

## Alas, My Pony

I had a little pony,  
Its color — dapple gray;  
I lent it to a Senior.  
Who lived a mile away.

He liked it, he kept it,  
Which left me in the mire;  
I wouldn't lend my pony now  
For all the Senior's hire.

He harnessed it so nicely  
Upon the next test day  
And rode it to the race track  
Some few short blocks away.

And when the other ponies  
Assembled for the race,  
They lined up in fine order  
Each one in proper place.

Their masters soon did mount them  
And at the proper sign  
They darted off like arrows  
All keeping close in line.

The race was most exciting  
To all the people there,  
Who did profess to know a thing  
'Bout ponies fine and rare.

But Oh, alas, my pony  
Quite startled did become;  
He seemed to see a spectre,  
Which made him balk and run.

For down upon the race track  
There suddenly did come  
A monster called a teacher,  
Who struck those ponies dumb.

They reeled and tottered earthward  
And all their riders grand  
They cruelly dismounted,  
A mournful looking band.

N. M. M.