

Old Gray Mare - song lyrics

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OLD GRAY MARE.

As I was a-going to Nottingham fair,
A-riding on horse-back, upon a gray mare,
Her color 'twas black, but the devil a hair.
But what was all yaller, upon my gray mare.
My baste she stood still, au' pitched me into the ditch.
My skin she did dirty, my clothes she did bruise;
Hut I scalded my saddle an' I mounted ngain,
And on my tip-toes I rode her over the plain.
But when I got there not a soul coud I see,
The streets they were crowded a-gazing at me;
The bells they did ring, an' the people did stare,
For to see a coach an' six horses drawn by a gray mare.
There was the King, an' the Queen, and a company more,
A-riding on horse-back, an' a-walking before;
There stood a great drummer a-bating a drum,
With his heels in his pockets, before me did run.

Then it snowed, an' it blowed, an' it rained, and I stood in the
With my hat in my hand for to keep my head warm; [storm,
[axed Madame Paul if she'd fancy me now,
As well as the day that I came from the plow.
Then I'll take my black horse, an' a-fishing I'll go;
A-fishing I'll go. whether or no;
My fish turned over, my wagon did spill,
I'll sell my gray mare-I'll be blowed if I will.