

Tally Ho Hark Away

The Sun had just peeped its head ov - er the hill, and the plough boy is whist-ling so
 blythe in the field, The birds are singing so sweet on the sprays, Says the
 hunts man to his dog Tall y ho Hark a way, Tall y ho! Hark a way'. Tall y
 ho hark a way, Tall y ho, Tall y ho, Tall y ho hark a way

The Sun has just peeped its head over the hill,
 And the ploughboy is whistling so blythe in the field,
 The birds are singing so sweet on the sprays,
 Says the huntsman to his dogs 'Tally ho! Hark away'.

Tally ho hark away, Tally ho hark away,
 Tally ho, Tally ho, Tally ho hark away!

Come now my brave sportsmen and make no delay,
 Quickly saddle your horses and let's brush away'
 For the fox is in view and he's kindled with scorn,
 Come along, my brave sportsmen and join the shrill horn'

Tally ho

He led us a chase, more than fifty long miles,
 Over hedges, over ditches, over gates and over stiles;
 Little David came up with his musical horn,
 'We shall soon overtake him, for his tail drags along.'

Tally ho

He led us a chase six hours in full cry,
 Tally ho! Tally ho! For now he must die,
 We'll cut off his brush with a holloaing noise,
 And we'll drink good health to the fox hunting boys.

Sent to Gardiner in 1905 by a Mr Parsonson who noted the song from William Lugg of Launceston (*Gardiner Manuscript Collection, Vaughan Williams Memorial Library, Cecil Sharp House, Regents Park Road London.ref GG/1/2/10*). This is an almost universal hunting song theme and recorded by many collectors (e.g; *Palmer, ed., Every man's book of English Country Songs*, :Foxworthy, ed. *Adderbury- Forty Long Miles*, :Barret, Ed. *English Folk Songs : also collected in the North by Kidson*) but the does seem to have evolved its own tune in Cornwall