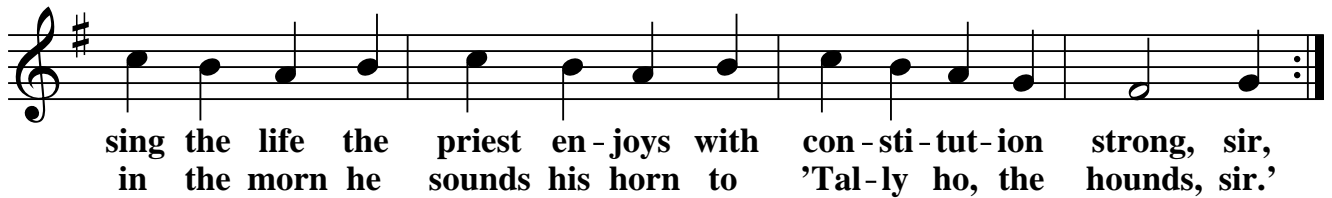
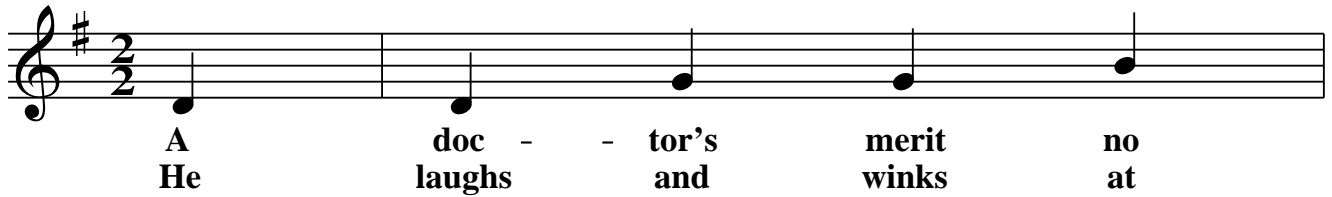
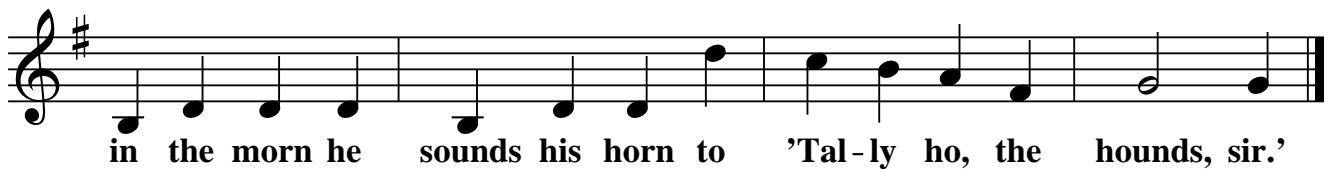


The Hunting Priest



Refrain



A doctor's merit no more employs the burden of my song, sir,
I'll sing the life the priest enjoys with constitution strong, sir,
He laughs and winks at him who drinks, I dare lay fifty pounds, sir,
And in the morn he sounds his horn to 'Tally ho, the hounds, sir.'
Tally ho, tally ho, tally ho, the hounds, sir,
And in the morn he sounds his horn to 'Tally ho, the hounds, sir.'

Every morning when he rises he draws on his boots, sir,
And if the beagles call that way he'll join in the pursuit, sir;
On his well-groomed bay he leads the day at the head of all the town, sir,
O're headge and wall he'll risk a fall to 'Tally ho, the hounds, sir.'
Tally ho, ...

Every day this priest affords to dine on boil and roast, sir,
And as great as any lord, he'll drink his favorite toast, sir,
It's his delight to drink at night, his care in punch to drown, sir,
And o're each glass to let it pass to 'Tally ho, the hounds, sir.'
Tally ho, ...

St. Stephen's Day, that holy morn, the priest was going to mass, sir,
And heard the music of the horn and heard the bugle pass, sir,
He shut his book, his frock forsook, and he sought wider bounds, sir,
Set Orthodox to hunt the fox to 'Tally ho, the hounds, sir.'
Tally ho, ...

Next day there was a pair to wed and Puss appeared in view, sir,
He threw the surplice o'er his head and bid this pair adieu, sir,
They both did pray that he might stay, for they were but half-bound, sir,
But he said that they might go home that night and 'Tally ho, the hounds, sir.'
Tally ho, ...

This noble priest, he ne'er did wrong, nor ne'er knew fraud nor art, sir,
His life is worthy of my song, he had an honest heart, sir,
He ne'er distressed nor the poor oppressed, his praises I'll write down, sir,
Nor thought a crime at any time to 'Tally ho, the hounds, sir.'
Tally ho, ...

(note: The last line of each verse is repeated in the second line of chorus follow