THE DEATH OF TOM MOODY
The noted whipper in
Sung with Great applause
BY MR. TYLER at the PROFESSIONAL CONCERT
COMPOSED BY Wm. Shield

NB. The small Notes which are meant to express the View & Death Haloos the Challenge & the cheering up of the Pack, were written by a Foxhunter, who heard Poor Tom's sonorous & characteristic Tones reechoed amid the Woods & Vailies while he was enjoying Heath, & such was his attachment to the chase that he faintly breathed them in his expiring moments.

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For: Sibg: Pia Legate

In Moderate time but alternately with Animation and Dejection.

Pia Legate

Volti Subito
with animation

You all knew Tom Moody the whipper in; well The Bell just done tolling was

Reviving

honest Tom’s Knell A more able Sportsman ne’er followed a

Hound Thro’ a Country well known to him Fifty miles round Thro’ a

Sym

Country well known to him Fifty miles round

for

No Hound e- ver opened with Tom near the

wood but he’d challenge the Tone and could tell it was good And

All with attention would eagerly mark When hecheerd up the Pack Hark to
2d VERSE.

Rockwood hark, hark!

And all with attention would eagerly mark

When he cheer'd up the Pack Hark to

High! Wind him! and cross him Now

Rattler Boy Hark! Hark.

Six crafty Earth Stoppers, in Hunter's Green dress

Supported poor Tom to an Earth made for rest His Horse which he still'd his "Old Soul?" next ap

peard On whose forehead the Brush of his last Fox was rear'd On whose forehead the Brush of his last Fox was rear'd

(The Death Hallow instead of Sym.)
Whip, Cap, Boots and Spurs in a Trophy were bound And here and there followed an
old straggling Hound Ah, no more at his Voice yonder Vales will they trace Nor the
Wrekin resound his first burst in the Chase
Ah no more at his Voice yonder Vales will they trace Nor the Wrekin resound his first
burst in the Chase With high over now press him Tally ho Tally ho Tally ho Tally ho

VERSE

Thus Tom spoke his Friends ’ere he gave up his Breath Since I see you’re resolv’d to be
in at the Death One favour be stow ’tis the last I shall crave Give a
rattling View Hallo thrice over my grave Give a rattling View Hallo thrice
over my grave

And unless at that warning I lift up my Head My Boys you may fairly con-
clude I am dead Honest Tom was obey’d and the Shout rent the Sky For ev’ry Voice
join’d in the Tally ho cry

Honest Tom was obey’d and the Shout rent the Sky For ev’ry Voice join’d in the
Tally ho cry Hark forward high over Tally ho Tally ho Tally ho Tally ho.