

# THE · BOOK · OF · HORSES ·



PICTURES  
OF OUR PETS AND  
FRIENDS

SM



### My Stable.

I LOVE the gee-gees ; so do you—  
Horses strong and brave and true,  
Horses big and horses small,  
Slow or fast, I love them all.

Here they are ! Now come and look !  
Here they are in this new book.  
Haven't I a splendid stable ?  
See, I'll put it on the table.

First we'll see my ponies two,  
One for Jack and one for you.  
Jack is up, so make haste, May ;  
What a ride we'll have to-day !

Here's a cart-horse, big and strong,  
Bravely he will plod along ;  
Every day he'll gladly draw  
A wagon-load of hay or straw.

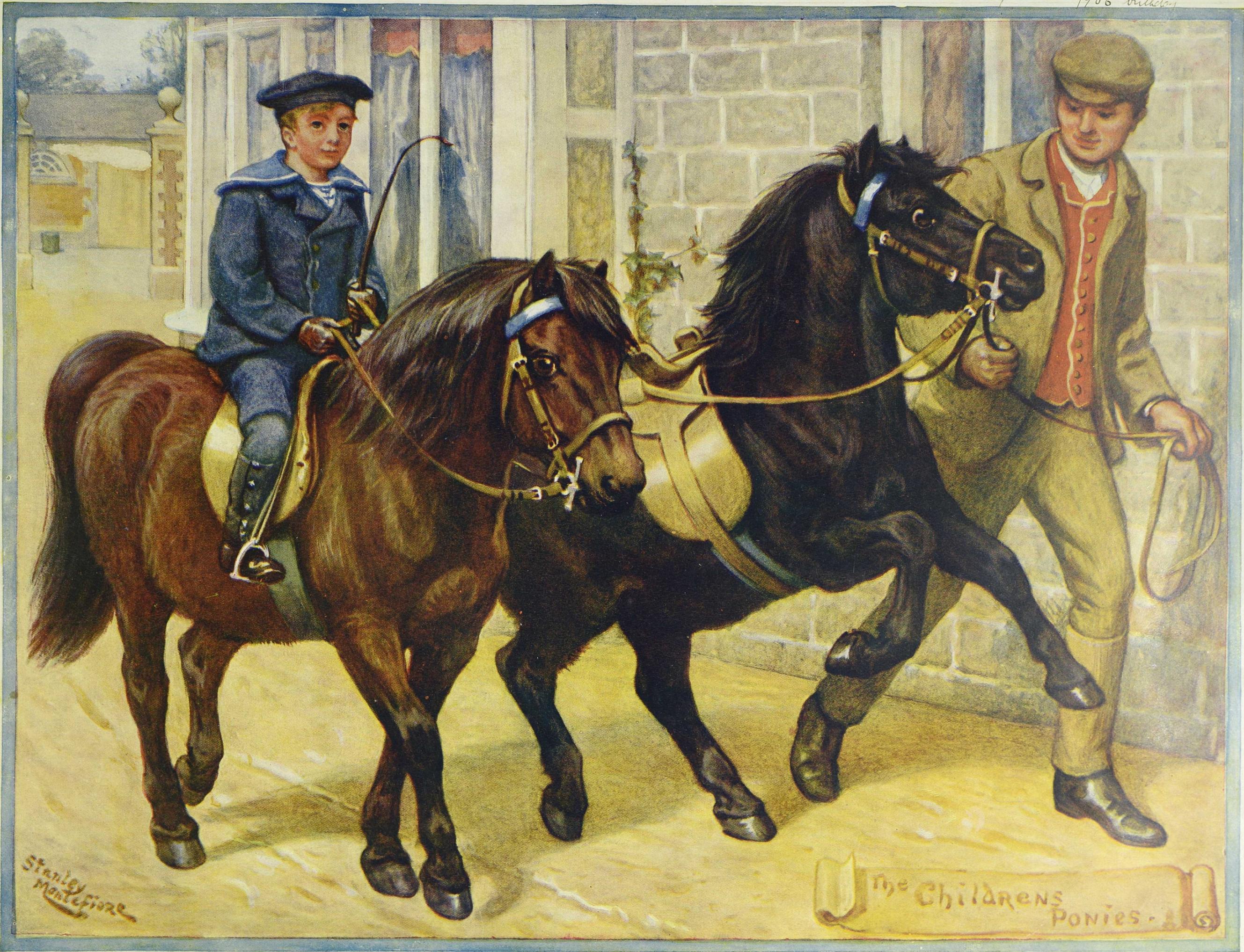
This milk-white horse—a beauty he—  
Comes from far across the sea.  
Never whip or spur he'll need ;  
He's a true Arabian steed.

