

THE DEAD HORSE

#29

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.