

Tally-ho - song lyrics

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TALLY-HO.

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Words by Will Godwin and Will Hayne. Music by Will Godwin

When the summer is o'er and the brown leaves are falling,
And winter is coming by leaps and by bounds.
What pleasure to start when the huntsman is calling,
To go to the meet, just to follow the hounds.
After months in New York passed in luxury, you know,
Oh, how sweet to hear the welcome sound of Tally-ho!
Horse and hounds prick up their ears, all ready for the start,
The fox is seen and off we go, each man must play his part.
Tally-ho: Tally-ho! Tally-ho! Tally-ho!

Refrain.

Tally-ho! Tally-ho! a hunting we will go,
Over hedge and stile we'll hunt the fox for many a mile;
Tally-ho! Tally-ho! the pace is far from slow.
With horse and hound we cover the ground, Tally-ho! Tally-ho:

The jackets of red and the white buckskin breeches,
All brighten the scene and make ev'ry one gay:
For miles we can see where the clear country reaches,
Hurrah: for the meet, 'tis a real hunting day.
Off we gallop side by side to try and win the race,
Reynard knows his book and very smartly makes the pace;
He has disappeared from view, the old un's very sly.
See the hounds have found the scent, once more they're in full cry.
Tally-ho: Tally-ho: Tally-ho! Tally-ho:-Refrain.

A clear run for miles, ev'ry heart is delighted.
As straight as a dart, no one stops to take breath:
The ladies flushed cheeks show how they are excited,
For each lady wants to be in at the death.
See at last Sir Reynard's caught, he's standing there at bay,
At him all the hounds are rushing, hip, hip, hip, hooray!
Master of the hunt is near to stop that madd'ning crush,
All is over now and Master Reynard's lost his brush.
Tally-ho: Tally-ho: Tally-ho: Tally-ho:- Refrain.