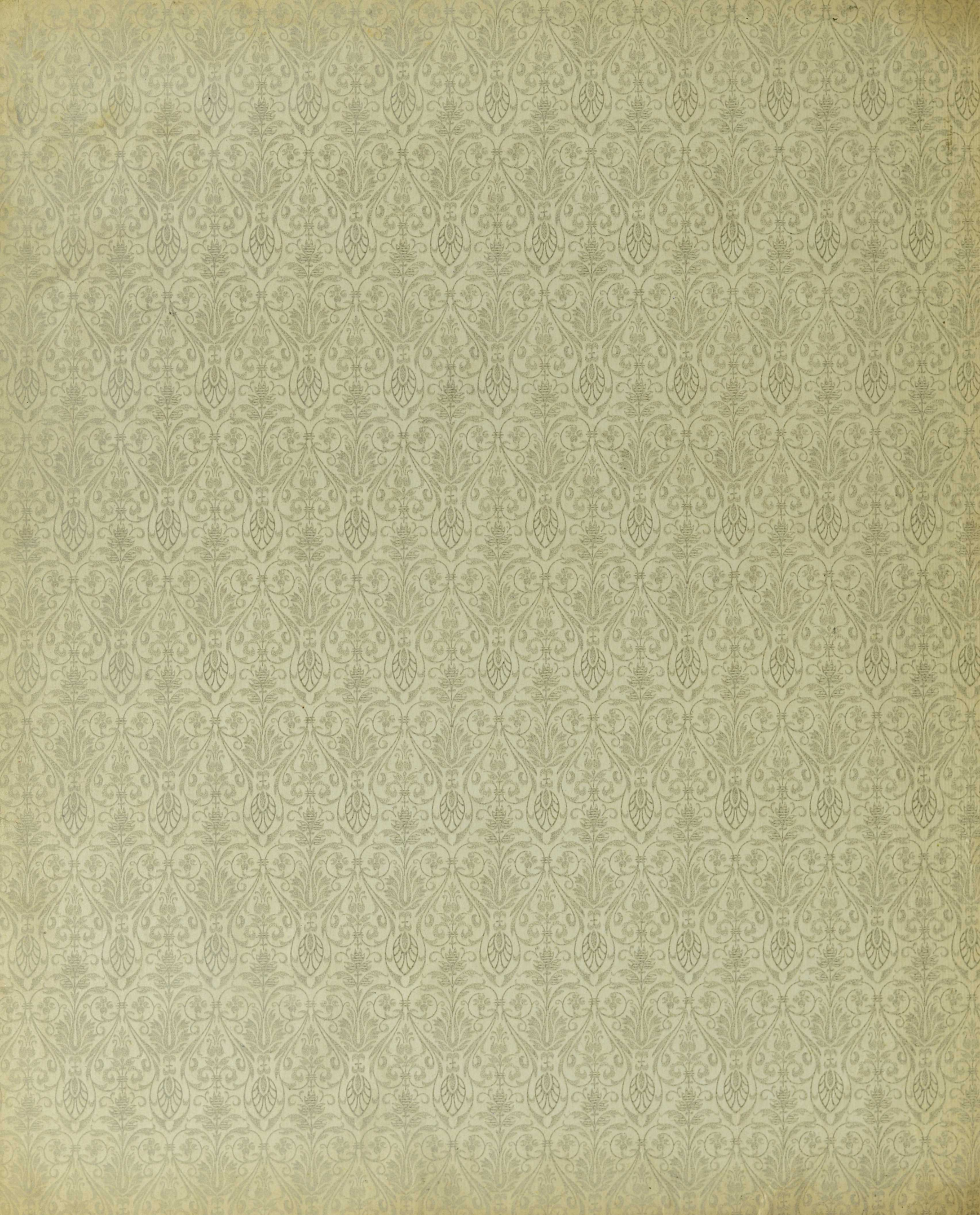


THE  
FOX HUNT



THE  
HARVEST





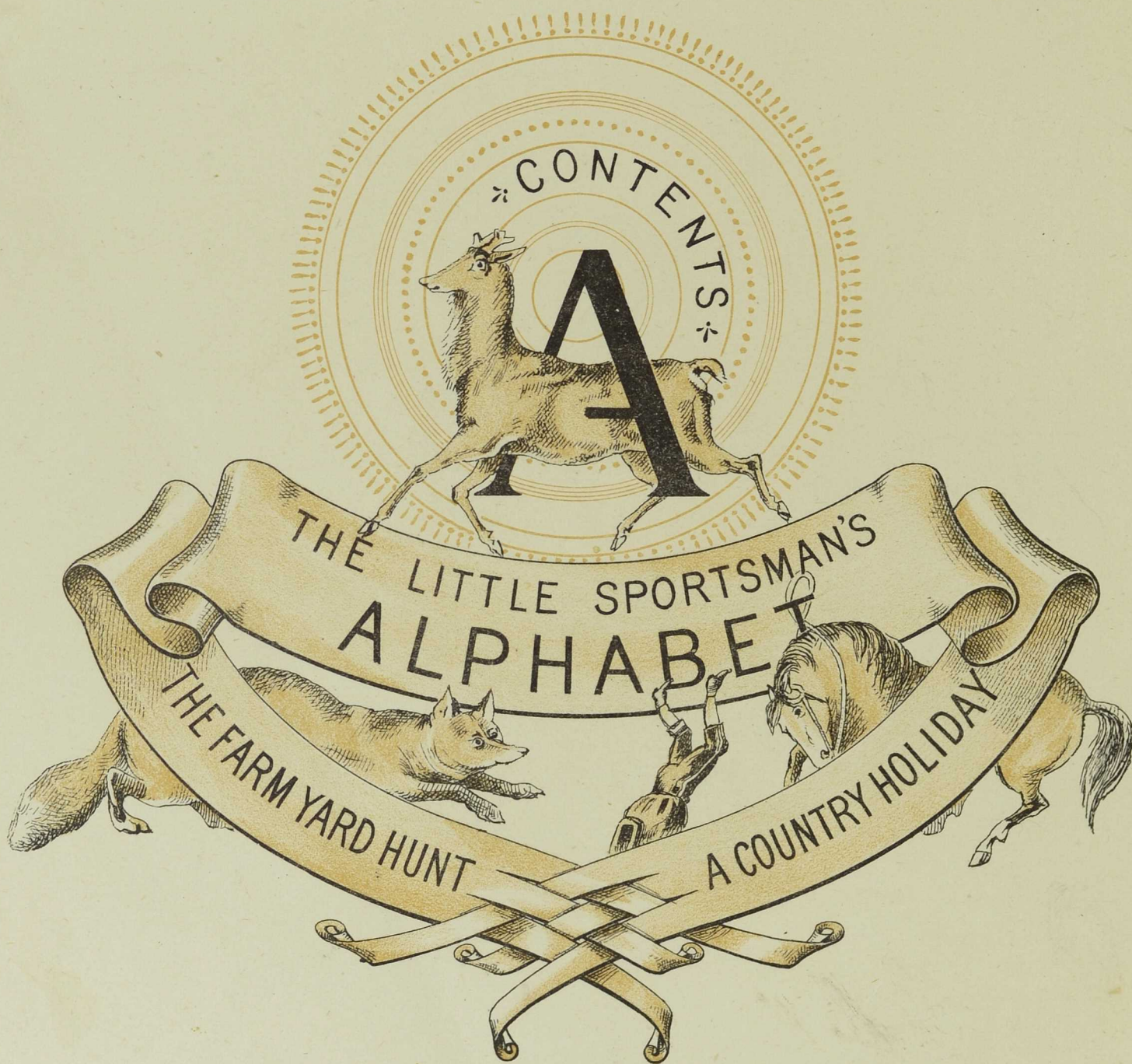




mt 7



F Grey







Aa

**A** stands for ASCOT—for Races renowned—  
Where steeds that are matchless fly over its ground.  
But, sometimes, instead of these Race-horses fleet,  
The Queen's Royal Staghounds on Ascot Course meet ;  
And Hunters and Huntsmen, all eager and gay,  
See the Stag, that is freed for the chase, bound away.

“ O'er hill and o'er valley, o'er dale and o'er down,”  
They'll follow the Stag that belongs to the Crown,  
Till panting it stands, when the day's sport is done,  
At bay, at the close of a capital run.  
But its life will be spared ; they will take it away,  
To be hunted again upon some future day.



Bb

Cc

Dd



**B** stands for BEAUTY, the name of this Hound ;  
His equal in fleetness can scarcely be found.  
The pride of the Kennel, the little ones' pet—  
Rejoiced when a frolic with “ Beauty ” they get.  
Most faithful and honest ; brave, loving, and true ;  
He sets an example, dear children, to you.

---

**C** stands for COVERT—a sheltering spot,  
Well hidden and safe, that the Hunters know not.

---

**D** stands for the DEER, who its solitude love,  
And through its green depths and recesses oft rove.  
A murmuring stream adds a charm to the place ;  
And there they forget both mankind and the chase.



# Ele



**E** stands for EPSOM. The Races, you see.  
We cannot yet tell who the winner may be.  
They run for the Derby—the greatest of Races ;  
The horses are put to the swiftest of paces.  
Just look at the crowds who their efforts survey ;  
They all are resolved to be merry to-day.

Christy Minstrels abound ; pretty Gipsies, as well,  
Are ready and willing your fortune to tell.  
“ ’ Krec Card,” cries one ; “ Try your luck,” shouts another.  
That Monkey might well be his owner’s own brother !  
The Policeman looks on, with a smile on his face,  
He can’t be severe at the Derby’s famed race.



FF

GG



**F** stands for FISHING. By many a stream,  
When soft, fleecy clouds hide the sun's brightest beam,  
The Fisherman sits, while the waters glide by,  
Till he feels the Fish bite at his well-mimicked fly;  
Then he draws up his line, and he welcomes alike,  
As reward of his pains—Trout, Salmon, or Pike.

---

**G** stands for a GATE—a five-barred one, you see—  
To clear it a difficult matter must be;  
But this Rider sits firmly—'tis easy to him,  
Who over a hedge, fence, or brooklet can skim  
Almost like a Swallow. The first in the field,  
The palm to his horsemanship all gladly yield.



