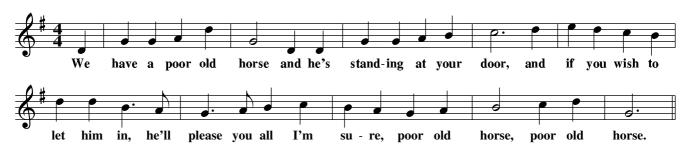
Poor Old Horse

Dore, Sheffield, UK, 1st Jan 1971



- We have a poor old 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 old horse, poor old 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 old horse, poor old horse.
- 3. But now he's getting old,
 And his nature does decay.
 He's forced to nab yon short grass,
 That grows beneath yon way.
 Poor old horse, poor old horse

- 4. He's eaten all my hay And he spoiled all my straw. He's neither fit to ride upon Or e'en attempt to draw. Poor old horse, poor old horse
- We'll whip him, cut him, slash him, And a-hunting let him go; Over hedges, over ditches, Over fancy gates and stiles.
 Poor old horse, poor old horse.
- 6. I'll ride him to the huntsman, So freely I will give My body to the hounds then, I'd rather die than live. Poor old horse, poor old horse.
- 7. Thy poor old bones,
 They shall lie beneath yon ground
 And never more be thought of
 By all the hunting round.
 Poor old horse, thou must die.