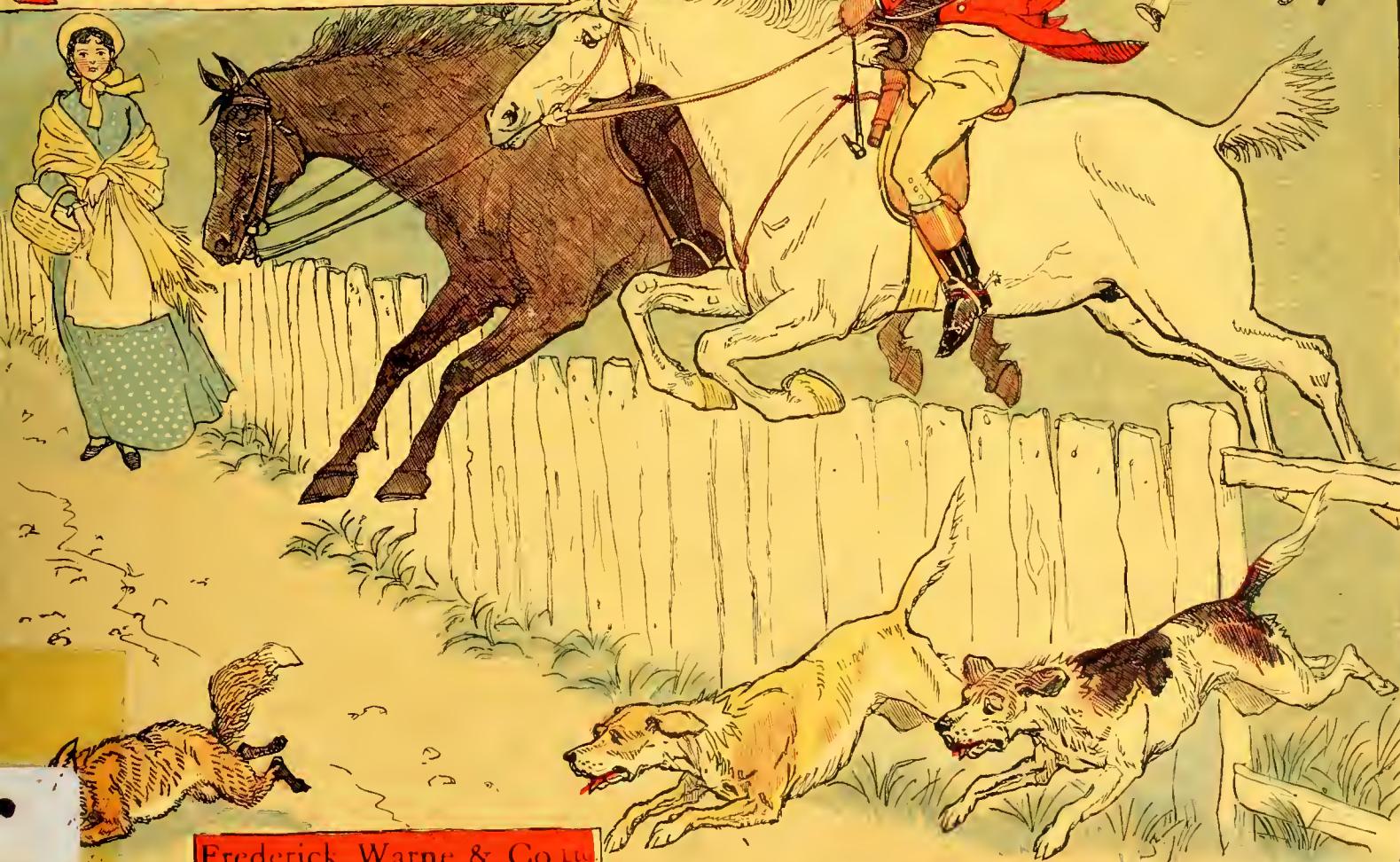


The FOX jumps over the PARSON'S GATE

R. CALDECOTT'S
PICTURE BOOKS



Frederick Warne & Co., Ltd.



J 47.1-c

Reading Room

THE FOX JUMPS OVER
THE PARSON'S GATE



J. B.

PROPERTY OF
CITY OF NEW YORK

W. B.

H397994

THE Huntsman blows his horn in the morn,

When folks goes hunting, oh!

