

In her fairy hand a horsewhip,
On her foot a buskin small;
So she stepped, the stately damsel,
Trough the scarlet grooms and all.

And she beckoned for her courser,
And they brought a milk-white mare;
Proud, I ween, was that Arabian,
Such a gentle freight to bear;
And the Master moved towards her
With a proud and stately walk;
And, in reverential homage,
Rubbed her soles with virgin chalk.

Round she flew, as Flora flying
Spans the circle of the year;
And the youth of London, sighing,
Half forgot the ginger beer—
Quite forgot the maids beside them;
As they surely well might do,
When she raised two Roman candles,
Shooting fireballs red and blue!

Swifter than the Tartar's arrow,
Lighter than the lark in flight,
On the left foot now she bounded,
Now she stood upon the right.
Like a beautiful Bacchante,
Here she soars, and there she kneels;
While amid her flowing tresses,
Flash two whirling Catherine wheels!

Hark! the blare of yonder trumpet!
See, the gates are open wide!
Room, there, room for Gomersalez—
Gomersalez in his pride!

Rose the shouts of exultation,
Rose the cat's triumphant call,
As he bounded man and courser,
Over Master, Clown, and all!

Donna Inez Woolfordinez!
Why those blushes on thy cheek?
Doth thy trembling bosom tell thee,
He hath come thy love to seek?
Fleet thy Arab—but behind thee
He is rushing, like a gale;
One foot on his coal black's shoulders,
And the other on his tail!

Onward, onward, panting maiden!
He is faint and fails—for now,
By the feet he hangs suspended
From his glistening saddle-bow.
Down are gone both cap and feather,
Lance and gonfalon are down!
Trunks, and cloak, and vest of velvet,
He has flung them to the Clown.

Faint and failing! Up he vaulteth,
Fresh as when he first began;
All in coat of bright vermillion,
'Quipped as Shaw the Life-guard'sman,
Right and left his whizzing broadsword,
Like a sturdy flail, he throws;
Cutting out a path unto thee,
Through imaginary foes.

Woolfordinez! speed thee onward!
He is hard upon thy track—
Paralyzed is Widdicombez,
Nor his whip can longer crack!
He has flung away his broadsword,
'Tis to clasp thee to his breast.
Onward! see he bares his bosom,
Tears away his scarlet vest.

Leaps from out his nether garments,
And his leathern stock unties—
As the flower of London's dustmen,
Now in swift pursuit he flies.
Nimble now he cuts and shuffles,
O'er the buckle, heel, and toe!
And with hands deep in his pockets,
Winks to all the throng below!

Onward, onward, rush the coursers,
Woolfordinez, peerless girl,
O'er the garters lightly bounding
From her steed with airy whirl!
Gomersalez, wild with passion,
Danger—all but her—forgets;
Wheresoe'er she flies, pursues her,
Casting clouds of somersets!

Onward, onward, rush the coursers;
Bright is Gomersalez's eye;
Saints protect thee, Woolfordinez,
For his triumph, sure, is nigh!
Now his courser's flanks he lashes,
O'er his shoulder flings the rein,
And his feet aloft he tosses,
Holding stoutly by the mane!

Then, his feet once more regaining,
Doffs his jacket, doffs his smalls;
And in graceful folds around him
A bespangled tunic falls.
Pinions from his heels are bursting,
His bright locks have pinions o'er them;
And the public sees with rapture,
Maia's nimble son before them.

Speed thee, speed thee, Woolfordinez!
For a panting god pursues;
And the chalk is very nearly
Rubbed from thy white satin shoes!