Tally-ho Song - song lyrics

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TALLY-HO SONG.
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Words by Edward Harrigan. Music by Dave Draham.

Oh, on a summer's evening, nature all adorning,
Coaching party, jolly, all eager for the day,
The whip and driver ready, horses standing steady;
The horn it sounds the Tally-so; all up, and let's away.
Now such a merry party, food of pleasure ev'ry one,
So jolly, gay and hearty; oh, when we get on the run,
It's up the hill and down again, a-jogging on we go -
A merry lot of people, don't you know.

Chorus.
On we go- Tally-ho! Bugles blow-Tally-ho!
Such a jolly party, laughter hearty, down the road we go,
Let her go-Tally-ho! Bugle blow-Tally-ho!
From the city, oh, how pretty goes the Tally-ho!

The country farmers staring, ev'ry one declaring,
"Never snw the equal; oh, ginger ain't It gay?"
Now through the village bowling, coaches onward rolling.
The horn it sounds the Tally ho; we're up, and all away.
It's such a pleasure riding down the highway and the lane.
The driver safely guiding; oh, we know who holds the reins;
Now through the woods and by the farms a-jogging us we go-
A merry lot of people, don't you know.- Chorus.

Now, who's that In the distance? Does he need assistance?
Bless me, it is Charley; he's out to take a blow.
He looks a little foggy, driving rather groggy:
Oh, please don't sound the Tally-ho; you'll wake him, don't you know.
Here comes a wealthy brewer, in his single-seated trap,
He's ogling all the ladies, for he has a smile on tap;
And also Miss O'Grady, with second cousin, Joe-
A merry lot of people, don't you know.- Chorus.