

## Nottamun Town

In Nottamun Town, not a soul would look up.

Not a soul would look up, not a soul would look down.

Not a soul would look up, not a soul would look down

To show me the way to fair Nottamun Town.

I rode a gray horse that was called a gray mare,  
With a gray mane and tail, green stripe down her back,  
Gray mane and gray tail, green stripe down her back,  
There wa'nt a hair on her be what was coal black.

She stood so still, she threw me to the dirt,  
She tore my hide and bruised my shirt,  
From saddle to stirrup I mounted again  
And on my ten toes I rode over the plain.

Sat down on a hard, hot, cold frozen stone.

Ten thousand stood around me and yet I's alone;  
Took my hat in my hands for to keep my head warm;  
Ten thousand got drowned that never were born.



*Hunter on Horseback*, Oil on Canvass, **Gustave Courbet**, 1864