A hunter now, but, oh dear me !  
He's thrown his rider, you can see.  
He will not stop ; No, "Hark-away !"   
He means to be in at the death to-day.

Here are a pair for a lady to drive,  
And a willing team for a coach beside,  
The fireman's horses, the ploughman's too,  
And others that work for me and you ;

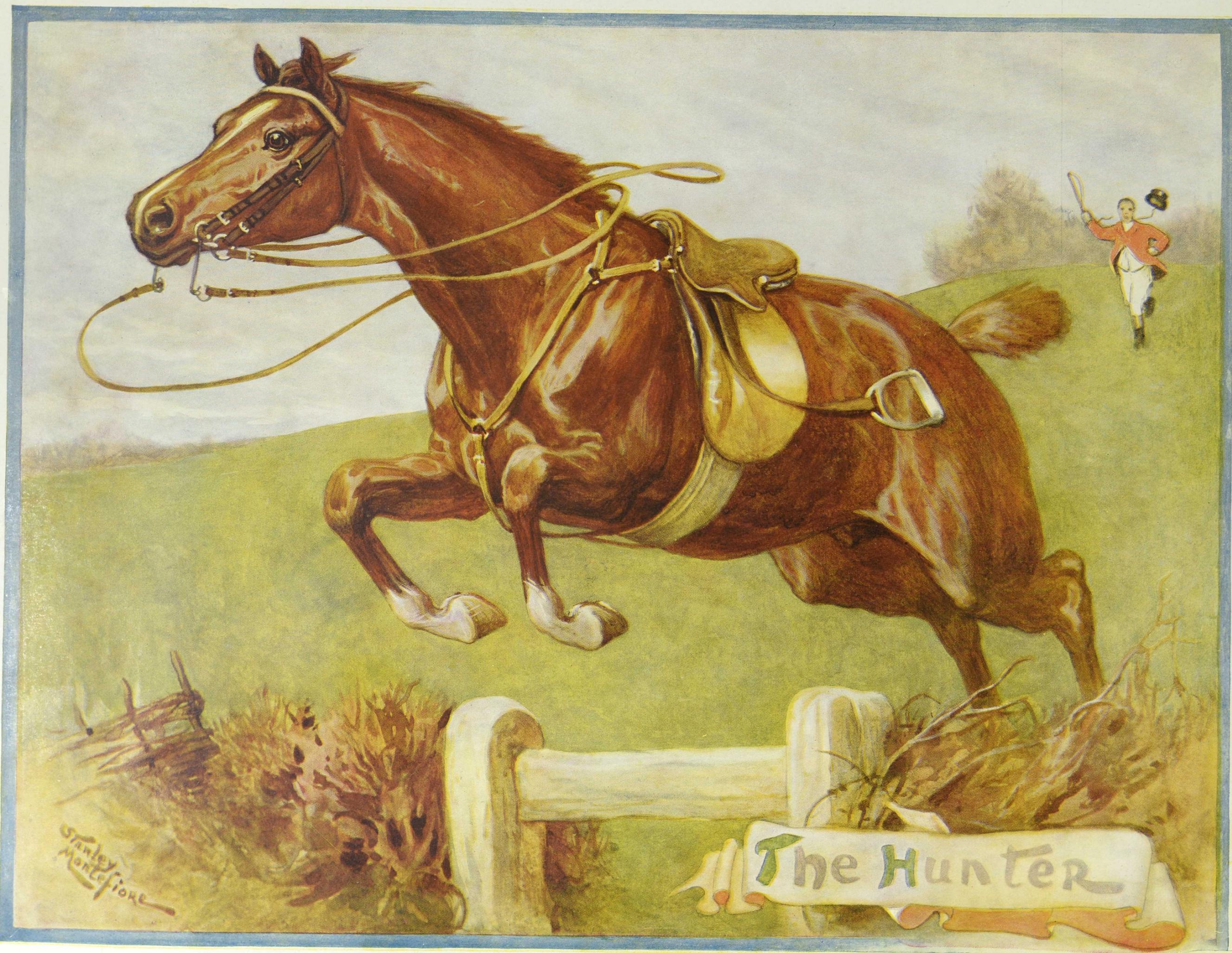
And a soldier's horse that neighs with glee  
When the bugles blow right merrily—  
I'll show you these, and twenty more,  
Before I close my stable door.

