

# GB/7e/13 Horse Race

Blue Fisher

(a) (b)

7 (a) (d) (e) (f)

12 (a) var. (b) var.

18 (c) var. (d) var. (e) var. (f) var.

It's of three north noble country lords  
From the Newmarket came  
All for a wager they did run  
And the riders to do the same

And as they were a-riding along the road  
They met with a little boy  
Come show to me Lord Franklin's halls  
That his stables we may see.

They took them into his middlemost stable  
Among those riders all  
There was great Greasy Heel, little lame Boy Jack  
Little Molly shall run with you all.

Then up bespoke the poorest duke  
The poorest of those three  
I'll run you for thirty thousand pounds  
And tomorrow shall be the day.

So when Lord Franklin heard these words  
He stood with his hat in his hand  
I'll run you for gold while gold shall hold  
And I'll make it upon our land.

Then the drums and the trumpets we did sound  
All for them to get ready  
And All Lord Franklin had to say  
Mind you Jack boy and be steady.

The first milepost he did come at  
Lord Thompson's man did say  
If you can't go her faster than this  
Kind sir I'll show you the way.

The second milepost he did come at  
The people all declared  
The hardly could decide the case  
Between the horse and the mare.

There was heel to heel and toe to toe  
So merrily they did run on  
They went shoulder to shoulder and flank to flank  
And the whip and touch began.

And just as they did climb the hill  
Lord Franklin's mare being free  
She took to her heels and away did run  
And Lord Franklin he carried the day.