

But though I've looked, I cannot find  
 It written, like the rest, behind.  
 The Crede Byrou next appears,  
 His leader little harness wears,  
 No blinkers dark obscure its sight,  
 The effect is good, airy, and light.  
 The modest Fiddle next comes by,  
 His motto constancy,—then why  
 Does he not wear the blue rosette?  
 I hope to see it altered yet;  
 His runners low, like all the rest,  
 For driving worst, for comfort best.  
 The Forlorn Hope's a little higher,  
 And so's the new sleigh of the Squire.  
 The first appears a pretty sleigh,  
 With wheeler chesnut, leader grey;  
 The Squire himself is rather stout,  
 And famed for throwing ladies out.  
 At first, of sleighs another one,  
 A waggon upon runners shone;  
 Paymaster Roche had turned it out,  
 But it was sent to right-about  
 By witty pen of Hirondelle,  
 Who cuts up people very well.  
 The Hirondelle boasts a strong team,  
 His leader pulleth it would seem,  
 A circumstance by no means nice,  
 Making one's fingers cold as ice.  
 The Laneers too, t' increase our band,  
 Come out sometimes with four-in-hand;  
 The Taglioni it is named,  
 And like that dancer justly famed;  
 Its leaders will their legs upraise  
 In them by no means worthy praise,  
 Whate'er it be in t'other ease.  
 Besides, of Tandems they've no lack,—  
 There's Pat from Cork, and Paddy Whack;  
 The one with collars white or buff,  
 No doubt 'tis made of strongish stuff,