

Ode to the Hunter

*'Twas the morning of hunting and all through the house,
All the hunters were stirring, soon to disturb the pheasant
and grouse.*

*The guns were all cleaned and ready to shoot,
In hopes that the pheasant wouldn't really give a hoot.
The hunters were nestled at Eunice & Ernie's table with her
breakfast spread,*

*While visions of pheasant tails danced in their heads.
Then Gene with his handkerchief and Les in his cap,
Mark and Jamie got ready to go in a snap.*

*So away to the door the men moved in a flash,
Loaded into the pick-up and took off with a dash.
The sun on the rise reflected off the blue Chevrolet,
As o'er the hills they drove, laughing all the way.
More rapid than eagles these hunters they came,
And they whistled and shouted and called each other by
name.*

*Now Travis, Now Jamie, Now Mark and Ryan,
On Les, On Gene . . . these hunters were flying!*

*So out to the fields and tree rows they flew,
With shotguns and shells and camouflage, too.
As they held their guns ready and were turning around,
Out flew a pheasant, alas, he was found!*

*He had a broad face and a big round belly,
My, how he'd taste good in soup with butter-bread and jelly.*

*The hunters spoke not a word, but fired their shot,
And filled all their spare pockets . . . all day they were hot.
As they loaded their pickup, the hunters gave a victorious
shout,*

*At the sight of all the pheasants in the box laid out.
And you could hear them exclaim as they drove out of sight,
"Happy hunting to all . . . and may we shoot more by to-
morrow night!"*

Written by Lynnette Schirado



*I pray that I may live to fish,
Until my dying day,
And when it comes to my last cast,
I then most humbly pray,
When in the Lord's great landing net,
And peacefully asleep,
That in His mercy I be judged,
Big enough to keep.*

