

Hela'r Ysgyfarnog

Hunting the Hare

Original:

O the yelping of hounds, the skelping,
Along the cover and out at the back!
O the galloping, O the walloping!
O the rush of the "gone away" Jack!
Off like a feather he floats on the heather—
Blackberry calling the tune in his track,
Spot and Spider, and Beauty beside her,
The Red Rake and the rest of the pack.

Now they've lost him and now they're finding him,
Now he's winding 'em round by the stack!
Hark! the horn! to the height we follow 'em,
Cheer and holloa 'em for'ard or back.
Ne'er such a frisker at fate cocked a whisker,
Or bustled us brisker, than yonder old Jack.
One more double across the stubble,
And he's in trouble and tossed by the pack.

Bay and grey are away to the stable,
And jovial hunters the table attack;
Meat we're munching and oats they're crunching,
And pails they empty and bottles they crack.
Here's to the Master! no fairer or faster
To steady the heady or screw up the slack!
Here's to the Hunt! and our glasses a-jingle
With joy commingle—and here's to the Pack!

Kate Rusby and Kathryn Roberts version:

Well, all the yelping of hounds, the skelping,
Along the cover and out at the back!
O the galloping, O the walloping!
O the cry of the "gone away" Jack!
Off like a feather, he floats o'er the heather—
And Blackberry calls him a tune in his track.
There's Spot and Spider and Beauty beside her,
Then Red Rake and the rest of the pack.

Well, now they're losing him, now they're finding him,
Now they're winding him round by the stack!
Hark! the horn! to the heights we follow 'em,
And whoop and holler and for'ard and back.
Sure there's none brisker who faint cocked a whisker
Nor bustles more brisker than yonder old Jack.
One more double across the stubble,
And he's in trouble and tossed by the pack.

Then Brayer and Stayer are away to the stable,
With jovial huntsmen the table attack;
It's meat we're munching and oats they're crunching,
As pails are emptied and bottles are cracked.
Here's to the Master! None fairer, none faster,
To steady the ready and screw up the slack!
Here's to the Hunt! With your glasses a-jingle,
With joy commingle—and here's to the Pack!