John Peel
Old North country hunting song

John E. West (1863-1929)

Soprano

Allegro con spirito. $\frac{\dot{4}}{4}$=126

D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gray? D'ye

Alto

Allegro con spirito. $\frac{\dot{4}}{4}$=126

Tally-ho, tally-ho, tally-ho, tally-ho,

Tenor

Tally-ho, tally-ho, tally-ho, tally-ho,

Bass

Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho,

Piano

(For practice only)

Allegro con spirito. $\frac{\dot{4}}{4}$=126

S. A. B. T. P.

Ken John Peel at the break of day? D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far a-way, With his

A. T. B. P.

Tally-ho, tally-ho, ho, ho, tally-ho,

T. B. P.

Tally-ho, tally-ho, ho, ho, tally-ho,

B. P.

ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, tally-ho,

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hounds and his horn in the morning? For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed, And the
ho, ho, ho, ho, tally-ho! For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed, And the
ho, ho, ho, ho! For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed, And the
tally-ho, tally-ho, tally-ho.

the cry of his hounds, which he oftentimes led, Peel's "View halloo!" would a-
cry of his hounds, which he oftentimes led, Peel's "View halloo!" would a-
tally-ho, tally-ho! "View halloo!" would a-

And the cry of his hounds, which he oftentimes led, Peel's "View halloo!" would a-

And the cry of his hounds, which he oftentimes led, Peel's "View halloo!" would a-

And the cry of his hounds, which he oftentimes led, Peel's "View halloo!" would a-

And the cry of his hounds, which he oftentimes led, Peel's "View halloo!" would a-
wa·ken the dead, Or a fox from his lair in the morn·ing.

wa·ken the dead, Or a fox from his lair in the morn·ing. Tal·ly·ho,

wa·ken the dead, Or a fox from his lair in the morn·ing. Tal·ly·ho,

wa·ken the dead, Or a fox from his lair in the morn·ing. Ho, ho, ho, ho,

A tempo

rit.

A tempo

A tempo

A tempo

A tempo

Yes, I ken John Peel, and Ru·by too. Ran·ter and Ring·wood,

tal·ly·ho. tal·ly·ho. tal·ly·ho. tal·ly·ho.

tal·ly·ho. tal·ly·ho. tal·ly·ho. tal·ly·ho.


mf legato

Pno.
Bell-man and True, From a find to a check, from a check to a view, From a tally-ho, ho, ho, tally-ho,

view to a death in the morning. For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed, And the ho, ho, ho, ho, tally-ho! For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed, And the ho, ho, ho, ho! For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed, And the ho, ho, ho, ho! Tal-ly-ho, tal-ly-ho, tal-ly-ho,
A tempo

S.
cry of his hounds, which he oft times led, Peel's "View hal-loo!" would a-

A.
cry of his hounds, which he oft times led, Peel's "View hal-loo!" would a-

T.
cry of his hounds, which he oft times led, Peel's "View hal-loo!" would a-

B.
ho, tal-ly ho, tal-ly ho! "View hal-loo!" would a-

Pno.

A tempo

S.
waken the dead, Or a fox from his lair in the morn ing.

A.
waken the dead, Or a fox from his lair in the morn ing.

T.
waken the dead, Or a fox from his lair in the morn ing.

B.
waken the dead, Or a fox from his lair in the morn ing.
Then here's to John Peel from my heart and soul, Let's drink to his health, let's finish the bowl, We'll fol-low John Peel thro'.
S.  A tempo
ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, For the sound of his horn brought

A.  Poco più mosso
ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, tal-ly-ho! For the sound of his horn brought

T.  mf
ho, ho, ho, ho, tal-ly-ho! For the sound of his horn brought

B.  f
fair and thro' foul, If we want a good hunt in the morn-ing. For the sound of his horn brought

A tempo  Poco più mosso

S.  me from my bed, And the cry of his hounds, which he oft-times led,

A.  me from my bed, And the cry of his hounds, which he oft-times led,

T.  me from my bed, And the cry of his hounds, which he oft-times led,

B.  me from my bed, And the cry of his hounds, which he oft-times led,

Pno.  me from my bed, And the cry of his hounds, which he oft-times led,
Poco rit.  

Tempo primo

D’ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gray? He lived at Trout-beck

(With closed lips.)

D’ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gray? He lived at Trout-beck

(With closed lips.)
once on a day, Now he has gone far, far away, We shall ne'er hear his voice in the

morning. For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed, And the cry of his hounds, which he

Poco più mosso cresce. poco a poco.

Poco più mosso cresce. poco a poco.