IIIh

**H** stands for the HOUNDS. They are here in full cry ;  
O'er field, ditch, and hedgerow the Hunters sweep by.  
Far on toils the Fox, who tries many a wile  
The much dreaded Hounds from his track to beguile ;  
But his windings and turnings, all will prove vain ;  
His den and his young he will ne'er see again !

There are Foxhounds, and Staghounds, and, worst of the race,  
The Bloodhound, who hangs on a man's flying trace.  
The noble St. Bernard, whose name we all know,  
Which seeks for the traveller lost in the snow.  
The Greyhound that follows the swift little hare,  
And the Wolfhound, in England, said to be rare.

---

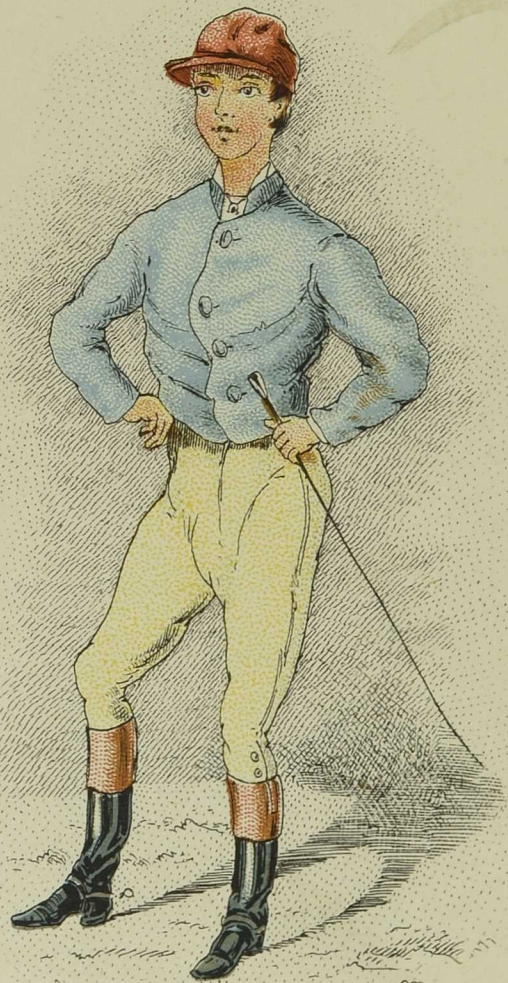
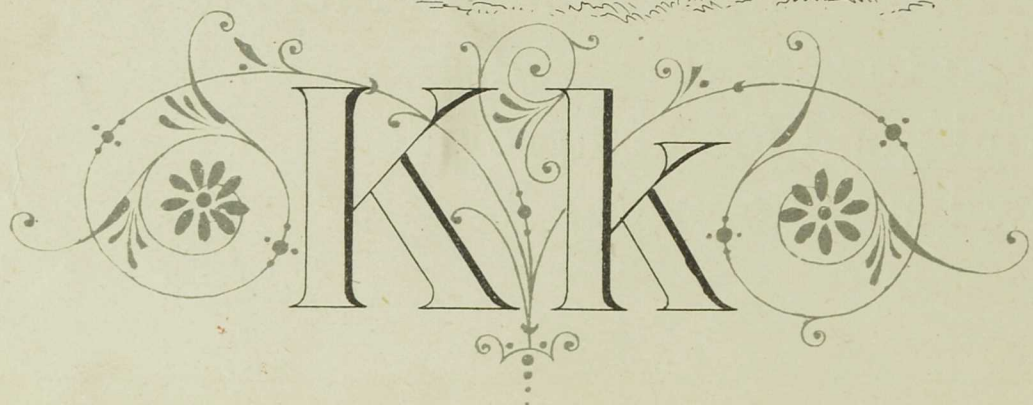
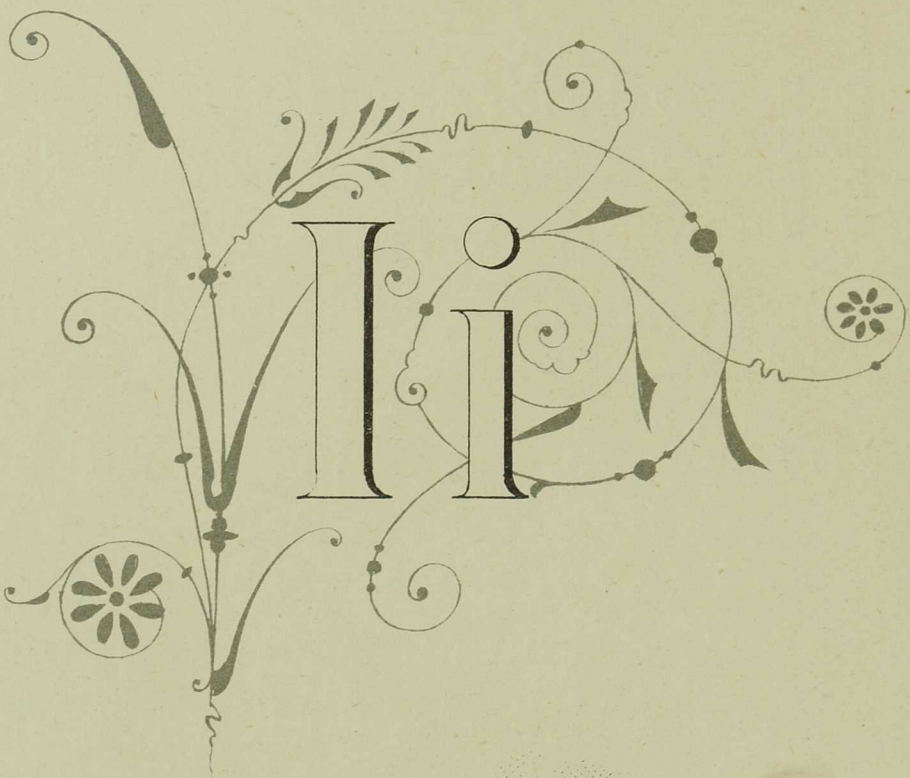
**I** stands for an IDLER, who lingers awhile,  
On hearing the Chase, at the old meadow stile ;  
On the grass he casts down his slate and his books,  
While on Hounds, and on Huntsmen, delighted he looks.

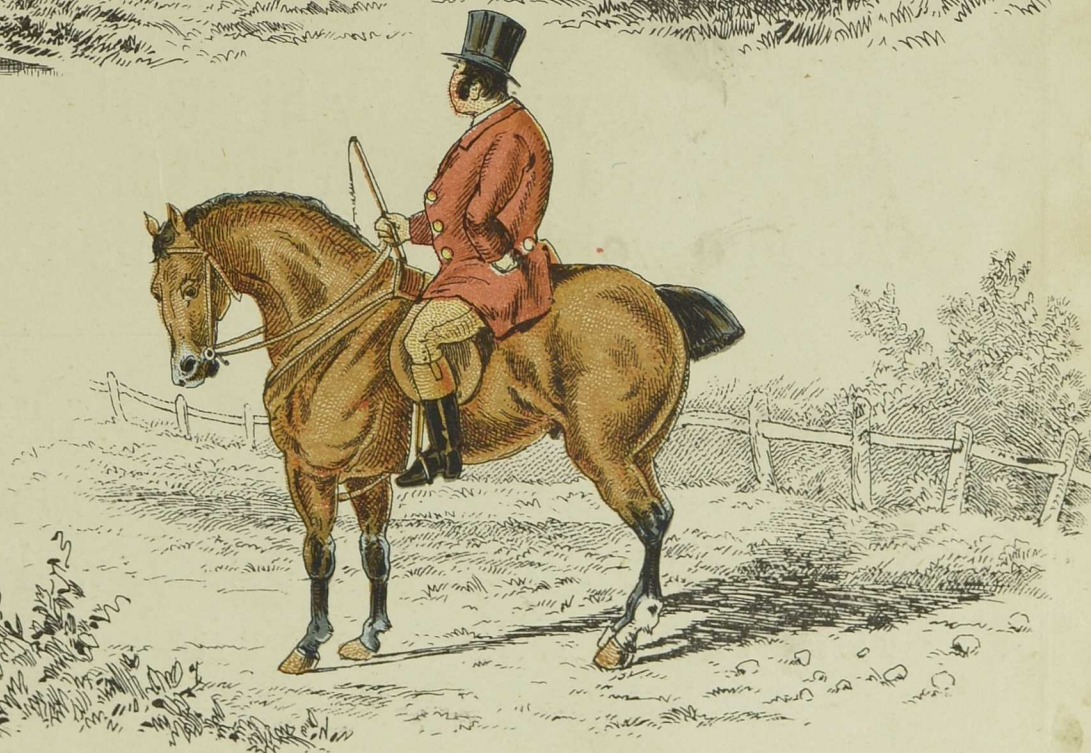
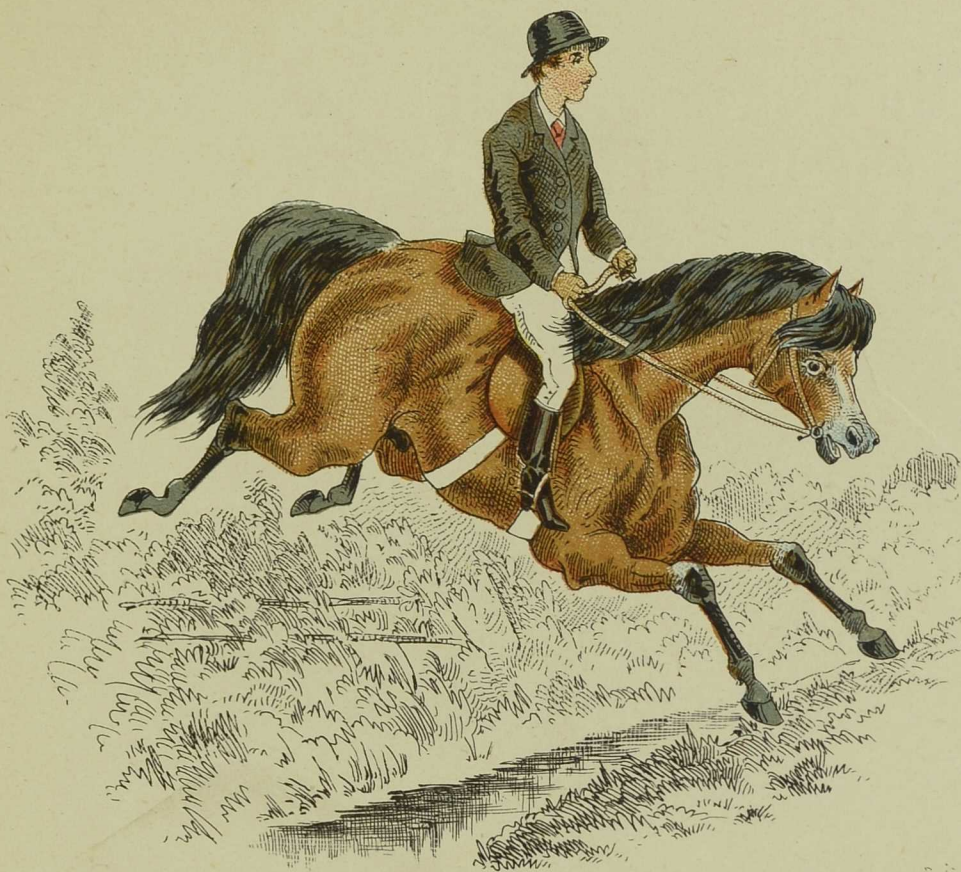
---

