

*Sammy goes  
a' hunting*



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a' hunting.

by

Kathleen Ainslie

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“Seven o’clock, Master Sam,  
and the frost ’ave  
broke up beautiful - - -  
you’ll ’ave a grand run  
today, Master Sam,  
- sir - - - -

Seven o’clock - and the  
meets at Jack  
White’s Cross Roads,  
Master Sam - Sir -”



“Ugh - - - - - how  
cold it is! - - - -  
How sl - e - e - p - y  
I am - - - - -  
Ah - - - aw - - -  
aw - - - augh - -  
augh!! - - -”





Be Quick, be quick, there's  
no time to be lost—a good  
breakfast before starting  
we must have.

“Ham and eggs, please”—  
“Tea and toast, please”—  
“What for you Master Sam?”

“Haw—I'm not hungry  
thanks—yes, that will do  
nicely—not too much  
soda water please”—





*Come, come, Sammy,  
jump up again quick!*

*Ah! it's all very fine  
your getting off to open  
gates for Lady Tabitha,  
but you won't be at  
the meet at this rate—*





no—you see Sammy's not there!

“How do, Lady Tabitha”  
said the M.F.H.—“Jolly  
morning eh? Come out to show  
us how to sit a horse, eh?  
Where's our young friend,  
Sammy. Not far off if you  
are out I'll be bound —  
—eh?”