When folks goes hunting, oh!

When folks goes hunting, oh!

The Huntsman blows his horn in the morn,

When folks goes hunting, oh!





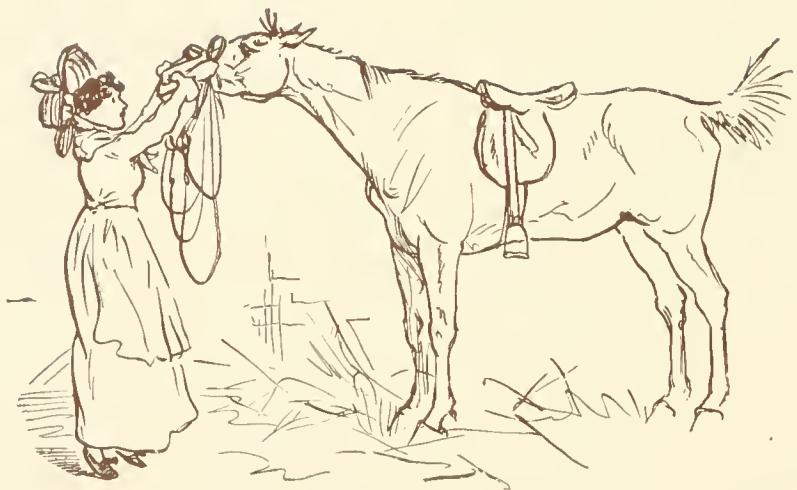




The Fox jumps over the PARSON's gate,
And the Hounds all after him go,
And the Hounds all after him go,
And the Hounds all after him go.



But all my fancy dwells on NANCY,
So I'll cry, TALLY-HO!
So I'll cry, TALLY-HO!



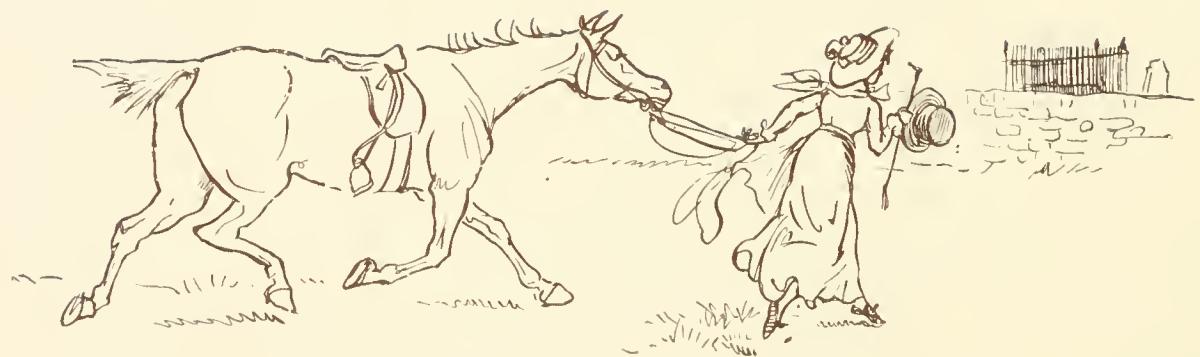




Now the PARSON had a pair to wed
As the Hounds came full in view;
He tossed his surplice over his head,
And bid them all adieu!



But all my fancy dwelt on NANCY,
So he cried, TALLY-HO!
So he cried, TALLY-HO!



