



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 fail the friends who trust us,
Just to do our best—some to lose and die.

When the whips cut deep in the shimmering
satin,
And the 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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