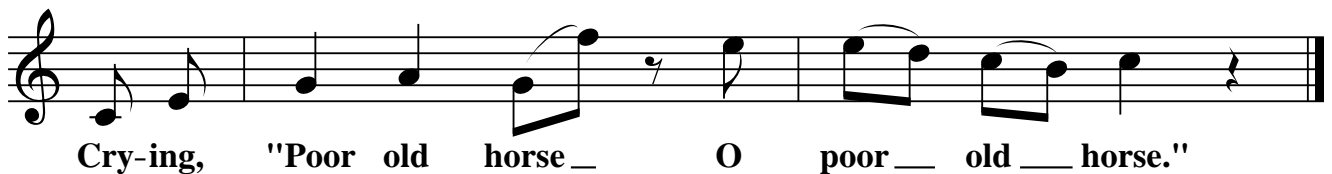
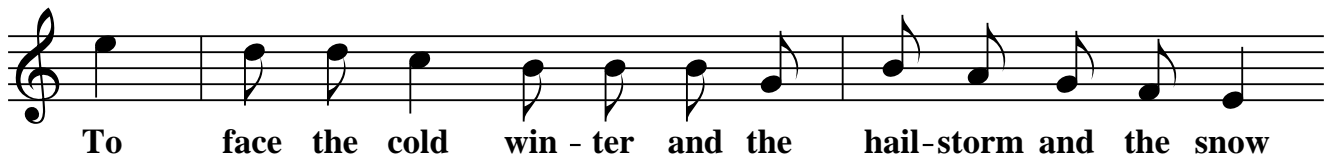
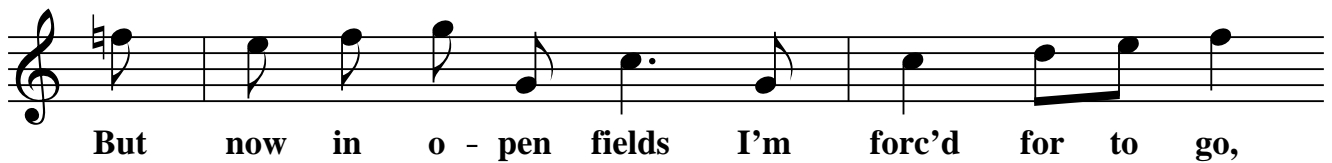
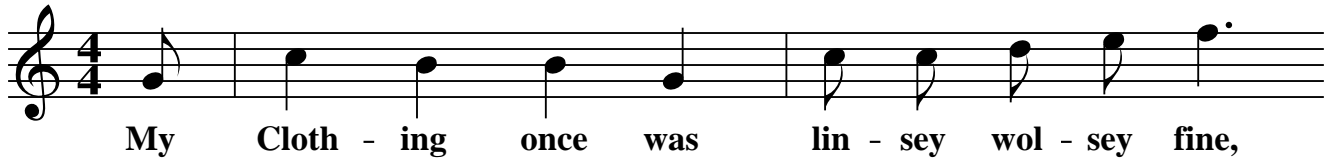


Poor Old Horse

♩ = 100



My clothing once was linsey-woolsey fine,
My hair unlinked and my coat it did shine.
But now in open fields I'm forc'd for to go,
To face the cold winter and the hailstorm and snow.
Crying "Poor old horse, O poor old horse."

My bait it once was of the best of hay
That ever grew in fields or in meadows gay;
But now to no such comfort I can get at all.
I'm forced for the crop the short grass that grows upon the wall.
Crying "Poor old horse, O poor old horse."

My days are near an end, and now I must die
And at some lownd dike back my weary bowk may lie;
I do not greatly mind, for I'm clean done anyhow
And my master does not care, for I'm worse than useless now.
Crying "Poor old horse, O poor old horse."

My skin unto the huntsman I freely do give
My flesh unto the hounds I also bequeath
Likewise my body stout, that's gone o'er so many miles
Over hedge, over ditches, over gates and over stiles.
Crying "Poor old horse, O poor old horse."