

EPITAPH ON A HARE

By William Cowper ①

f

Here lies, whom hound did ne'er pur-sue Nor swifter grey-hound

f

fol-low —

Whose foot ne'er taint-ed morn-ing dew Nor

f

Old Timey, swiftest of his kind Who

ear heard hunts-man's hal-loo,

Who

nursed with tender care —
 And to do-mes-tic
 bounds con-fined
 Was still a wild-Jack-hare — *mf*
 His
 di-et was of wheat-en bread, And milk, and oats, and straw
 This-les, or let-tu-ces in-stead, With sand to scour his
 On — *Plegato*

twigs of haw-thorn he re-gal'd, On pip-pins rus-set peel, — And

when his juic-y sa-lads fail'd, Slic'd car-rot pleas'd him well — *f* *f lively*

Tur-key car-pet was his lawn, Where on — he lov'd to bound, — To
skip and gam-bol like a fawn, And swing his rump a-round Eight
boisterous *mp* *subito*
boisterous *mp* *subito*
boisterous *mp* *subito*

years and fire round-rol-ling moons He thus saw steal a-way

Doz-ing all his id-le noons And ev'-ry night at play But

P gently

P gently

P gently

now be-neath his wal-nut shade He finds his long last
home, And waits in snug conceal-ment laid, Till
gent-ler Puss* shall come.

*Tiney's companion