Walker from Margaret - 1906 booklet



Stanley  
Montefiore

The Childrens  
Ponies



Stanley  
Montefiore

The Hunter

CARRIAGE  
HORSES



Stanley  
Montefiore



The Military Horse -  
New South Wales Lancers



Fire Brigade Horses



Changing Horses



Stanley  
Montefiore



“CHARGE!” THE FAMOUS HORSES OF THE “SCOTS GREYS” (2ND DRAGOONS).

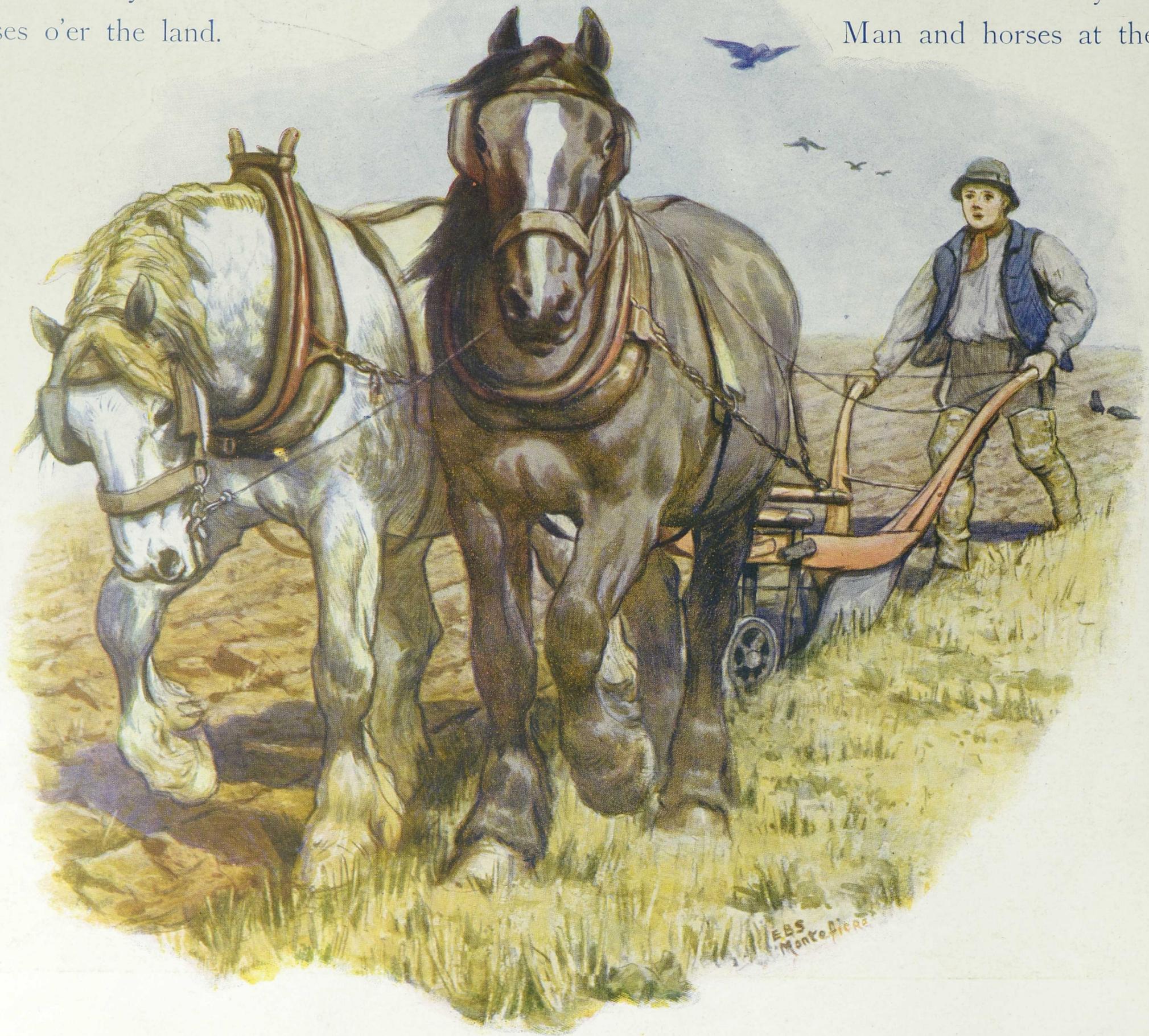


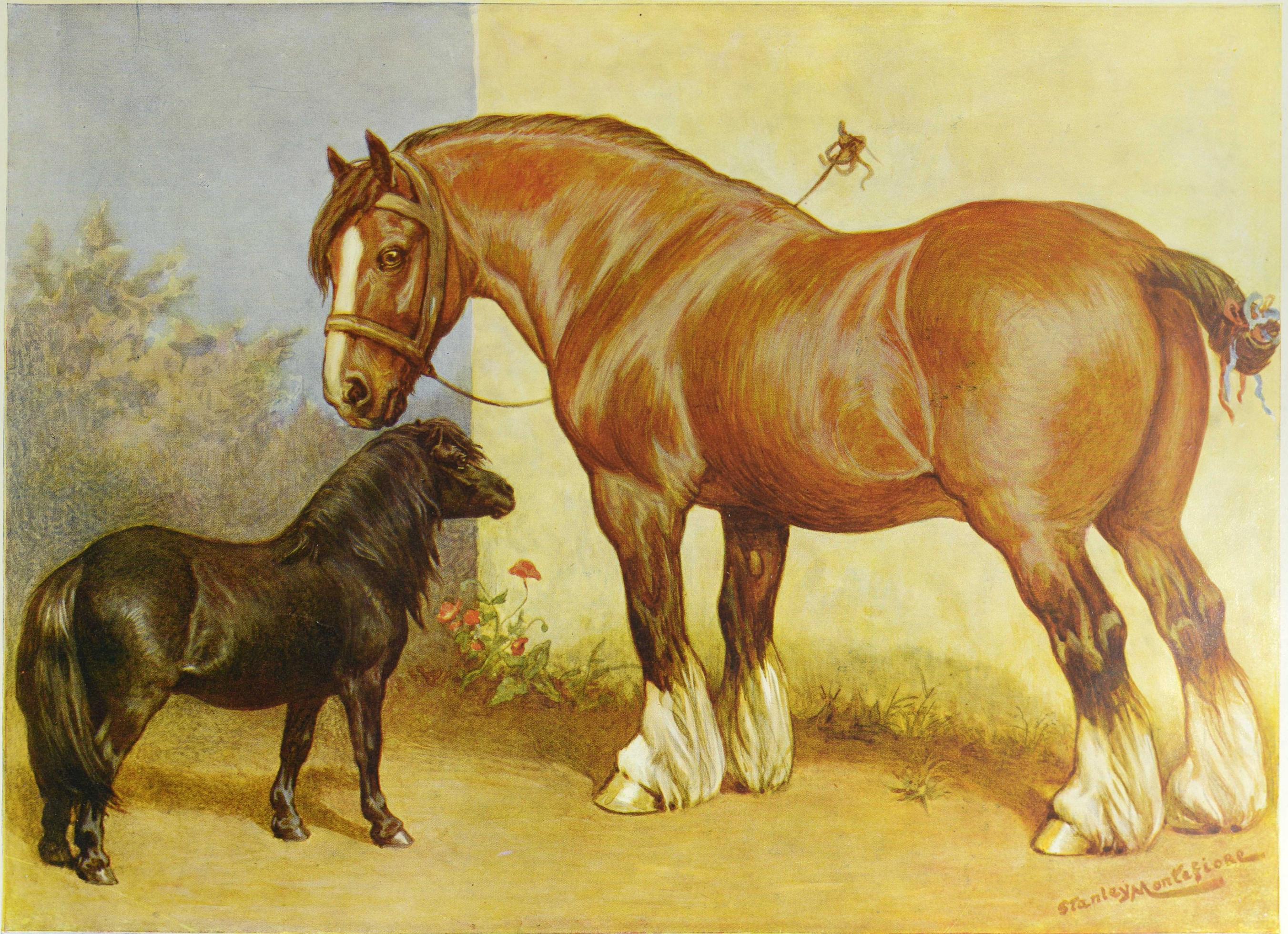
Stanley  
Montefiore

THE ARABIAN STEED.

