

GB/7e/3 Trot-Away

old Tubbs

3 (a) (b) (c)

6 (d)

10 3

15 3 (a) var. (b) var. (c) var.

20 (d) var.

24 3

1. Why (or Oh) I keep a good a horse as any man in town,
Trot sixteen miles an hour I will bet a thousand pound.
He's such a one to bend his knee and hash his ankles in,
He'll pass them all upon the road and think it is no sin.

With my trot away, gang along, fall the lal the rido
He's my tooly rooly rooly roo, he's my right trot away.

2. He has an eye like an hawk and a neck like a swan,
A foot like a cat and his back you may span,
He's rising four years old, all over right and sound,
And if he makes a false step I'll lose a thousand pound.

3. Being twenty miles from home in the dark I'll never mind,
With my pipe and my glass and my friends I leave behind,
I'll clap the saddle on his back and away from them will ride,
I'll pass them all along the road and leave them far behind.