

By the Battlefield Band
As sung by Mike Kennedy 10/21/12

The Last Trip Home

I've worked on farms and from the start,
The muckle horses won my heart;
With big broad backs they proudly stand,
The uncrowned kings of all the land,
And yet for all their power and strength –
As gentle as the summer's wind.

Chorus:

*So, steady, boys, walk on!
Our work is nearly done;
No more we'll till or plough the fields;
The horses' day is gone,
And this will be our last trip home;
So steady, boys, walk on!*

There are those who'll sing their songs of praise
Of Arab stallions in a race,
And hunters that run with the hounds
To chase the fox and run him down,
But none of them compare I vow
To the working pair that pulls the plow. (CHO)

And all the years I've plied my trade,
And all the fields we've ploughed and laid,
I never thought the day would come
When a Clydesdale's work was ever done,
But progress runs its driven course
And the tractor has replaced the horse. (CHO)

As we head back our friends will line
The road to see us one last time;
For none of them would care to miss
The chance to see us pass like this;
They'll say they saw in years to come
The muckle horses' last trip home. (CHO)