**J** stands for a JOCKEY—a smart one, you see,  
A very light weight he must certainly be ;  
Though young, he knows well how a race he may win ;  
And be sure that his Racer the first will be in.

---

**K** stands for the KENNELS. The Hounds in them dwell ;  
The Master comes often to see all is well.  
The Keepers are careful good food to provide,  
And in their well-being show laudable pride.





**L** stands for a LEAP, which this brave boy will take.  
An excellent sportsman he surely will make !  
Firm seat in the saddle, light hand on the rein,  
Are certain, with practice, perfection to gain.

---

**M** stands for the MEET, where the Hounds have been brought.  
By Hunters of all kinds that gathering is sought.  
There are Riders in pink, there are Riders in blue,  
And Ladies who don't Hunt, and Ladies who do.

---

**N** stands for a NAG—Farmer Bull's favourite steed.  
Although in the field he may not take the lead,  
Yet he'll steadily bear his stout rider all day.  
He has in him what Sportsmen call plenty of " Stay."

---

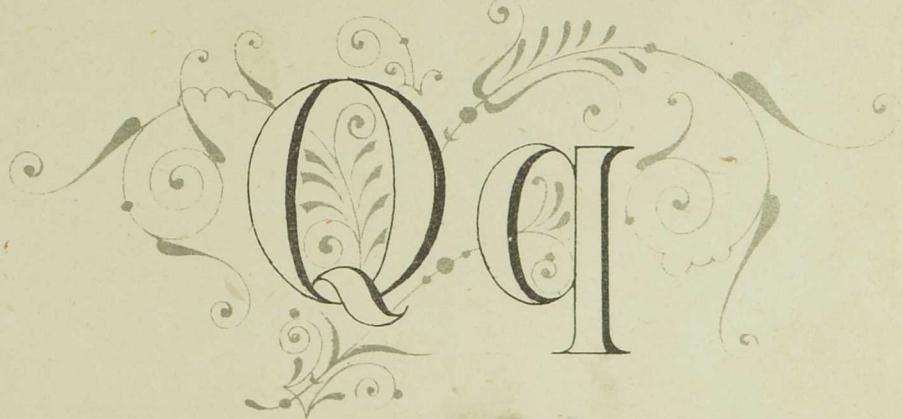
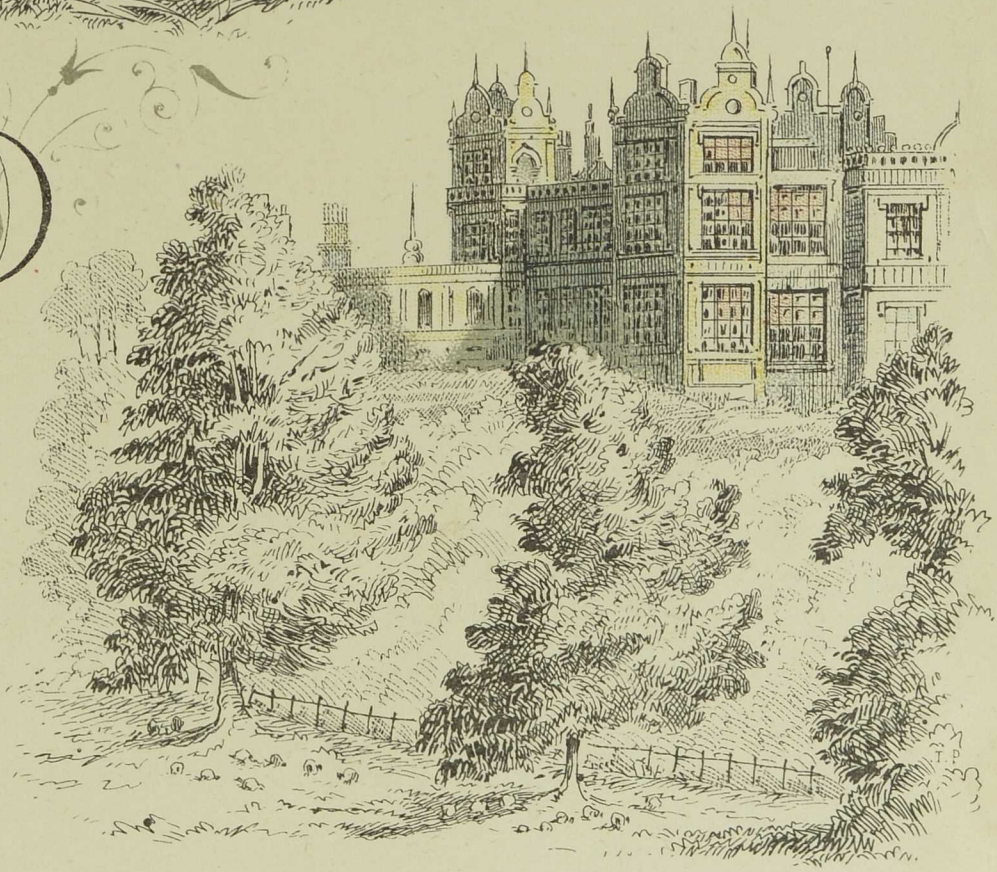
**O** stands for OTTER-HUNT. Down by the Stream,  
Which dances along in the Sun's early beam,  
With shouting of Sportsmen, and Hounds' cheery cry,  
To find the poor Otter they eagerly try.

---

**P** stands for a PONY, on which, with great glee,  
Harry rides by his Father the Quorn Meet to see.  
'Tis a gift from his Uncle for studying well,  
And no words his pride in his Pony can tell.

---

**Q** stands for QUORN, one of England's grand houses,  
Its Pack of famed Hounds oft the echo arouses.  
The Meet, as we said, will be held there to-day,  
And Harry will gaze on its splendid array.



**R** stands for RIDE, which this man cannot do,  
We fear the endeavour he'll certainly rue ;  
He should not at Hunting make any attempt,  
He'll only meet laughter and Sportsmen's contempt.

---

**S** stands for SHOOTING. This Sportsman takes aim  
At Wild Duck that out of the Bullrushes came.  
Successful already his Shooting has been,  
For two Birds in the stern of his boat may be seen.

---

**T** stands for TALLY-HO ! Well known the sound,  
When Reynard steals slyly away o'er the ground.  
The Huntsman his path through the short herbage spies,  
And " Tally-ho ! Tally-ho ! " loudly he cries.

Rr



Ss

Tt



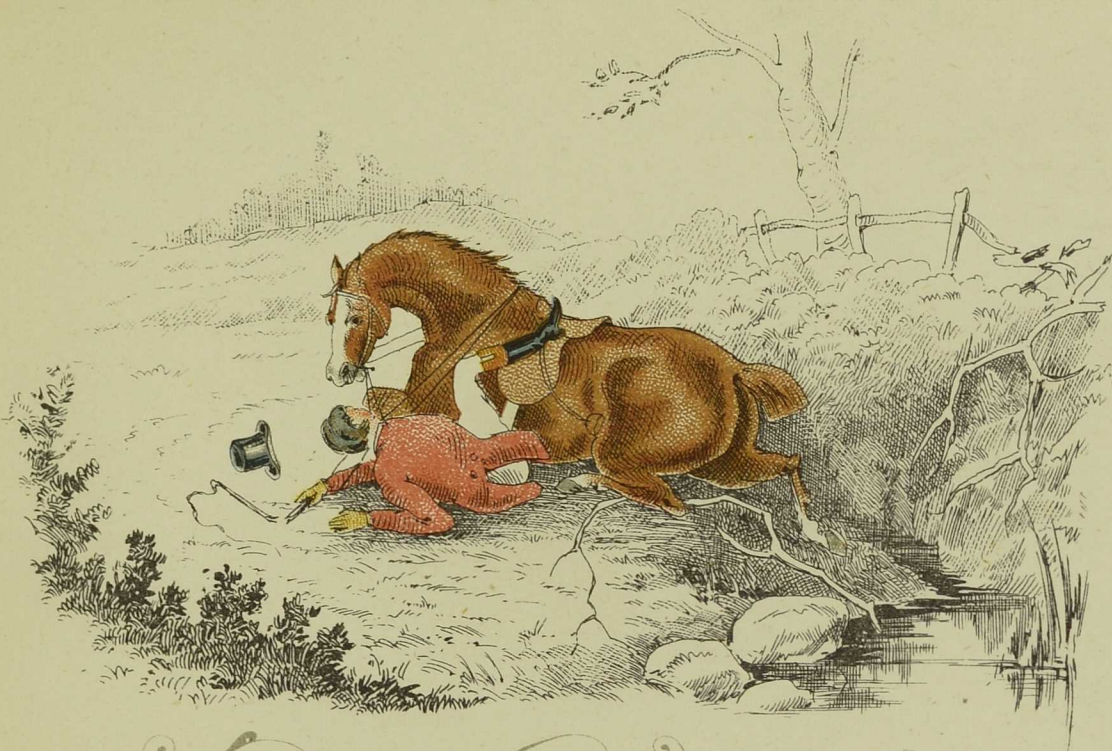
**U** stands for UGLY. An ugly fall this!  
For Horse and for Rider it's greatly amiss.  
I fear both are hurt, and will no more to-day,  
O'er dangerous fences and hedges make way.

