

THE HIGH METTLED RACER

A favorite Song
Sung by M.^r Inledon.

WRITTEN and COMPOSED,

by
Dibdin
Arranged also. *for the flute.*

LONDON

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The musical score is presented in three systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The first system includes the tempo marking **ALLEGRETTO**. The key signature consists of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The notation includes various rhythmic values such as eighth and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and dynamic markings like *f* (forte).

See the Course throng'd with gazers the sports are be_gun, The con_fu_sion but hear I bet

p *fp* *fp*

you Sir done done, Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far and near, Lords Hawkers and

Jockies as_sail the tird ear, Lords Hawkers and Jockies as_sail the tird

ear, while with neck like a rainbow e_rect_ing his crest, Pamper'd prancing and

pleas'd his head touching his breast, Scarcely snuffing the Air he's so proud and e-

_late, The high mettled Ra_cer first starts for the plate, The high met_tled

Sy:
Ra_cer, the high mettled Racer first starts for the plate.



2

Now Reynard's turn'd out and o'er Hedge and Ditch rush,
 Dogs Horses and Huntsman all hard at his brush,
 Thro' Marsh Fen and Brier led by their sly prey,
 They by scent and by view cheat a long tedious way,
 While alike born for sports of the Field and the Course
 Always sure to come through a staunch and fleet Horse
 When fairly run down the Fox yields up his breath
 The high mettled Racer is in at the death.

3

Grown aged us'd up and turn'd out of the stud,
 Lame spavind and wind gall'd but yet with some blood,
 While knowing Postilions his pedigree trace
 Tell his Dam won this sweepstakes, his Sire that race,
 And what matches he won to the Hostlers count o'er
 As they loiter their time at some hedge Ale house door
 While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his sides goad,
 The high mettled Racer's a hack on the road.

4

Till at last having labour'd drudgd early and late
 Bow'd down by degrees he bends on to his fate
 Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill
 Or draws sand till the sand of his hour glass stands still
 And now cold and lifeless expos'd to the view
 In the very same Cart which he yesterday drew
 While a pitying croud His sad relics surrounds
 The high mettled Racer is sold for the Hounds.

FLUTE.

