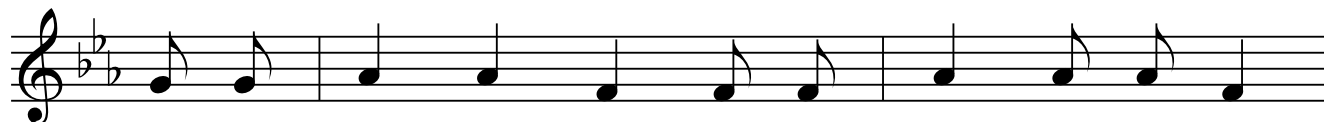


John Peel.



D' ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,



D' ye ken John Peel at the break of the day,



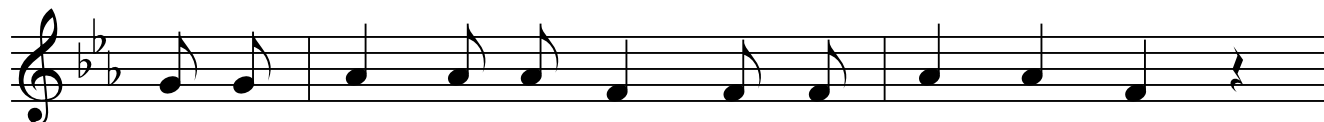
D' ye ken John Peel when he's far far a-way,



With his hounds and his horn in the morn - - ing?



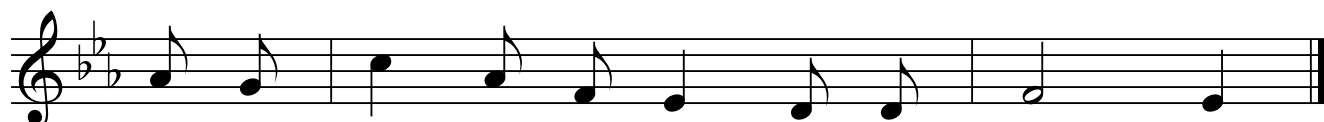
For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,



And the cry of his hounds which he oft - times led;



Peel's view hal - loo would a - - wak - - en the dead,



Or the fox from his lair in the morn - - ing.

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

Chorus.

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

Yes, I ken John Peel and Ruby too!
Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True,
From a find to a check, from a check to a view,
From a view to a death in the morning.

Then here's to John Peel from my heart and soul,
Let's drink to his health, let's finish the bowl,
We'll follow John Peel thro' fair and thro' foul,
If we want a good hunt in the morning.

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay?
He lived at Troutbeck once on a day;
Now he has gone far, far, far away;
We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.