---

**V** stands for VARMINT—a Fox's nickname.  
This one has run far since from Covert he came.  
He hopes to his earth he may speedily come,  
Where his Wife, Mrs. Vixen, will welcome him home.

---

**W** stands for WHOO-WHOOP! By which Reynard's fate  
Is told to the Riders who come rather late.  
The run is now over; the Hunters take breath;  
Only three, save the Huntsman, are in at the Death.



Uu

Vv

Ww



**X** stands for XARIFA, the pride of the Field,  
A hunter to whom all, in beauty, must yield ;  
She goes like the wind o'er hill and o'er plain,  
And is named from a beautiful lady of Spain.

---

**Y** is a YOUTH who in Field Sports delights,  
But Study and Duty for Sport never slights ;  
He finds time for all ; and hard work gives a zest  
To pleasures enjoyed in his moments of rest.

When Angling, he sits by the side of the Brook,  
And reads there the wonders of Nature's great book.  
In September, he trudges through turnips and stubble,  
And a bag of good Partridges pays for his trouble.



XX

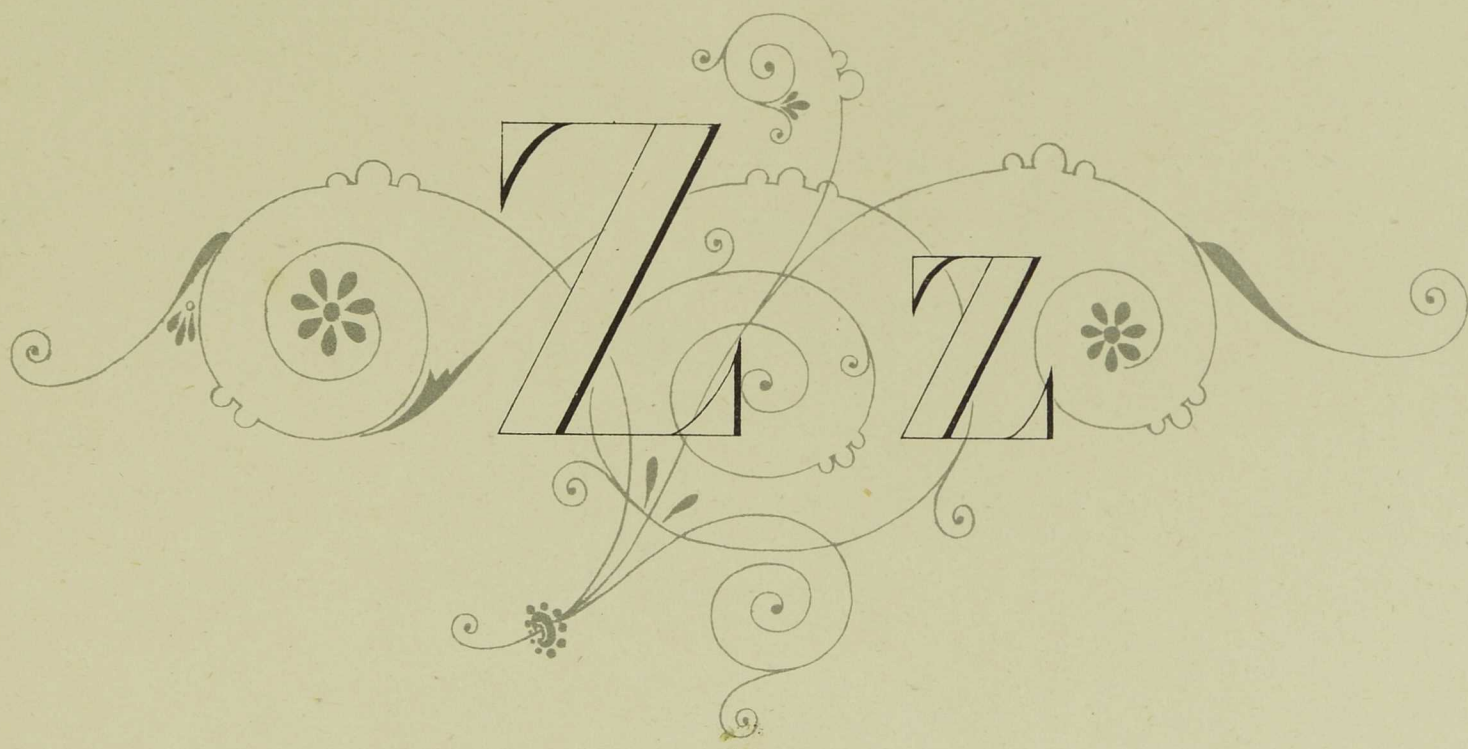
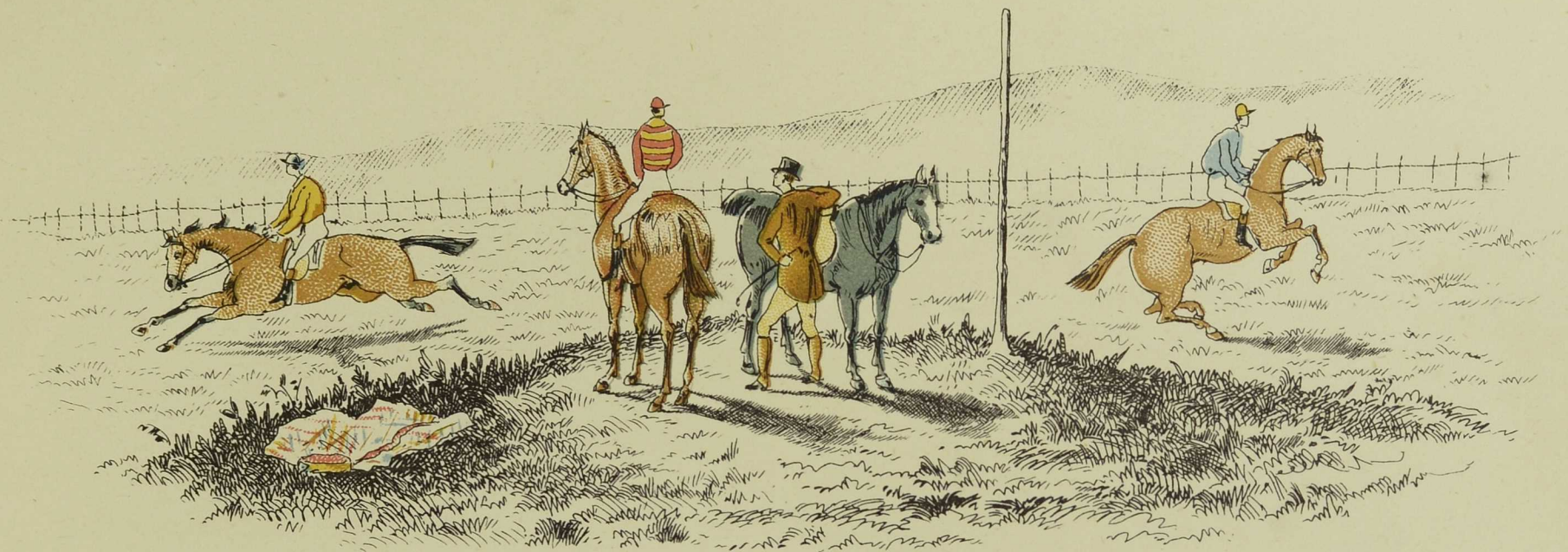


Y

**Z** stands for ZEALOUS. It must be confessed  
These Sportsmen are zealous to do quite their best.  
For next Steeplechases young Horses are tried  
By amateur Jockeys intending to ride.

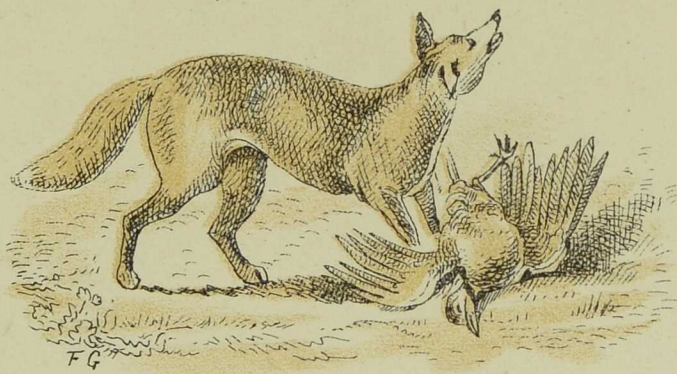
Well ! in all things we do, we in earnest should be—  
A half-hearted lad no one wishes to see—  
If you play, play with spirit ; if study, with care ;  
And success, we are sure, you will meet everywhere.

And now, till we meet again, Children, adieu !  
Our love and best wishes are ever with you.  
Be worthy of England—the Queen of the Sea—  
Then gallant and honest, we're sure you will be.



AU REVOIR







This is Mr. Green's Farmyard. He is very good to all the Animals who live in it.  
They are well fed and cared for, and ought to be happy.



## THE FARMYARD HUNT.

---

**A**S fair a Home as may be seen  
Is that of honest Farmer Green.  
Down in a lovely Vale it stands,  
Encircled by fair pasture lands.

On these his herds of Cows are fed ;  
O'er sunny hills the Sheep are led ;  
Fat Pigs repose within their sty ;  
Above the trees the Pigeons fly.

A kindly man is Farmer Green,  
No want in his Farmyard is seen ;  
The creatures that within it dwell  
Are sheltered, fed, and cared for well.



F. Grey

But very often, on moonlight nights, a wicked Fox comes and steals away  
a nice little Gosling or plump young Chicken.