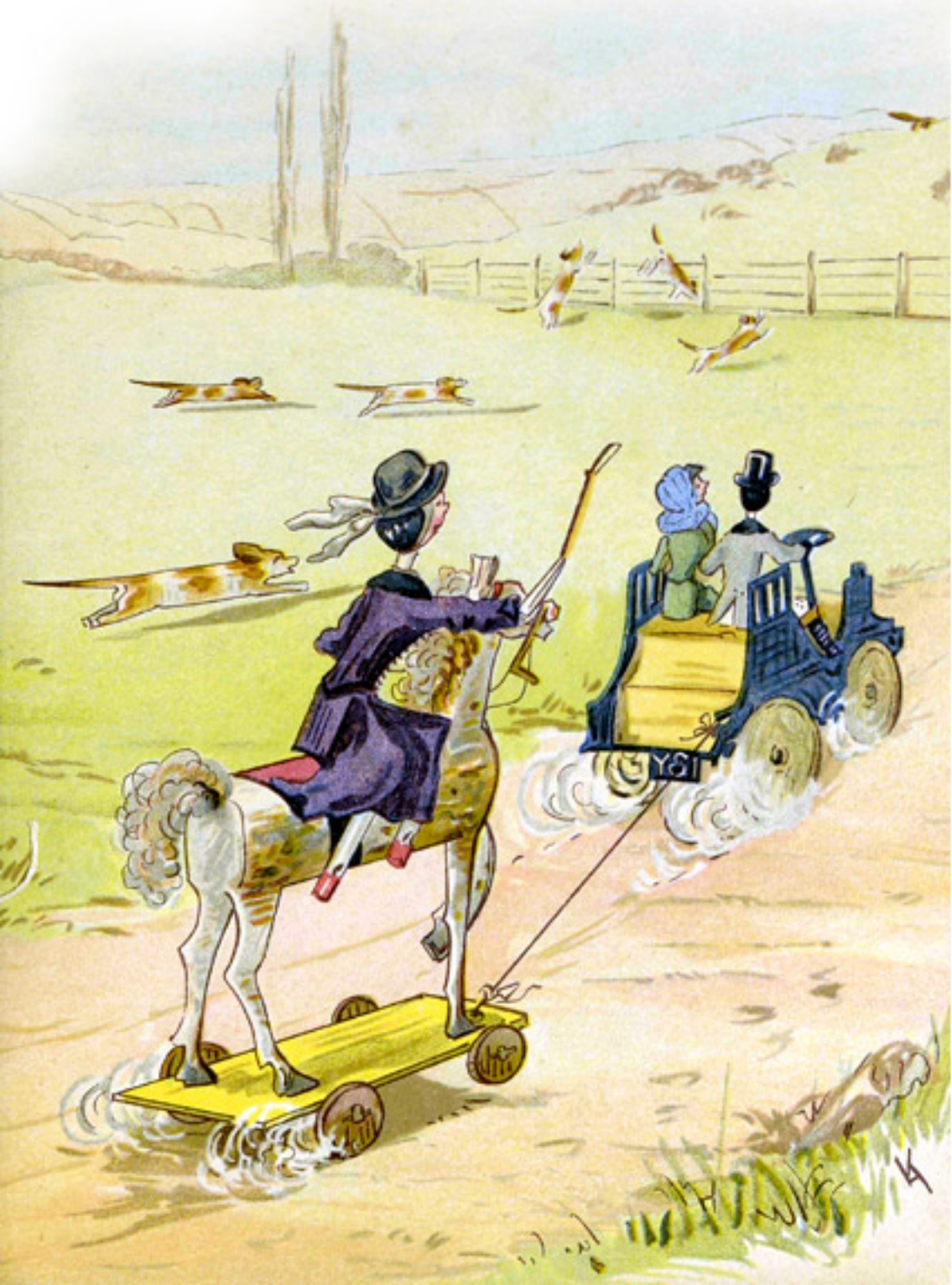




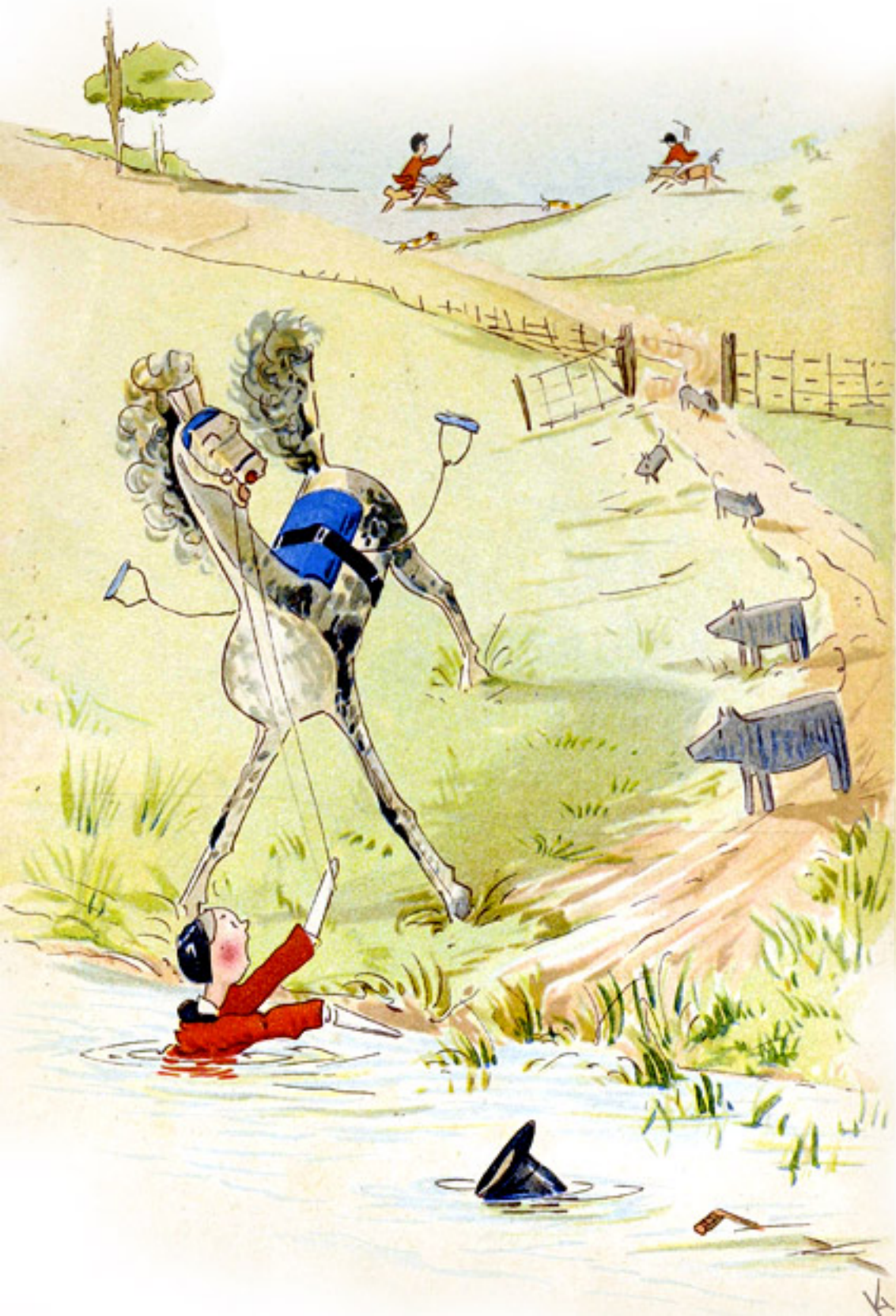
*Ah! here's Sammy.*



Gone away!







