

"How We Drove the Trotter"

Oh, he was a handsome trotter, and he couldn't be completer,  
He had such a splendid action and he trotted to this metre,  
Such a pace and such a courage, such a record-killing power,  
That he did his mile in two-fifteen, his twenty in the hour.  
When he trotted on the Bathurst road the pace it was a panter,  
But he broke the poet's rhythm when he broke out in a canter--  
As we were remarking the pace was a panter,  
But just as we liked it he broke in a canter,  
And scattered the sparks with a freedom prolific;  
He tugged at the bit and he jerked at the bridle,  
We pulled like a demon, the effort was idle,  
The bit in his teeth and the rein in the crupper,  
We didn't much care to get home to our supper.  
Then we went  
Like the wind,  
And our hands  
They were skinned,  
And we thought  
With a dread  
To go over his head,  
And we tugged  
And we strove,  
Couldn't say  
That we drove  
Till we found  
It had stopped  
And the gallop was dropped!  
Then he dropped into a trot again as steady as a pacer,  
And we thought we had a dandy that was sure to make a racer  
That would rival all the Yankees and was bound to beat the British,  
Not a bit of vice about him though he was a trifle skittish;  
Past the buggies and the sulkies on the road we went a-flying,  
For the pace it was a clinker, and they had no chance of trying,  
But for fear he'd start a canter we were going to stop his caper  
When he bolted like a bullet at a flying piece of paper—  
Helter skelter, What a pelter!  
Such a pace to win a welter!  
Rush, Race, Tear!  
Flying through the air!  
Wind a-humming, Fears Benumbing,  
Here's another trap a-coming!  
Shouts! Bash! Crash!  
Moses, what a smash!

W.T. Goodge "The Poetry of Horses", compiled by William Cole, 1979