

For Alice Corrie
with thanks

Poor old Merrylegs.

Stumble clump
clippetty clomp
clump, clomp, clump



And because he never lifted his head
he never saw the children on his back.
He just plodded and clomped
around the stables and wished his life
was more exciting.

With his head down and his eyes on the ground,
Merrylegs plodded and clomped.
Round and round, day after day,
teaching the children how to ride.

Stumble clump
clippetty clomp
clump, clomp, clump



Each evening, Merrylegs and his friend, Feathers, watched the racehorses dashing by.

"How happy those riders must be," sighed Merrylegs. "Oh, I wish I was as tall and beautiful as those horses."

"You should see how happy the children are to ride you!" chirped Feathers.

But Merrylegs wasn't listening.