

Lloyd, The Troopers Horse

The Trooper's Horse

It's a landlady's daughter and her name was Nelly

And it's green, O green, the leaves do grow;

And she took sick with a pain in her belly

And it's ha, young man, do you tell me so?

It was a bold trooper rode up to the inn

He's perishing cold and wet to the skin.

The landlady put 'em in the bed together

To see if the one couldn't cure the tother.

"Oh, what's this here, and what's it called?"

"It's my fine nag and they call him Bald."

"Oh, what's this here, and what's it called?"

"It's my little well where you can water old Bald."

"Suppose my nag he should slip in?"

"Just catch on the grass that grows round the brim."

"How can you tell when he's had his fill?"

"He'll hang down his head, turn away from the well."

"How can you tell when your nag wants more?"

"He'll rear up his head and go pawin' 'round the door."

From A.L. Lloyd, Folksong in England

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