

JOHN PEEL



D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so grey?
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day?
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?

'Twas the sound of his horn called me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds, which he oft times led;
For Peel's view-halloo would waken the dead
Or a fox from his lair in the morning.

D'ye ken that bitch whose tongue is death?
D'ye ken her sons of peerless faith?
D'ye ken that a fox with his last breath
Cursed them all as he died in the morning?

Yes, I ken John Peel and auld Ruby, too,
Ranter and Royal, and Bellman as true;
From the drag to the chase, from the chase to the view,
From the view to the death in the morning.

And I've followed John Peel both often and far,
O'er the rasper-fence and the gate and the bar,
From Low Denton-holme up to Scratchmere Scar,
Where we vied for the brush in the morning.

Then here's to John Peel, with my heart and soul,
Come fill, fill to him another full bowl!
And we'll follow John Peel through fair and through foul,
While we're waked by his horn in the morning.