And thats where Sammy  
found himself presently—

“Whoa — Dapple whoa  
keep still, you silly thing  
don't you know a barn-door  
piggy when you see one?  
Whoa — a — a — a — then.”





Whoever would think  
that horrid old motor  
was in the road,  
just under that  
lovely gap -  
Oh! - -  
poor Sammy!





but he wasn't much  
the worse, and a nail  
or two soon put Dapple  
to rights -  
and here he is -  
in at the death!





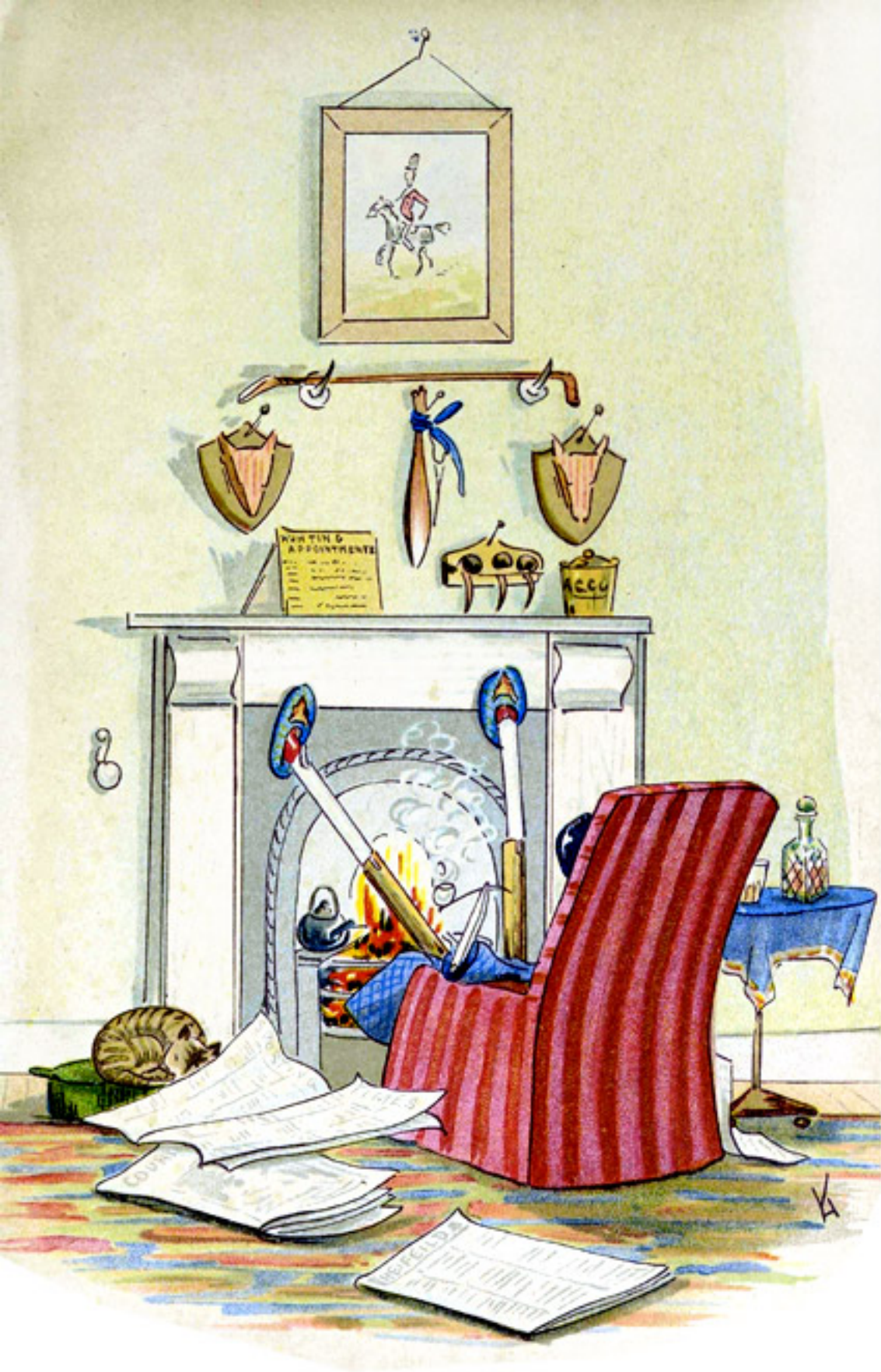
*“Bravo Sammy!*

*A splendid run you  
made of it!*

*Here’s the Brush!*

*and well you  
deserve it too!”*





*And now*

*Sammy - -*

*A*

*well earned*

*repose!*

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