*THE FARMYARD HUNT.*

---

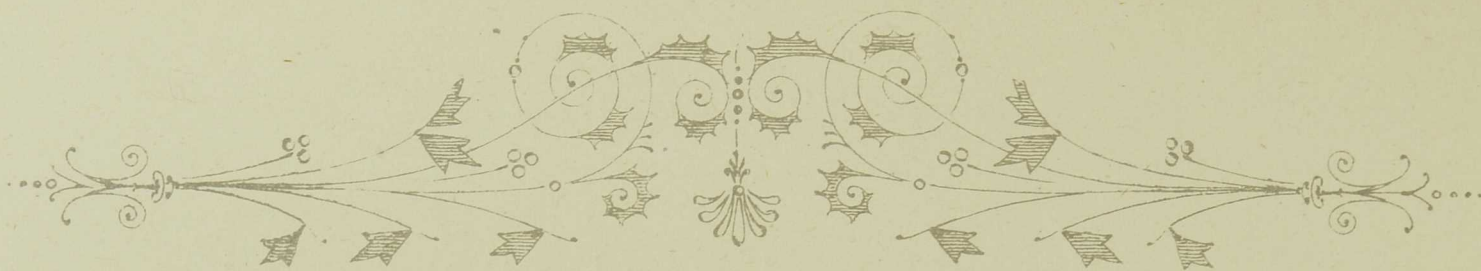
A happy life they well may lead,  
Who on those rich green pastures feed.  
And as to Poultry—Fowls—Ducks—Geese,  
They, surely, ought to dwell in peace !

For they are blessed with a long run  
Through daisied meadows, where the sun  
Shines on the flowers and waving grass,  
Through which the dainty insects pass.

Only at noon and eve they need  
Return to the Farmyard, to feed,  
And, when night falls, to seek their rest:  
With food and freedom both they're blest.

And yet a trouble, grave and deep,  
Has, lately, much disturbed their sleep ;  
For night by night, in some sly way,  
Reynard has stolen a friend away.

And none can tell who next may be  
The victim of his villainy ;  
Besides, it wounds a tender heart,  
Thus from a relative to part.



Mrs. Goosekins, distressed at the loss of her Children, comes to ask the House-Dog if he will kill the Fox for her sake.

THE FARMYARD HUNT.

---

To Trim, the Dog, one August day,  
When blinking in the sun he lay,  
A mournful Goose, with drooping head  
And heavy wings, thus, sighing, said:—

“ Dear Trim, I live in nightly fear!  
I never a dear Gosling rear.  
But, ere my child an egg can lay,  
Sly Reynard carries her away.

“ And yet our master does not kill  
The thief that works such cruel ill.”  
Said Trim —“ Dear Mother Goosekins, wait;  
November will bring Reynard’s fate.”

“ But why not now,” Gallina cries,  
There’ll be no safety till he dies.”  
The Fowls loud cackled their assent,  
And to her words importance lent.

Said kind old Trim—“ I don’t see why  
We should not to defend you try.  
Hunting, you know, is not my line,  
But in that sport my brethren shine.



The Poultry are come to join in Mrs. Goosekin's request ; but Trim says he is not a Sporting Dog, and advises them to ask the aid of the Hounds.

THE FARMYARD HUNT.

---

“ Could you persuade the noble Hounds,  
That dwell within Squire Edwin’s grounds,  
To take your part, you soon would see  
What that sly Fox’s fate would be.

“ Go to the Kennels, tell your tale,  
Your grief, I doubt not, will prevail ;  
For mercy to the brave belongs—  
I think they will redress your wrongs.”

Off to the kennels Goosekins went,  
To find protection fully bent,  
For pity and for aid she sues,  
Nor do the Hounds her prayer refuse.

They promise Justice they will take  
On Reynard, for poor Goosekins’ sake,  
And (if they only can get free)  
Will hunt the Fox right willingly.

“ Indeed,” said one, “ we often say  
’Tis very strange that men give way  
To all his tricks, and theft, and crime,  
Until they reach one certain time.



Mrs. Goosekins is come to the Squire's Kennels to tell her story to the Hounds.  
They promise to kill the Fox for her.

*THE FARMYARD HUNT.*

---

“ It is not till the leaves turn brown  
That they will hunt sly Reynard down ;  
Meantime he works no end of woe,  
As you, dear Mother Goosekins, know.

“ But, for the chase we also need  
A Rider and a good fleet Steed.  
Now, the Squire’s Hunter’s out at grass  
In the next meadow that you pass ;

“ To ask his aid, dear Madam, go,  
And let him all our purpose know.”  
Goosekins her warmest thanks bestows,  
And to the Hunter’s pasture goes.

She tells her tale ; the gentle Steed  
Consents to help her in her need.  
“ I’ll follow the good Hounds,” he cried,  
“ Across the stiffest country-side.

“ Nor shall I lack a Rider meet ;  
Squire Edwin’s Monkey I’ll entreat  
To join the hunt, his jacket wear,  
And this, our friendly chase, to share.”



By the Hounds' desire, Mrs. Goosekins is come to ask the Hunter if he  
will join the Chase. He consents to do so.







At break of day, the Hunt meets on the Farmer's Lawn. The Monkey rides the Hunter in his Scarlet Jacket.

*THE FARMYARD HUNT.*

---

The Monkey listens with great glee,  
In mischief always glad to be !  
“ Oh yes,” he says, “ my pink I’ll wear,  
And ride with quite my master’s air.

“ In manly sports I much excel,  
No man can ride or hunt so well ;  
And then my weight, you know, is light !  
But do you mean to hunt by night ? ”

“ Well, just before the peep of day—  
The Hounds can then best get away—  
The Keeper will be fast asleep,  
And not so strict a watch will keep.”

Next day, at earliest summer dawn,  
A strange group gathered on the lawn—  
Hunter and Hounds, prepared to run,  
And not a Man to share the fun.

With eager interest in the chase  
The Poultry filled in every space ;  
Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, and Fowls were seen,  
Mingled with Hounds, upon the green.



The Cock gives the signal for starting and wakes up the Dairymaid,,  
who wonders that he should crow so early.

THE FARMYARD HUNT.

---

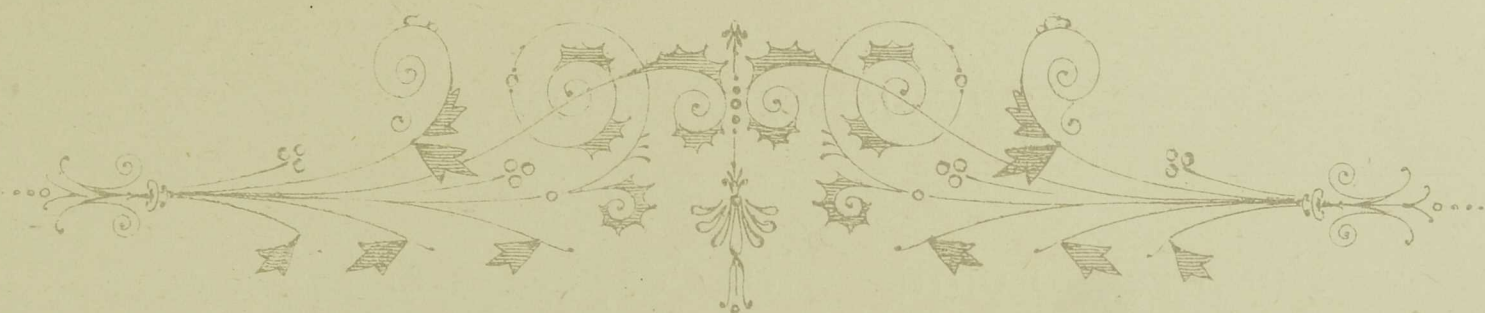
The Monkey, of his place quite vain,  
Eagerly grasped the Horse's mane,  
And, if he felt at all afraid,  
No sign of apprehension made.

The Cock, who stood somewhat apart,  
The signal gave for them to start,  
And, like a silver clarion, blew  
Defiant "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

The Dairymaid, asleep in bed,  
Up from the pillow raised her head,  
And cried, "Oh! drat that tiresome bird,  
His voice before the dawn is heard!"

But at the sound, with rapid pace,  
The Horse and Hounds began the race;  
The Pigeon, flying, was their guide,  
And showed where Reynard used to hide.

And then, indeed, began the fun!  
No one e'er witnessed such a run!  
O'er hill and dale, o'er hedge and stream  
They flew—swift as the lightning's beam!



The Hunt is now in swift career. The Hounds in full cry, and crossing the rivulet at great speed.

*THE FARMYARD HUNT.*

---

Poor Jacko clung with desperate clasp  
To the dark mane-lock in his grasp,  
And, though the pace was very fleet,  
Managed awhile to keep his seat.

But when a fence and narrow brook  
At one bold leap the Hunter took,  
The Monkey small resemblance bore  
To those who rode that steed before.

Now by the river streams the chase,  
The Fox in view, with feebler pace,  
While on the morning air resounds  
The chiding of the joyous Hounds.

Never, so early in the day,  
Have Hounds and Hunter gone that way.  
They startle every sleeping thing ;  
The Lark, aroused, begins to sing,

The early bird forgets his worms,  
The Otter from his breakfast turns ;  
The Wild Duck, wakened from his dream,  
Uprises from his native stream.



The noise of the Chase disturbs the Otter at his Breakfast, and wakes up the Wild Duck, which flies up from the reeds.

*THE FARMYARD HUNT.*

---

But Man awakes not yet to see  
His vassals from restraint set free ;  
But, lost in sleep and calm repose,  
Of this strange chase he nothing knows.

And now the Hunt is nearly done,  
(Tho' long, indeed, has been the run,)  
The foremost Hound, with eager rush,  
Has seized on Reynard's drooping brush.

We need not say the Fox was killed—  
The Hunter's promise thus fulfilled—  
And Goosekins might henceforward rear  
Her cherished Goslings without fear.

