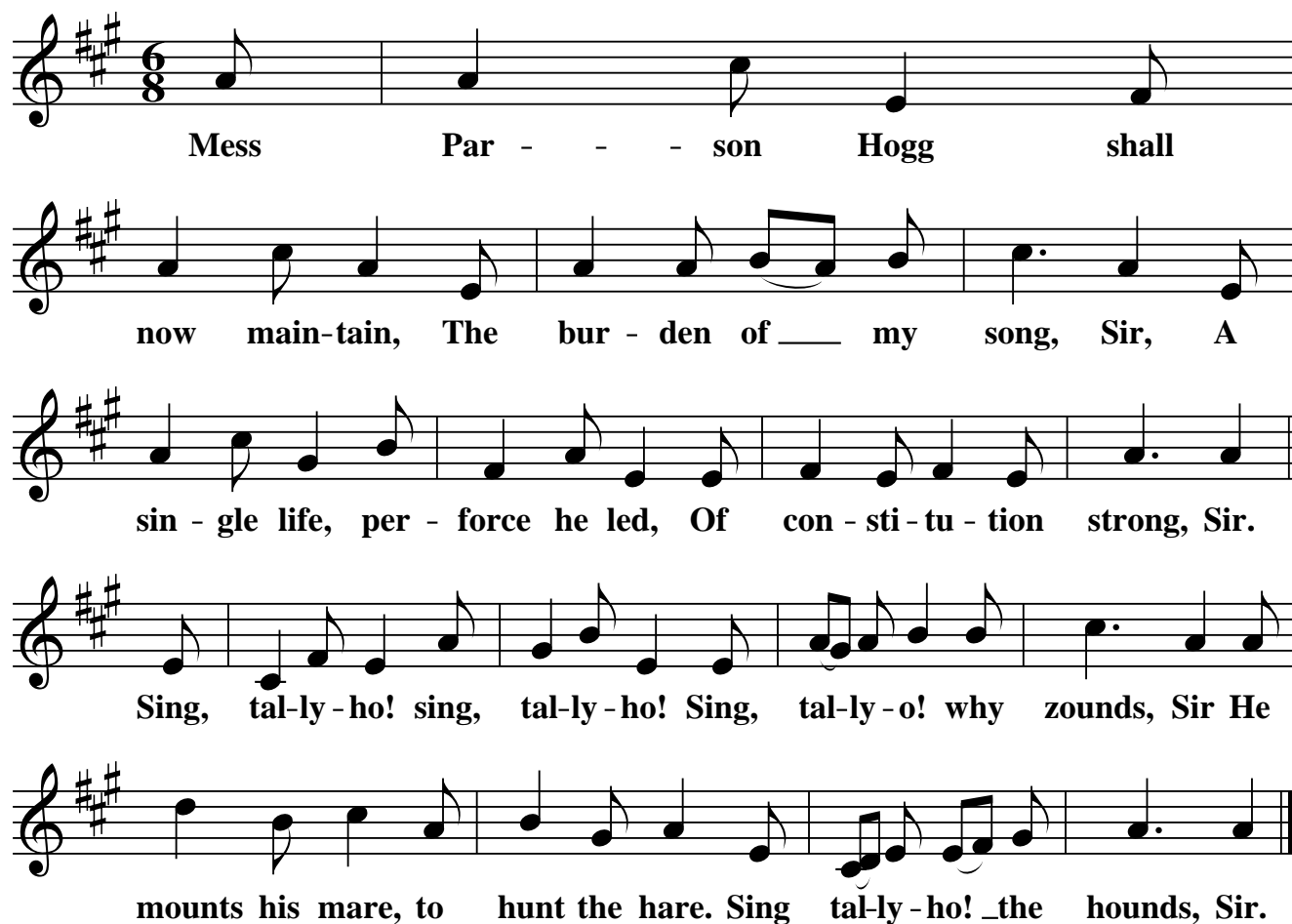


# Parson Hogg



Mess Par - - - son Hogg shall  
now main-tain, The bur - den of \_\_\_ my song, Sir, A  
sin - gle life, per - force he led, Of con - sti - tu - tion strong, Sir.  
Sing, tal-ly - ho! sing, tal-ly - ho! Sing, tal-ly - o! why zounds, Sir He  
mounts his mare, to hunt the hare. Sing tal-ly - ho! \_the hounds, Sir.

Mess Parson Hogg shall now maintain,  
The burden of my song, Sir,  
A single life, perforce he led,  
Of constitution strong, Sir.

Sing, tally-ho! sing, tally-ho!  
Sing, tally-o! why zounds, Sir  
He mounts his mare, to hunt the hare.  
Sing tally-ho! the hounds, Sir.

And every day he goes to Mass  
He first draws on the boot, Sir,  
That should the beagles chance to pass,  
He might join pursuit, Sir!  
Sing tally-ho! &c.

That parson little loveth prayer.  
And Pater night and morn, Sir,  
For bell and book, hath little care  
But dearly loves the horn, Sir.  
Sing tally-ho! &c.

S. Stephen's Day, this holy man  
He went a pair to wed, Sir,  
When as the Service he began  
Puss by the Church-yard sped, Sir.  
Sing tally-ho! &c.

He shut his book, come on, he said,  
I'll pray and bless no more, Sir,  
He drew his surplice o'er his head  
And started for the door, Sir  
Sing tally-ho! &c.

In pulpit Parson Hogg was strong,  
He preached without a book, Sir  
And to the point, and never long,  
And this the text he took, Sir "O tally-ho! O tally-ho!  
Dearly beloved - zounds, Sir.  
I mount my mare to hunt the hare,  
Singing tally-ho! the hounds, Sir!"