

**TALLY HO!
Hark Away.**

It was on the first of March, in the year of thirty-three,
There was fun and recreation in our own country,
The King's County sportsmen o'er hills dales, and rocks,
Most nobly set out in the search of a fo

CHORUS.

Tally ho! hark away—tally ho, hark away,
Tally ho! hark away, my boys away.—
hark away.

When they started poor Reynard he fac'd
to Tullamore,
Through Wicklow and Arklow, along the
sea shore.
They kept him in view the whole length
of the way,
And closely pursued him through each
streets of Roscrea.

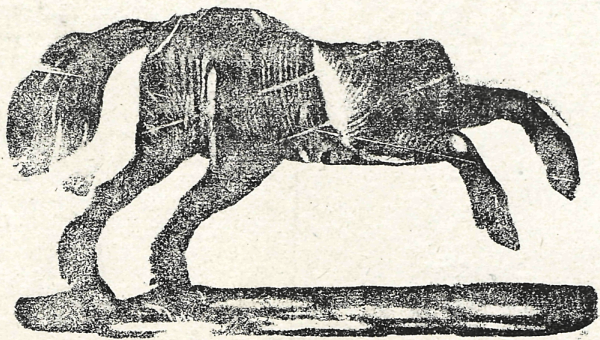
When Reynard was started he faced down
the hollow,
Where none but the huntsmen and hounds
they could follow
The gentlemen eried watch him saying
what shall we do here,
The hills and dales dont stop them he
will cross to Kildare.

There were 120 sportsmen went down to
Ballyland,
From that to Blyboyne and Ballycum-
minland,
But Reynard, sly Reynard arrived on that
night,
And said they would watch him until the
daylight.

It was early next morning the hills they
did appear,
With the echoes of the horn and the cry
of the hounds,
But inspite of his action his craft and his
skill,
He was taken by young Donohoe going
down Moranze.

When Reynard was taken his losses to
fulfill,
He called for pen, ink and paper to write
his last will,
And what he made mention of you'll find
it is no blank,
For he gave them a check on the national
bank,

Here is to you Mr. Jackson of Curragh
more, estate,
And to you Sir John Power, my whip,
spurs and cap,
Who crossed walls and ditches & ne'er
looked for a gap,
And to you Mr. Gambler, my money and
my plate



The Races of

BALLINALEE

AIR:—"The Rile Artillery."

Oh! now, my boys get ready, and come along with me,
I'll take you to a pleasant place to have a jolly spree;
The verdant plains of Ettherland is where the horses start,
And the fun and frolic of the day will gladden every heart.

Oh! thats the spot for riding, as good as good can be,
And may it flourish always around fair Ballinalee,
'Tis to the Messrs. Reynolds it owes its great renown,
Likewise to sporting Master Pat. who lives in Edgeworths
town.

Three ratling nags came to the post, rode out in blue an dgree:
The chenus down, the bay has lost, and first the mare is see
This mare they call her Saturday, I think that is her name,
And on the plains of Ballinalee she won the greatest fame.

The whip and spur they are no use, she leaves them far behind:
Although the riders show that they for straight work are
inclined,
But she was ridden the right way by the very best of jocks,
So fill your glasses now my boys and drink to brave Jas. Fox

And now, that we are drinking, I'll give another toast,
'Tis the health of Master Cootie, may he always ride the first,
Not forgetting the bold Master of the dashing Granard hounds:
Whose well-earned fame already thro' the barony resounds.

And heres to Messrs. Reynolds who live in Ballygariff,
They fear no fence, or ditch, or wall, or any craggy cliff,
And Mr. J. M'Manus, too, the respected old J. P.,
The Doctor, Dalystone, and brave Adams of Longford City