How the Hounds managed to regain  
Their Kennels, we have asked in vain—  
Some say the Monkey let them out,  
But other stories are about—

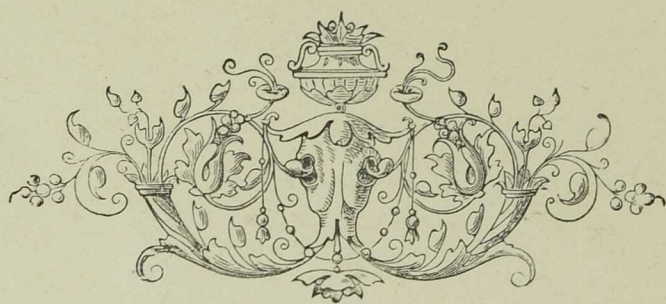
Perhaps the Keeper let them in,  
(Awakened by their noisy din,  
When from the chase that morn they came,)  
And silence kept for fear of blame.



The Hounds at last have seized their prey, and Reynard will be killed.  
He will steal no more Goslings from Mrs. Goosekins.

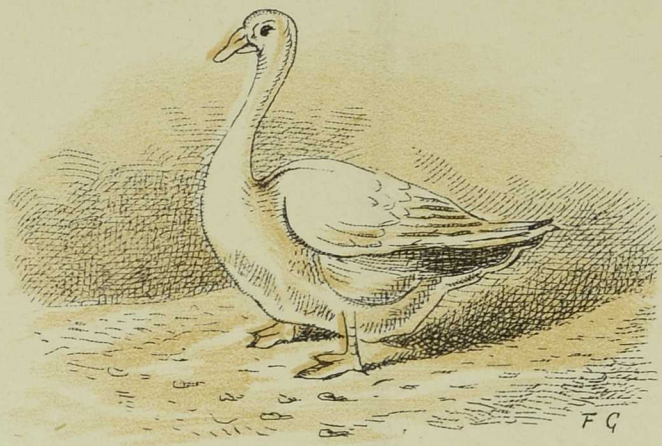
But never more, o'er meadow green,  
Will such a funny Hunt be seen—  
Almost too strange to be conceived,  
And by some people *not* believed.

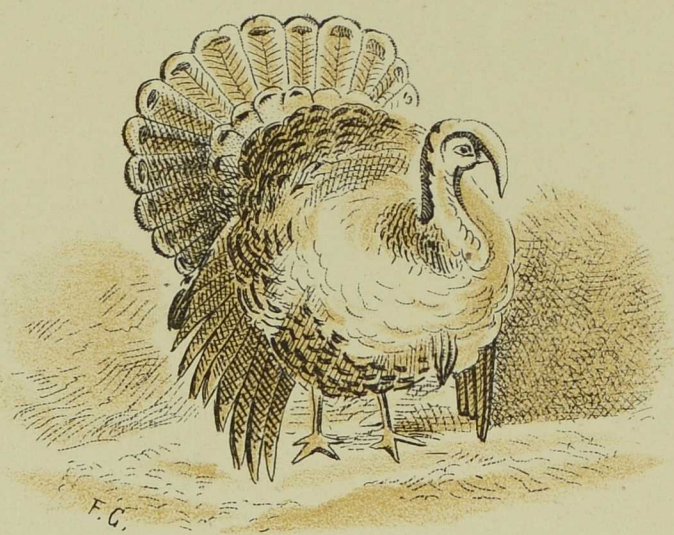
Yet still old Trim that tale will tell,  
While all the Farmyard listen well,  
And cannot from the wish refrain  
That such a Hunt may come again!

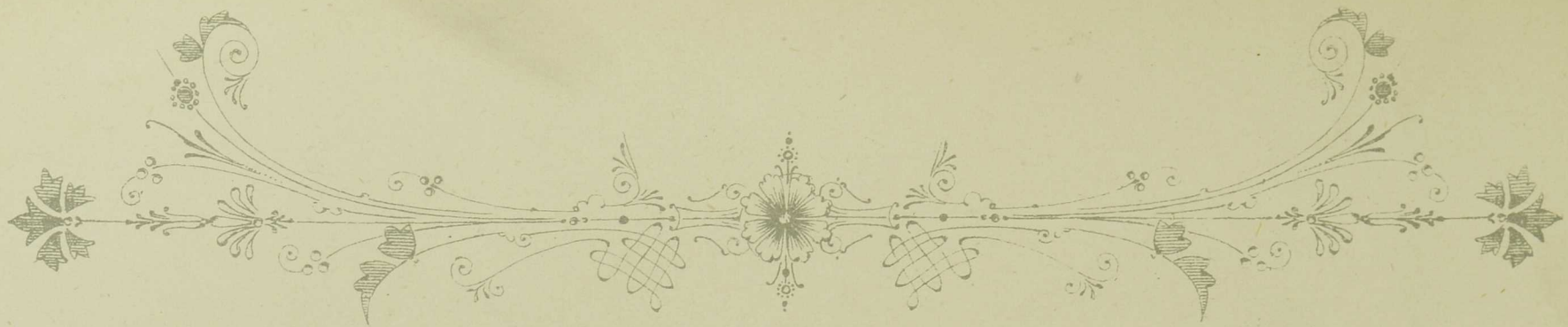




Here is Trim, telling the Story of the Farmyard Hunt, for about the twentieth time, to the Pigs and Poultry.



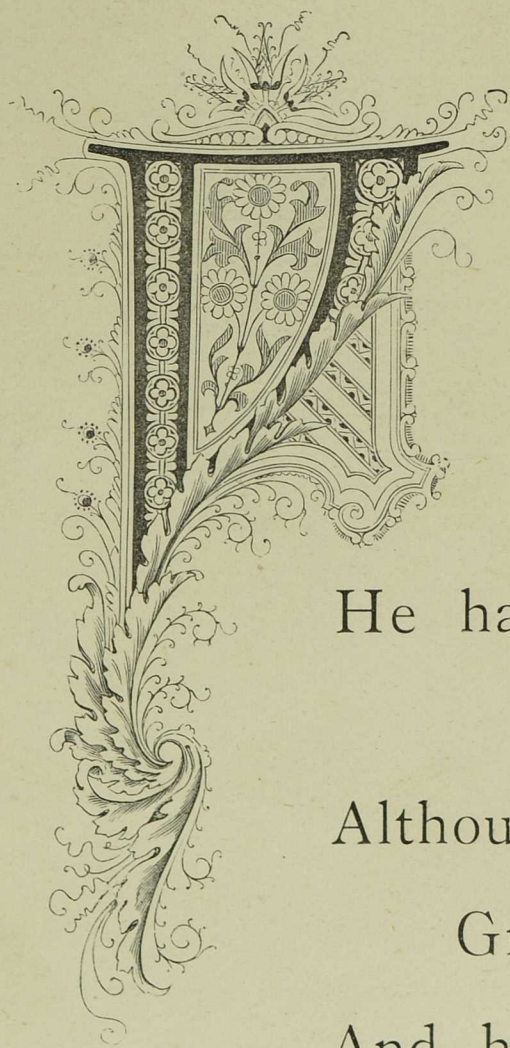




The London Boy going to try his skill at Milking  
the favourite Cow.



## A COUNTRY HOLIDAY.



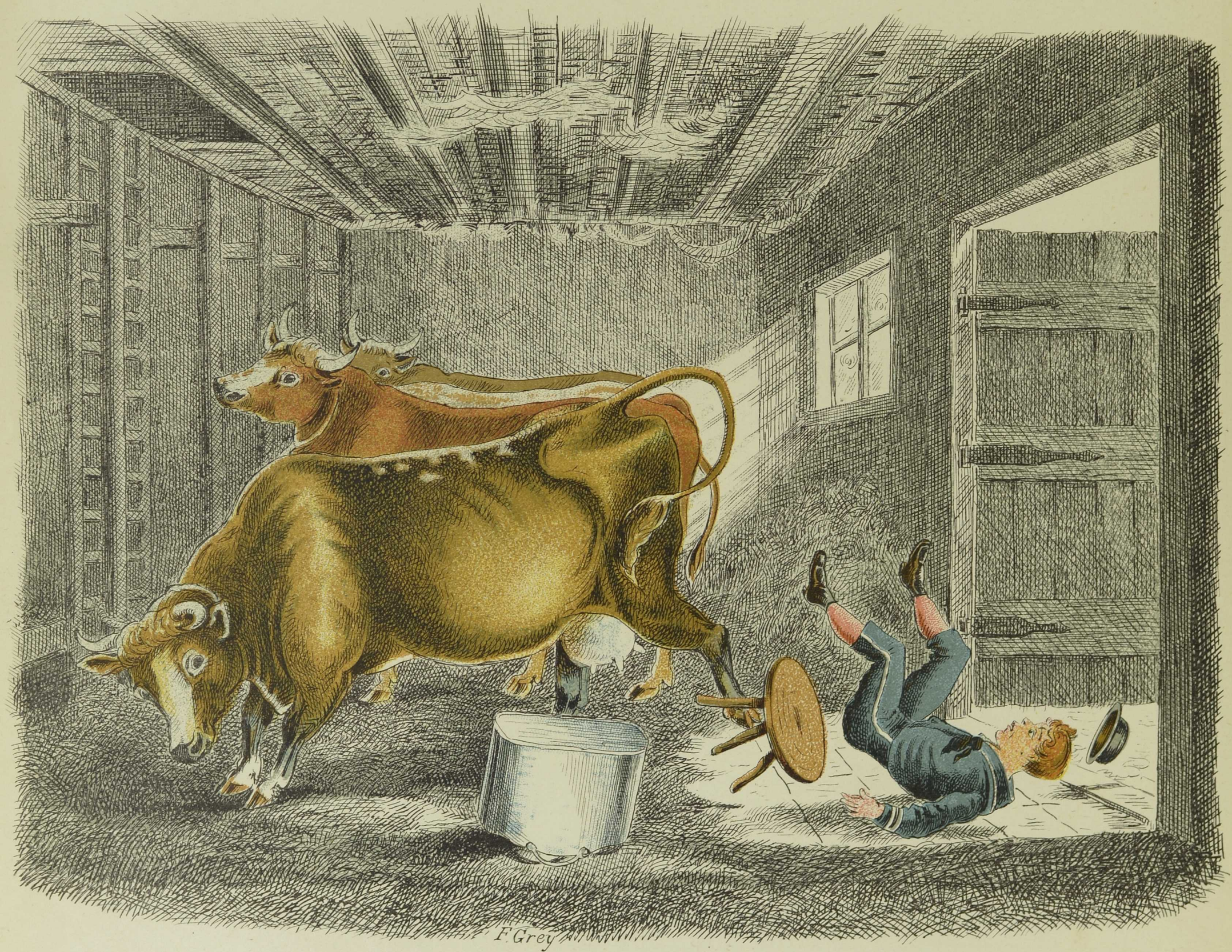
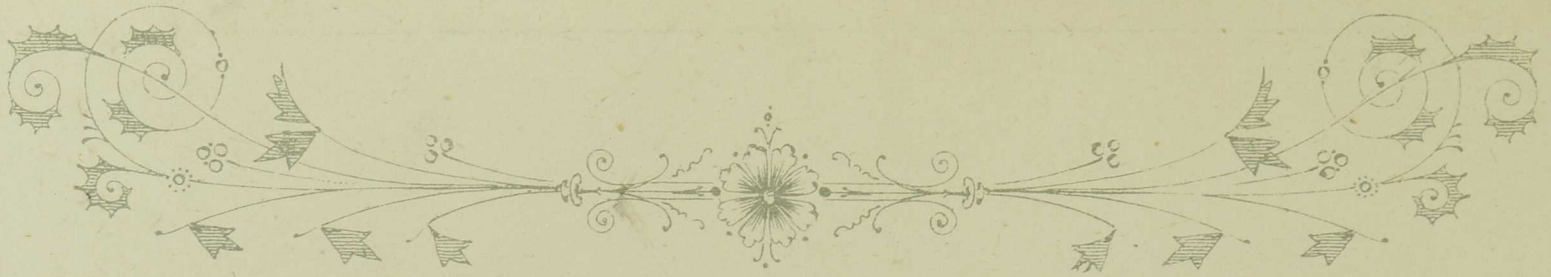
YOUNG Harry had come to  
the farm to stay  
For the term of his Easter  
holiday.

