

## The Dead Horse

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A poor old man came riding by  
And we say so, and we know so  
A poor old man came riding by  
Oh, poor old man.

Says I, "Old man, your horse will die."  
Oh, poor old man, your horse will die.

If he don't, we'll ride him again.  
And I'll ride him until the Lord knows when

For thirty days, I've ridden him  
And when he dies, we'll tan his skin

Oh, now poor horse, your time is come  
Oh, many a race we know you've won

You have come a long, long way  
For to be sold upon this day

You are going now to say goodbye  
Poor old horse, you're a-goin'-a die

We'll use the hair of his tail to sew our sails  
And the iron of his shoe to make deck nails

We'll hoist him up to the fore yard-arm  
Where he won't do sailors any harm

We'll drop him down with a long, long roll  
Where the sharks will have his body and the Devil take his soul.