

Poor Old Horse, Let Him Die - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Poor Old Horse, Let Him Die!

My clothing once, alas! my friends, was linsey, woolsey, flue,
My hair was brushed off neatly And gaily it did shine.
But now I'm a-growing old, and nature doth decay.
My master he doth frown on me, and thus I heard him say:

Chorus.

You're good for nothing now, old horse!"
And then he passed me by;
"I cannot give you hay and oats.
Poor old horse-let him die!"

My lodging once was on clean straw and in a stable warm.
To keep my active sturdy limbs from taking cold or harm;
But now I am in open fields compelled in truth to go,
And bear cold, frosty Winters, the hail, the rain and snow.- Chorus

My feed once was the best of oats, and likewise well cured hay.
As ever grew upon the lawn or in the meadows gay;
But no such comfort now I And in the stable or clean stall.
I am forced to nab the short grass that grows around the wall.-Chorus.

My shoulders were both fat and fine, and clean, and smooth and round.
But now corrupted, rotten, my wind it is unsound,
And my foundered, old, cracked, hollow hoof, that once was smooth and hard,
Is deemed to be unworthy to tread my master's yard.-Chorus.

You eat my hay that's costly, you also spoil my straw.
You're not fit to ride, old horse, and my cart you cannot draw;
And you are blind and lame, old horse, you're lazy, dull and slow.
I'll drive you from my premises to hunt your living, go!-Chorus.

My skin unto the huntsman, the tale who can believe?
My flesh unto the hungry hounds I shortly, too, must give:
And noble form once nimble, that travelled leagues and miles.
O'er mountains, hedges, ditches, and leaped o'er gates and stiles.-Chorus.