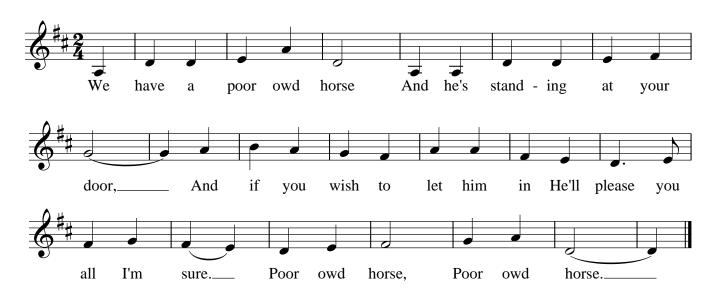
Poor Old Horse

TYG 60



- 1. We have a poor owd horse
 And he's standing at your door,
 And if you wish to let him in
 He'll please you all I'm sure.
 Poor owd horse, poor owd horse.
- 2. He once was a young horse
 And in his youthful prime;
 His master used to ride on him
 And he thought him very fine.
 Poor owd horse, poor owd horse.
- 3. But now he's getting owd
 And his nature doth decay,
 He's forced to nab yon short grass
 That grows beneath yon way.
 Poor owd horse, poor owd horse.
- 4. He's eaten all my hay
 And he's spoile`d all my straw;
 He's neither fit to ride upon,
 Nor e'en attempt to draw.
 Poor owd horse, poor owd horse.

- 5. We'll whip him, hunt him, slash him And a-hunting let him go, Over hedges, over ditches, Over fancy gates and stiles.Poor owd horse, poor owd horse.
- 6. I'll ride him to the huntsman;So freely I will giveMy body to the hounds then,I'd rather die than live.Poor owd horse, poor owd horse.
- 7. Thy poor owd bones,
 They shall lie beneath yon ground
 And never more be thought of
 By all the hunting round.
 Poor owd horse, thou must die.

Spoken:- Get up, Bob.