


The Pack of Bear-Dogs.

OME ye old English Huntsmen that love noble Sport,
Here's a Pack to be Sold, and Stanch Dogs of the sort;
No Sir Suster nor Chetwind can match our fleet Hounds
For breaking down Fences, or leaping o'er Bounds:
Some are Deep-mouth'd and Speedy, some Mad, Blind and Lame,
Most Yelpers and Currs; but all fit for the Game.

Then to Horse, Loyal Hearts, lest the Round Heads deceive ye,
Chor. { For they have the Dogs, for they have the Dogs;
And are Riding Tantive, Tive, Tive.

There's Atheist and Deist, and fawning Dissenter,
There's Republican fly, and Old Long-winded Canster;
There's Heresie, Schism, and Mild Moderation,
That's full in the Wrong, for the good of the Nation:
There's Baptist, Seciman, and Quakers with Scruples,
'Till blind Toleration link'd 'em all in Church Couples.

Then to Horse, Loyal Hearts, lest the Round-heads deceive ye,
Chor. { For they have the Dogs, for they have the Dogs;
And are Riding Tantive, Tive, Tive.

Some were bred in the Camp, and some drop in the Fleet;
Under Bulks some were Litter'd, and some in the Street;
Some were poor senseless Currs, without Tooth or Claw;
Some were bred in a Shop, and some Runners at Law:
Some were poor wretched Currs, Mungrels, Starters and Setters,
'Till dividing the Spoil; they put in with their Betters.

Then to Horse, Loyal Hearts, lest the Round-heads deceive ye,
Chor. { For they have the Dogs, for they have the Dogs;
And are Riding Tantive, Tive, Tive.

A few, very few of a true English Breed,
Whose Noses were good, and of excellent Speed;
But what's a fine Mouth, to oppose every Throat,
Where Number and Noise quite drown the sweet Note?
If he hits of a Fault, or ruins the Scent right,
Honest Tory is worry'd for a rank Jacobite.

Then to Horse, Loyal Hearts, lest the Round-heads deceive ye,
Chor. { For they have the Dogs, for they have the Dogs;
And are Riding Tantive, Tive, Tive.

Five Hundred Stout Dogs is a brave Pack to run;
But the Leaders in chief, are but Old Farty One;
On a hot burning Scent, when they open their Throat,
Then trail à Court-place, how the Stauncheist change Note:
Tho' nor Horn nor Voice, can their Fory controul,
Yet to the White Staff they Hunt all under Pole.

Then to Horse, Loyal Hearts, lest the Round-heads deceive ye,
Chor. { For they have the Dogs, for they have the Dogs;
And are Riding Tantive, Tive, Tive.

Cries the Huntsman, Ben Hoad's, " Dear Dogs, I'm a Knave;
" But you'r all Sovereign Currs, and your Prince is your Slave;
" This my Writings will prove, stole from Prin, Nye and Peters,
" That all free-born Dogs, may fall on their Betters:
" Then away on that Scent, 'tis the Old Game and Good,
" While Peers have fat Haunches, and Kings Royal Blood.

Then to Horse, Loyal Hearts, lest the Round-heads deceive ye,
Chor. { For they have the Dogs, for they have the Dogs;
And are Riding Tantive, Tive, Tive.

