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Lamentation of an Old Horse

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DIALOGUE TO FREEDOM OF OPINION



LAMANTATION OF AN OLD HORSE.

E. Hodges, (from Pitts's) wholesale Toy & Marble warehouse,
Seven Dials.

My cloathing once was linsey walsey fine,

My hair hung lank and my coat is did shin,

But now I'm grown old and nature doth decay,

My master he doth frown & thus I heard him say. Oh! Ball; Oh.

My lodging once was in a stable warm,
To keep my tender limbs from cold and harm,

But now in open fields I am forced to go
For to bear the cold winter's hail, rain
and snow.

My feeding once was of the best of hay,
That evergrew in fields or meadows gay,
But no such comfort can I find at all,
For now I'm forced to naw short grass
that grows against the wall.

My shoulders where both fat, fine
smooth and round,
but now corrupted rotten, and unsound,
And my hollow hoof that was both
smooth and hard,
Now by the blacksmith is most badly
serv'd.

He is old, he is both dull and slow,
He eats my hay and he spoils my straw
Nor neither is he fit in my cart to draw,
Whip him, skin him, let him a hunting go.

My skin unto the huntsmen I bequeath,
And my flesh unto the hounds I freely
give

My body swift that has run so many
miles,

It was over hedges, ditches, likewise
gates and stiles.

Dialogue to FREEDOM of OPINION,

Gemmons and Ladies—Not being used to public speaking, 'cos I am neither a Brougham nor a Cobdam, but only a poor snob, but this is my opinion—that instead of sticking up Dukes on the top of arches, they'd better give the poor a bellyful of grub—but, as I said to my old woman, the other day, 'Sal,' says I the money ought to be fairly divided, well, says she, suppose it was—what would you do with your share? Why, spend it like a cock, to be sure, says I. Well, says she, what would do when i was all gone? Why, says I, have it divided over gain, to be sure, Now that my opinion—ain't it liberal?

No as for the case of flogging at Hounslow, It's my oppinion—if I may have the freedom of speaking the sentiments of the heart of a son of St. Crispin, and, by the blood of a cobbler, I must say the case of WHITE looked very b'ack, for instead of the SLOW HOUNDS promoting the poor fellow, thy took the stripes off his arm, and WHIPPED them on his back. But I'll whip that opinion aside.

Now my opin' on on the Palace is this here—and I say it without fear of contradiction, or being put DOWN—and I say, and will say, and say it again and I maintain, and will maintain and who dare deny the truth of my assertions—but that—that—their ere palace arn't half big enough, good enough, or grand enough—or even strong enough, to bear the POWER that's in it. Then the front doors are at the back, and the back doors are at the front, Now who can deny this? For didn't our gracious Queen Victoria the Second—no, I mean the First, say that unless it was made biggerer, higherer, granderer, and strongerer, that she'd send Albert home, put the kids in the workhouse, and then make one to go mad.

But I say, gentlemen, would't Buckingham Palace make a splendid Model Lodging House and being situated on Constitution Hill, it would be beneficial to all lodgers with an ILL constitution. Then there's another advantage—could not the poor lodgers, when they had no dinner, walk round the Park and count the trees? Very fine exercise and amusement in a free country—and, as I said before, I will speak my mind, and wou't be put down. (Falls off chair.)

Though I'm down I'm up again. I'm like the bread, I'll rise—yes, and I will exercise my freedom of opinion. I wish to know what's to be done with Westminster Bridge? The road has been cleared away, and what are we to do with the PIERS? They musen't be disturbed.

But, gentlemen, gentlemen, when I got up I meant yes, I did mean to ask you, but I see you are determined to present me with a leather medal, as a recompense for my brilliant eloquence, flowey subject, and my volubility of speech. Consider my feelings, ladies and gentlemen, when I tell you I never got up as a public speaker without receiving three cheers, but now I've only one.