

The Dead Horse Shanty

learnt from Alex Hood, with extra verses added from various sources. Alex was a prominent performer in the Folk Revival in Sydney folk clubs like PACT Folk. He spent most of his working life touring schools all round Australia presenting Australian songs and stories.

Shantyman Crew

D A7

I say old man your horse will die. We say so for we know so.

Shantyman Crew

Em A7 D A7 D

Poor old man your horse will die. Poor old man.

One month a rotten life we've led,
While he lay on his feather bed.

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

But now the month is up, old turk.
Get up, ye swine, and look for work.

And if he lives, I'll ride him again,
I'll ride him with a tighter rein.

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

It's up aloft the horse must go,
We'll hoist him up and bury him low,

So now, old horse your time has come.
We'll say goodbye with a tot of rum.

So goodbye, old horse, we say goodbye.
Poor old horse you were bound to 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 drop him down with a long, long roll,
Sharks'll have his body and the devil take his soul.