

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Poor Old Horse

Poor Old Horse

Old number one came a battering by,
And we think so, And we hope so.
I said, Old man, that horse will die.
Oh, poor old horse!

You'll work all night and you work all day,
And they say so, And they hope so.
Put him on the inside he'll back her away.
Oh, poor old horse!

At Exhall wharf they go to load,
And they think so and they hope so.
Then they pulls out on the London road,
Oh, poor old horse!

On Atherstone in the half-sail length,
And the say so and they hope so.
T'was there that poor beast broke his strength,
Oh, poor old horse!

And after years of such abuse,
And the say so and they hope so.
You'll salt it down for sailor's use,
Oh, poor old horse!

AG
oct99