

With dimming eyes I saw him stand,
Two pounds were in his shaking hand ;
I gave a curse to drown the sob,
And thrust the purse within his fob.

“ May God do this and more to me
If we should ever part, we three,
Master and horse and faithful friend,
We'll share together to the end ! ”

You'll think I'm playing it on you,
I give my word the thing is true ;
I hadn't hardly made the vow,
Before I heard a view-halloo.

And, looking round, whom should I see,
But Bookie Johnson hailing me ;
Johnson, the man who bilked the folks
When Ethelrida won the Oaks.