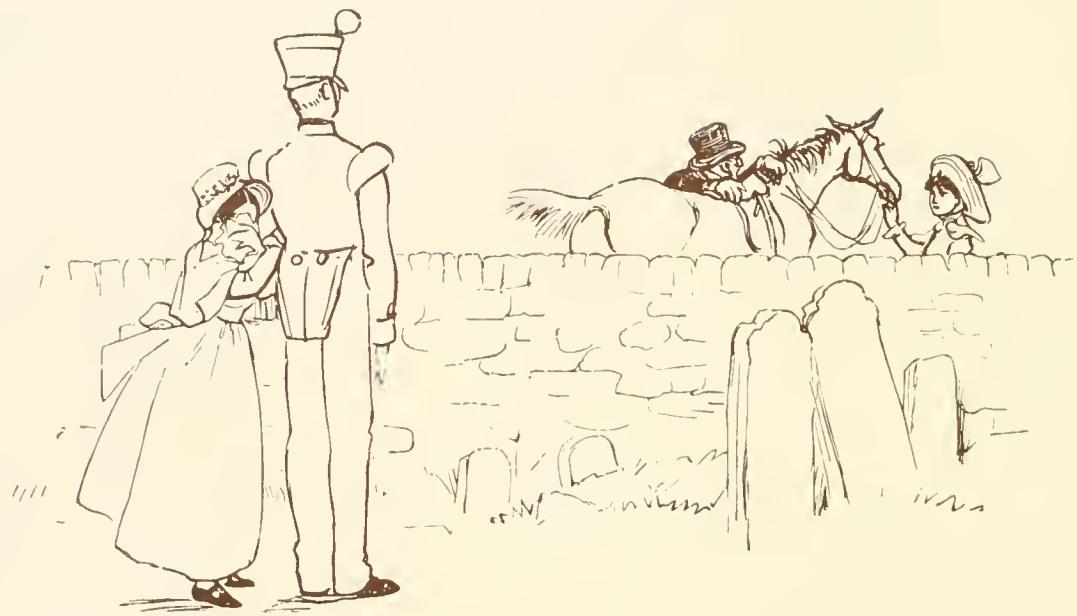


Oh! never despise the soldier-lad
Though his station be but low,
Though his station be but low,
Though his station be but low.



But all my fancy dwells on NANCY,
So I'll cry, TALLY-HO!









Then pass around the can, my boys

For we must homewards go,

For we must homewards go,

For we must homewards go.

And if you ask me of this song

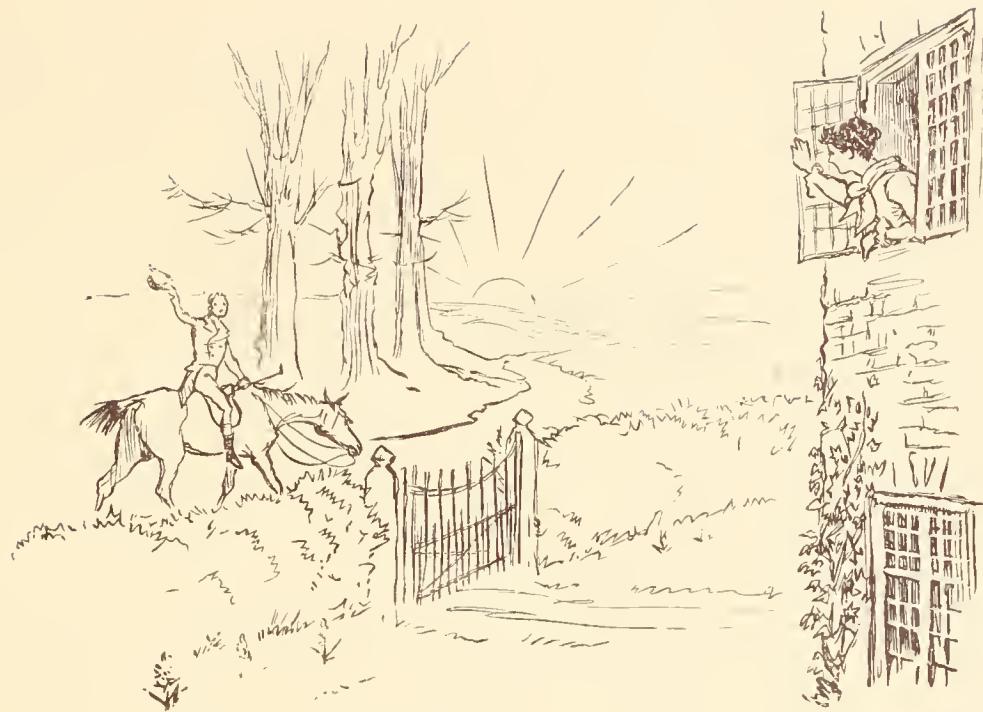
The reason for to shew,

I don't exactly know — ow — ow

I don't exactly know









But all my fancy dwells on NANCY,

So I'll sing, TALLY-HO!

So I'll sing, TALLY-HO!

But all my fancy dwells on NANCY,

So I'll sing, TALLY-HO!





