

Poor Old Horse

Dore, Sheffield, UK, 1st Jan 1971

We have a poor old horse and he's stand-ing at your door, and if you wish to
let him in, he'll please you all I'm su - re, poor old horse, poor old horse.

1. 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
5. 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.