

THE DEAD HORSE

Well a poor old man came a riding by.
An' we say so. An' we hope so.
Well a poor old man came a riding by.
Oh, poor old man.

An' I says old man that your horse will die.
An' I says old man that your horse will die.

And if he dies we'll tan his hide,
An' if he don't we'll ride him again.

For one long month I rode him hard,
For one long month I rode him hard.

One month a hell-bent life we've led,
As you laid on yer feather bed.

But now yer month is up, ol' Turk,
Git up, yer swine, an' look for work.

Git up, yer swine, an' look for graft,
While we lays on, an' yanks yer aft.

We'll hoist him up to the main yardarm.
We'll hoist him up to the main yardarm.

An' we'll drop him down to the depths of the sea,
We'll drop him down to the bottom of the sea.

He's dead as a nail on a lamp room door,
An' he won't come a hazing us no more.

Well a poor old man came a riding by.
Well a poor old man came a riding by.

