

## The Undertaker's Horse

The eldest son bestrides him, And the pretty daughter rides him,  
And I meet him oft o' mornings on the Course;  
And there kindles in my bosom An emotion chill and gruesome  
As I canter past the Undertaker's Horse.

Neither shies he nor is restive,  
But a hideously suggestive  
Trot, professional and placid, he affects;  
And the cadence of his hoof-beats  
To my mind this grim reproof beats: --  
"Mend your pace, my friend, I'm coming. Who's the next?"

### BRIDGE

Ah! stud-bred of ill-omen,  
I have watched the strongest go -- men  
Of pith and might and muscle -- at your heels,  
Down the plantain-bordered highway,  
(Heaven send it ne'er be my way!)  
In a lacquered box and jetty upon wheels.

Answer, sombre beast and dreary, Where is Brown, the young, the cheery,  
Smith, the pride of all his friends and half the Force?  
You were at that last dread *dak* We must cover at a walk,  
Bring them back to me, O Undertaker's Horse!

With your mane unhogged and flowing, And your curious way of going,  
And that businesslike black crimping of your tail, E'en with Beauty on your back, Sir,  
Pacing as a lady's hack, Sir,  
What wonder when I meet you I turn pale?

### BRIDGE

Or, perchance, in years to follow,  
I shall watch your plump sides hollow,  
See Carnifex (gone lame) become a corse --  
See old age at last o'erpower you,  
And the Station Pack devour you,  
I shall chuckle then, O Undertaker's Horse!