

8^{vo}.....*loco*

cres. *for.*

ff

THE HORSE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

The horse! the brave, the gallant horse
Fit theme for the minstrel's song!
He hath good claim to praise and fame,
As the fleet, the kind, the strong.

What of your foreign monsters rare?
I'll turn to the road or course,
And find a beauteous rival there
In the horse, the English horse.

Behold him free on his native sod,
Looking fit for the sun-god's car;
With a skin as sleek as a maiden's cheek,
And an eye like the Polar star.

Who wonders not such limbs can deign
To brook the fettering girth
As we see him fly the ringing plain,
And paw the crumbling earth?

His nostrils are wide with snorting pride,
His fiery veins expand;
And yet he'll be led by a silken thread,
Or soothed by an infant's hand.

He owns the lion's spirit and might;
But the voice he has learnt to love
Needs only be heard, and he'll turn to the word,
As gentle as a dove.

The Arab is wise who learns to prize
His barb before all gold;
But is *his* barb more fair than ours,
More generous, fast, or bold?

A song for the steed, the gallant steed—
Oh! grant him a leaf of hay;
For we owe much more to his strength and speed
Than man can ever pay.

Whatever his place—the yoke, the chase,
The war-field, road, or course,
One of Creation's brightest and best
Is the horse, the noble horse!