



DO WE HORSES KNOW ?

Do we know when the cruel pace is breaking,
 When our breath sobs out in a wrench of pain,
 When our backers grow white at the old, old fearing,
 Do we think of our stress in the face of their gain?

We horses play as well as humans,
 The old, old game with the stakes set high.
 We pray, not to fall the friends who trust us,
 Just to do our best — some to lose and die.

When the mad young blood of youth is beating,
 Under winged feet, the miles fly fast,
 And a little song of hope we're singing
 For a loved hand's touch and praise at the last.

When the whips cut deep in the shimmering satin,
 And spurs stab sharp where the leaders go,
 When Honor and Faith are in our keeping,
 Don't you know, that we know?

But the whip can't drive when the speed is absent,
 Blood counts in the end from some famous sire,
 And the strength of some far away ancestor,
 Brings the winner home under the wire.

When the crowds arise to cheer so madly
 Our success, as they lead us to and fro,
 Framed in the magical floral horse-shoe,
 Ah! We know, yes, we know!

Meredith A. Johnston.
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