He had seldom before the country  
seen,

Although he was nephew to Farmer  
Green,

And his cousin Tom, in jest, had  
declared,

“For a town-boy’s blunders he was prepared.”



Tiny, not approving of his mode of Milking, kicks him,  
his stool, and pail over.

*A Country Holiday.*

---

Then Harry, offended, resolved to show  
That a London boy country ways might know;  
So he rose ere the eastern sky was red,  
And hurried away to the Cows' warm shed,  
Resolved, there, at milking to try his skill,  
And hoping the dairymaid's pail to fill;

Then she would pardon his taking away  
Her pail and stool from the place where they lay.  
Perhaps, too, next milking time she would ask  
So clever a lad to help in her task;  
"And, then," Harry thought, "Cousin Tom will see  
That a London boy can most useful be."

By Tiny, the cow, he now smiling stands,  
And puts the stool and the pail from his hands,  
Then, sitting beside her, to milk her tries,  
While Tiny looks at him with mild surprise;



The London Boy, going to feed the Poultry, is driven  
away by the Turkey-cock.

*A Country Holiday.*

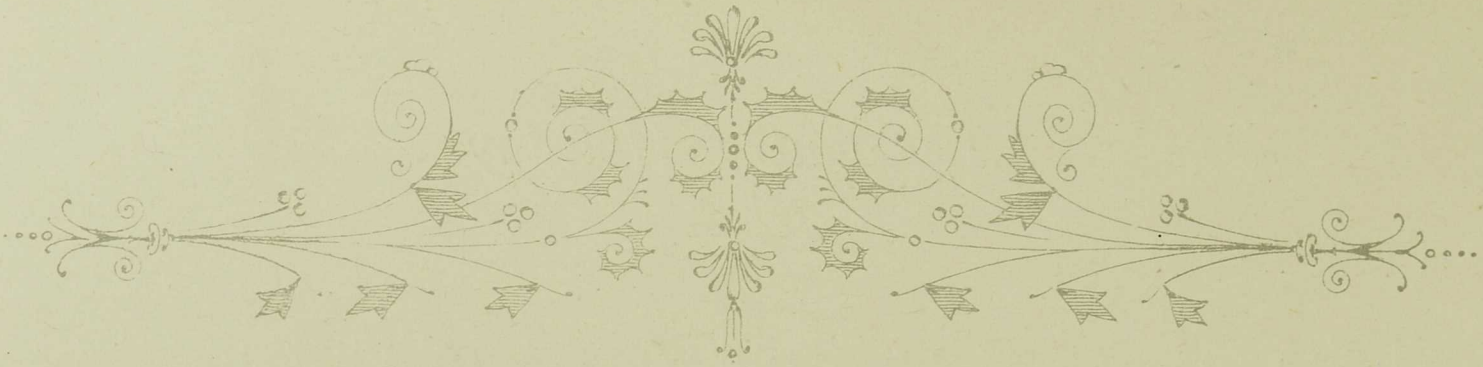
---

Then tosses her head and whisks up her tail,  
And over goes Harry, with stool and pail.

He rose, and once more would the feat have tried,  
But Tiny would not have him near her side ;  
She put down her head with a threat'ning air,  
As if she would say, "Of my horns beware!"  
So, much disappointed, he turned away,  
Vexed at what Tom of his failure might say.

"Well, never mind!" with a sigh, he then said,  
"The Chickens, no doubt, require to be fed.  
I will give them their breakfast." But, alas!  
The Turkey-cock would not let the boy pass ;  
It gobbled and swelled out the size of two,  
And what could our poor frightened Harry do?

As he turned to fly, a loud shout he heard,  
And away, like a coward, ran the bird ;



The London Boy tries to gambol with the Lambs ; but is knocked down by the Ram, and the Sheep jump over him.

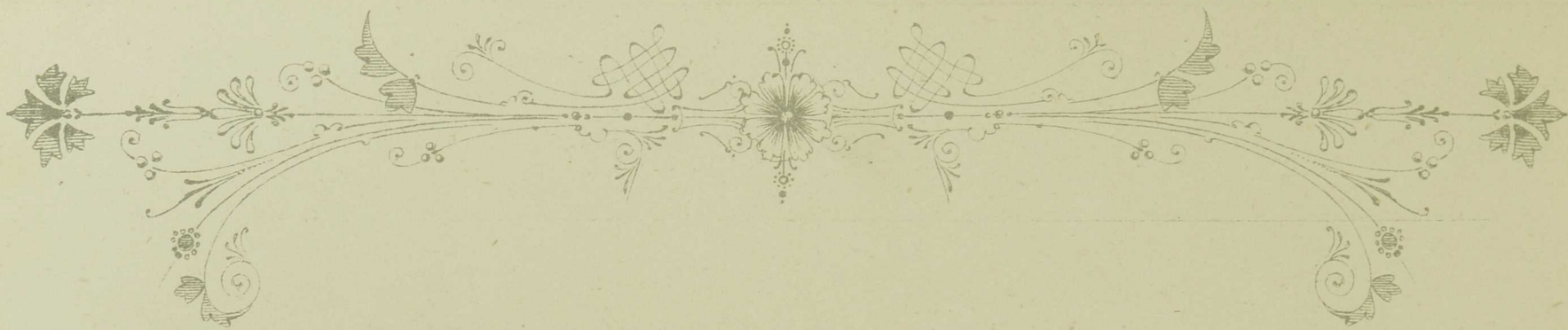
*A Country Holiday.*

---

While behind it Hal saw his cousin stand,  
A smile on his face, a fork in his hand ;  
Crying, “ Harry, you’ll meet with disaster,  
If of the animals you’re not master.”

To the meadows Harry then takes his way,  
Where the Sheep and the Lambs are out at play ;  
To join in their gambols he feels inclined,  
But the leading Ram is not of his mind ;  
He knocks the boy down, and the frightened Sheep,  
One after another across him leap.

Harry, undaunted, arises again ;  
He mounts a bank and looks down on the lane ;  
A market-cart is just then passing by,  
To jump into it he thinks he will try ;  
He springs from the bank, but, the cart moving on,  
Into a basket of eggs he has gone !



Harry jumps from the bank into the Market Cart, and  
alights in the middle of a basket of Eggs.

*A Country Holiday.*

---

The poor market-woman, startled and cross,  
Cried, "Oh, lack-a-day! what a terrible loss!"  
Said Harry, "I'm sorry; allow me to pay  
The cost of the eggs you must needs throw away,"  
And he placed in her hand a new half-crown  
Which banished at once, from her brow, its frown.

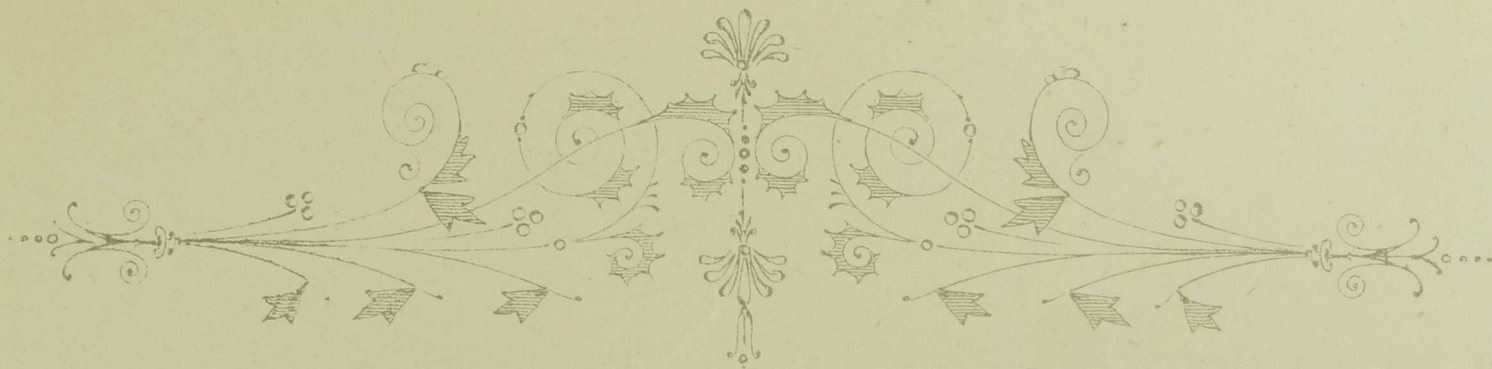
"Would you like a drive?" she asked, with a smile,  
"If so, I will take you for half a mile."

