

Once I Had an Old Grey Mare (traditional)

My sister and I used to sing this song when we were little girls. I was delighted to find it in Sharp's Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, which had another verse.

Once I had an old grey mare
Once I had an old grey mare
Once I had an old grey mare
Her back wore out and her belly bare

Tad a liddle dink dink
Tad a liddle day
Tad a liddle dink dink
Tad a liddle day

Then I turned her down the creek (x3)
Purpose of a little green grass to eat

Tad ...

Then, oh then I took her track (x3)
Found her in a mud hole flat on her back Tad ...

Then I, feeling very stout (x3)
I took her by the tail and I hoist her out. Tad ...

Then I thought it was no sin (x3)
I took out my knife, and I skinned her skin Tad ...

Then I tied it in a noose (x3)
Purpose of to make my winter shoes. Tad ...

Then I hung it in a loft (x3)
Along come a rogue and he stole it off Tad ...

Durn the rogue that stole it off (x3)
Left my toes all out to frost Tad ...

From Judy Cook's CD "If You Sing Songs..."

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