The Noble Foxhunting



It was early one morning as I was a-walking, That I heard of a noble foxhunting, 'Twas betwixt two gentlemen and the Duke of Wellington,

It was early as the day was a-dawning.

Chorus:

There was Dido, Spendigo, Gently he was there-O, And Traveller that never looked behind him, There was Countance, Rollinance, Bonny Lass and Jovale, Now these were the dogs that could find him.

Now this fox he was young and his days were just begun, Straightway he did run for his cover, He ran up the highest hill and down the lowest dale, Thinking to gain his life forever.

Now poor Jack tripped o'er the plain and he tripp-ed back again, And his horse and his hounds never failed him, Now forever and a day old Jackie he would say, Jog along my brave boys all together.

Now this fox was getting old and his days were nearly over, Straightway he did run for the river, But little Dido he jumped in, and after he did swim, And Traveller destroyed his life forever.