Harry assented; the cart then jogged on,  
But when some distance from home he had gone,  
She bade him alight, in a long green lane,  
From whence he must find his way home again.

On his homeward road Harry needs must pass  
A common where Geese are nibbling the grass.  
As soon they see him they hiss and fly,  
They will not let him go quietly by;



Crossing the Common, Harry is pursued and bitten by  
the spiteful Geese, who see that he fears them.



Running from the Geese, Harry falls into the River, and  
is saved from drowning by the Farmer's Dog.

*A Country Holiday.*

---

And when Harry feels on his heels their bite,  
He forgets Tom's warning and takes to flight.

The Geese at once follow, with hiss and scream ;  
In Harry's path lies a very wide stream ;  
But, looking behind at his feathered foes,  
He does not see it, and in it he goes !

The terrified boy, as he downward falls,  
For help—though no one is near—loudly calls.

But Dash, the farm Dog, to the rescue springs,  
And safe to the shore the dripping boy brings,  
Then runs at his greatest speed to the farm,—  
By barking and pulling, gives the alarm,—  
And leads to the spot some labourers, who bear  
Poor Hal to the house, with the tender'st care.

When Hal recovered his plunge in the brook,  
Tom, his young cousin out Ferreting took,



Cousin Tom takes Harry out Rabbit Shooting with  
the Ferret.

*A Country Holiday.*

---

And Harry (though not let carry a gun)  
Declared that he thought it "awful fun"  
To see the Rabbits run helter-skelter  
Out of the burrows that gave them shelter.

That ev'ning the Farmer informed the pair  
They might go with him to the Cattle Fair.  
Harry, he said, on old Dobbin might ride,  
He could trot along (quite safe) by their side.  
Thought Harry, offended, "I'll let you see  
What a first-rate rider you have in me!"

They started early the following day,  
Quietly trotting great part of the way;  
But just as the town was coming in sight,  
Old Dobbin seemed seized with a sudden fright,  
He kicked, and he plunged, like a crazy thing,  
And off his young rider managed to fling.



Quiet Dobbin resents the use of Harry's long spurs, and  
throws him into the ditch.

*A Country Holiday.*

---

Head foremost into the ditch Harry flew,  
His heels, upraised, were thus brought into view,  
The cause of the accident then they see—  
He had put *blanket-pins* where spurs should be;  
And Dobbin astonished to feel their prick,  
Had thus rewarded his young rider's trick!

Laughing, the Farmer upraised the poor Lad,  
And to find him unhurt was very glad;  
But before they proceeded on their way,  
He took those remarkable spurs away.  
Master Hal was much ashamed of his plight,  
When at the Inn he was forced to alight.

But the chambermaid soon his garments dried,  
And once more on their way they briskly ride,  
Till at last in the Cattle Fair they stand,  
With bullocks and horses on either hand,



The Farmer takes Harry to the Cattle Fair, and buys  
a Pony for him.

*A Country Holiday.*

---

And there, for his Nephew, the Farmer buys  
A Pony—the best the market supplies.

Then homeward they ride in the twilight sweet,  
While over their heads the tall elm-trees meet,  
And down in the thicket—so soft and clear—  
The sweet Nightingale's matchless note they hear.  
A happier day Harry never has passed,  
He wishes his visit could longer last!

But, alas! the time for departure's come,  
His parents have summoned their young son home;  
The sad day for saying farewell arrives;  
To the station Tom his dear cousin drives,  
With many kind wishes the two boys part;  
Cousin Tom goes home with a heavy heart.

But Harry, next spring, invited his friend,  
His Easter in Cavendish Square to spend,



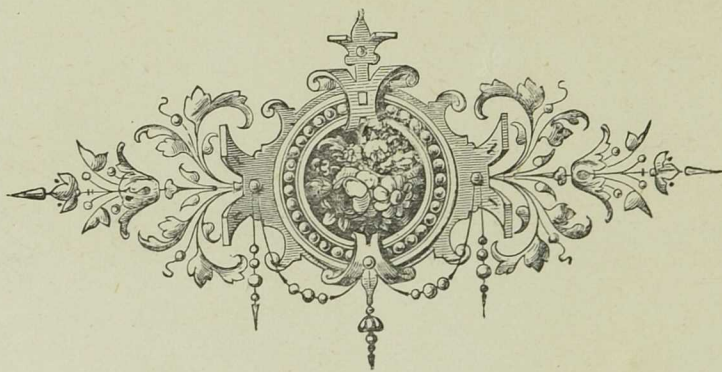
The London Boy wishes his Country Friends good-bye,  
after a very happy visit.

*A Country Holiday.*

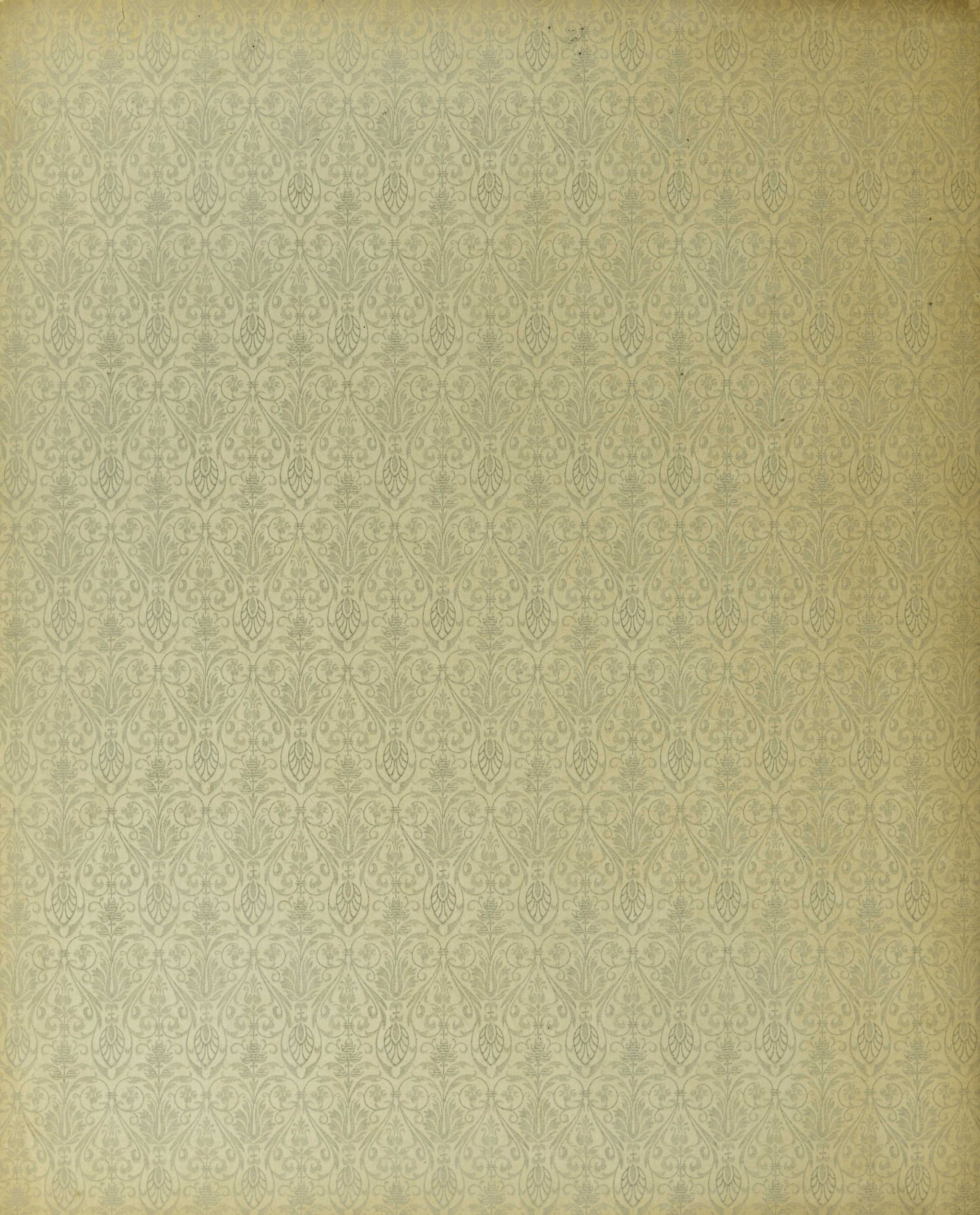
---

Resolving that Tom, while in town, should find  
His London relations were quite as kind  
As the country household to Hal had been,  
When he stayed in the home of Farmer Green.

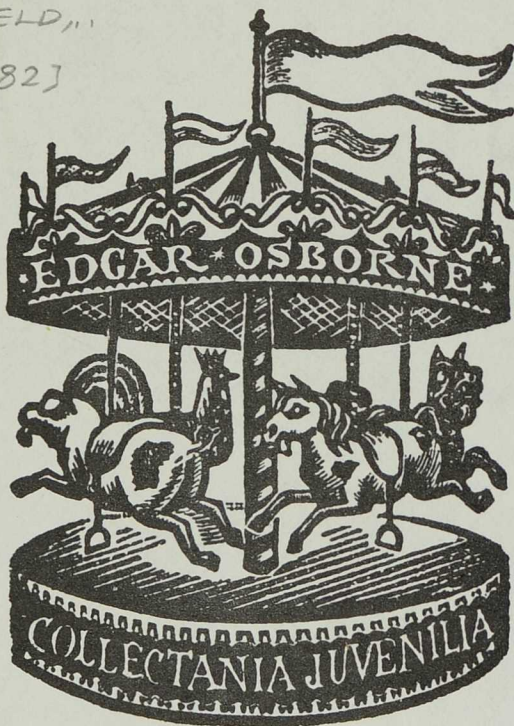
To please his Cousin was Harry's chief care ;  
He took Tom about with him everywhere—  
To the Tower, the Abbey, the Play, the Zoo ;  
To ev'rything that to Tom would be new.  
But the greatest pleasure of all, you know,  
Was trotting side by side in the ROW.







(P) fol  
FIELD, "  
[1882]



37131 053 588 315

TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY

*Presented to the  
Osborne Collection by*

Hugh Anson-Cartwright

