

The Trotting Horse - Mr Woodcock



I can ride as good a horse, my boy as a - ny man in town; he can trot you six - teen



miles an hour, I'll bet a thou - sand pounds. He's just the one to bend his knee and pull his haun - ches



in; he'll throw dirt in the peo - ples' face and think it is no sin - . *With my go - a - long,*



trot - a - way, right - fal de - day - . With my rave - O, my fave - O, sing right trot a - way.

1
I can ride as good as horse, my boy, as any man in town,
he can trot you sixteen miles an hour I'll bet a thousand
pounds.
He's just the one to bend his knee and pull his haunches in,
he'll throw dirt in the people's face and think it is no sin.

*Chorus 'Tis my go along, trot away,
right fal - de - day.
With my rave-O, my fave-O,
sing right trot away.*

2
He've an eye like a hawk, and a neck like a swan,
a foot like a cat, and his back you may expound.
He's rising six years old, and all over rightsound,
I'm sure a better horse ne'er did show on English ground..

3
If by chance my should chance to come in rain,
what I freely gave I'd freely give again.
I'd sooner part with all I had, without the least remorse,
but give to me what God can give, my girl, my home.

Alternative verses 2 - 6 on a broadside printed by J Cadman of Manchester, accessible at [fk/13/32/2](#) in the *Full English*

2
He's an eye like a hawk, and a neck like a swan,
a foot like a cat, and across his back a span.
Kind nature hath so formed him, he is everything
that's good;
he is everything a man could wish, both bottom, bone
and blood.

3
If you drop the rein he'll nod his head and boldly walk
away,
whilst others kick and bounce about, to him it's only play.
There never was a finer horse e'er went on English
ground;
he's rising six, can catch a bird; all over right and sound.

4
If any frisk or milling match should call me out of town,
I'll pass the blades, with white cockades, their whiskers
hanging down.
With large jack towels around their necks they think they're first and fast,
and with their gapers open wide they knap the flying dust.

5
What fun it is to rattle when the sun begins to set,
for to pass the rattling swells, and leave them on the fret.
While I fly my rattling steed, I pass them like the wind;
they drop a nod, I smile and then I leave the swells behind.

6
If three score miles I am from home, I darkness never mind;
my friend is gone and I am left with pipe and pot behind;
up comes some saucy kiddy, a scamp upon the hot,
but when he pulls the trigger, why I'm off just like a shot.

7
If fortune e'er should fickle be and wish to make a change
as to what she freely gave, she would wish to have again,
I would part with it so freely, without the least remorse,
only grant to me what God hath given: Sally and my horse.