

# Poor Old Horse

TYG 60

We have a poor owd horse And he's stand - ing 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.

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 give  
 My 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.