



"THE WHITE HORSE OF WESTBURY"

I saw a horse upon the plain,
A horse of great renown;
His equal I have never seen
Walking above the ground.
Most beautiful in form and limb,
His skin of spotless snow,
I longed to be upon his back,
But could not make him go.
This horse in size is hard to beat
From nose to tail I measure
It is one hundred and seventy feet;
Now isn't he a treasure?
To know the height we stretched a line
From hoof to top of shoulder-
One hundred and twenty feet we find,
And he's daily growing older!
A horse so big I'm sure would make
A team for any man
E'en Jacobs thinks he'd cut a wake

If he but owned a span.
And so would I, you bet your hat,
I'd have a jolly bust
I'd take him down to London town
And swap him off for dust.
I'd want a penny for each hour
That he has stood alone
I'd want a crown for every pound
Of flesh, without a bone;
Or I would sell him by his age
(Not sell him as he runs)
For he has stood a thousand years.
Exposed to rains and suns!
He stands erect upon the hill,
As proud as proud can be,
To mark the place where Alfred wise
Gained his great victory.
For whip or spur he will not budge.
And yet he will not balk,
This is a fact, and not a fudge,
For he is made of chalk.