

The careful gait, the perfect style
are not for the likes of me,
Give me a mount with the will to go
And a mane that's blowing free,
Couple that with a lively mind
That's quick and keen to learn
And I'll give him the knowledge to do
the games, and the skill to twist and turn.
Make me a rider brave and keen
With a quick and practice eye,
A leap like a stag, fast off the flag
With the nerve to do or die,
If it goes our way on that final day
There's a chance I'll achieve my dream
To ride around the arena, hold the cup
and be part of the winning team.

Author : Cilla King