

THE OLD GRAY MARE.

By Pádraig Pearse.

From *An Macaomh*, May 1913.

(A Bonaparte Ballad).¹

At break of day I chanced to stray
All by the Seine's fair side,
When to ease my heart young Bonaparte
Came forward for to ride.
On a field of green, with gallant mien
He formed his men in square,
And down the line with look so fine
He rode his Old Gray Mare.

'My sporting boys that's tall and straight,
Take counsel and be wise,
Attention pay to what I say,
My lecture don't despise:
Let patience guide yous everywhere,
And from traitors now beware,
For there's none but min that's sound within
Can ride my Old Gray Mare.'

Bonaparte on her did start,
He rode too fast *is truagh!*
She lost a shoe at Moscow fair
And got lame at Waterloo.
But wait till she comes back to the shamrock shore
Where she'll get farriers' care,
And at the very next hate she'll win the plate,
My sporting Old Gray Mare!

¹ I heard the second and third stanzas of this ballad when a child. I prefix the first. — P. H. P.