## <sup>2</sup>The Morn appears with Beauty round,

ON favorite Hunting Song,

Composed by

S.F. RIMBAULT.

Ent at Stationers Hall London, Printed & Sold at Thompson's Warehouse, 75 St Pauls Church Yard.





Our Steeds and Hounds can't be excell'd, O'er Hedge and Ditch they fly, Stiles, Gates, and Bars have ne'er repell'd, Or made them ever fly;
We Sportfmen void of Care or pain, With Health are bleft each Day, Delighted to fcud o'er the Plain, Harkl forward hark! away.

Through Bog and Mire we fleet along, Till Reynard gafping lies, What jovial Shouts falute the Throng, When vanquish'd, gor'd, he dies! No Pleasures with the Chace can vie, It makes us ever gay, For jocund the next Morn we cry, Harksforward harks away.