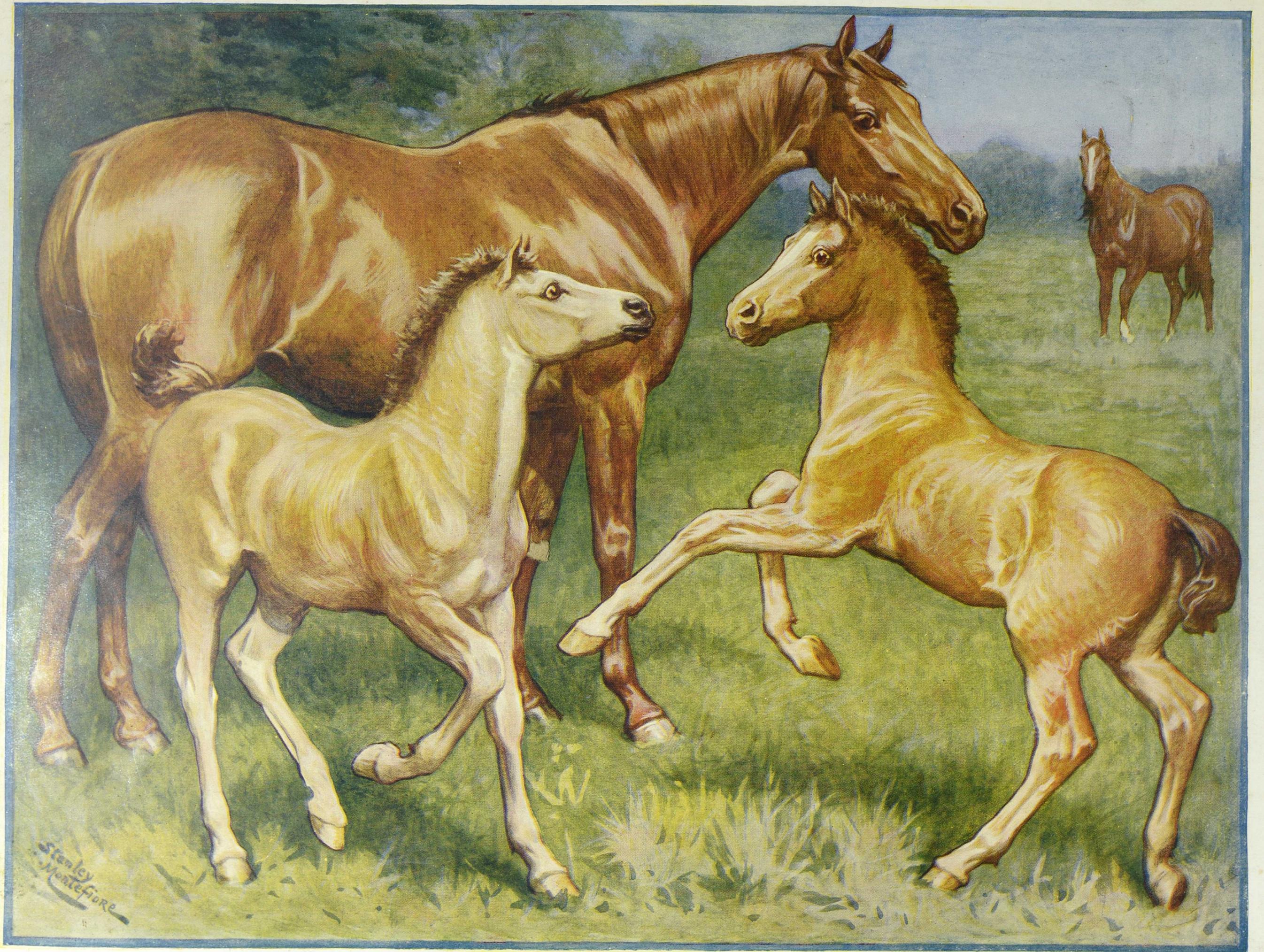
**T**O and fro this autumn day  
See the ploughman take his way,  
Guiding with a steady hand  
Patient horses o'er the land.

Blessings on their noble toil!  
Blessings on the fruitful soil!  
For our bread they labour now,  
Man and horses at the plough.

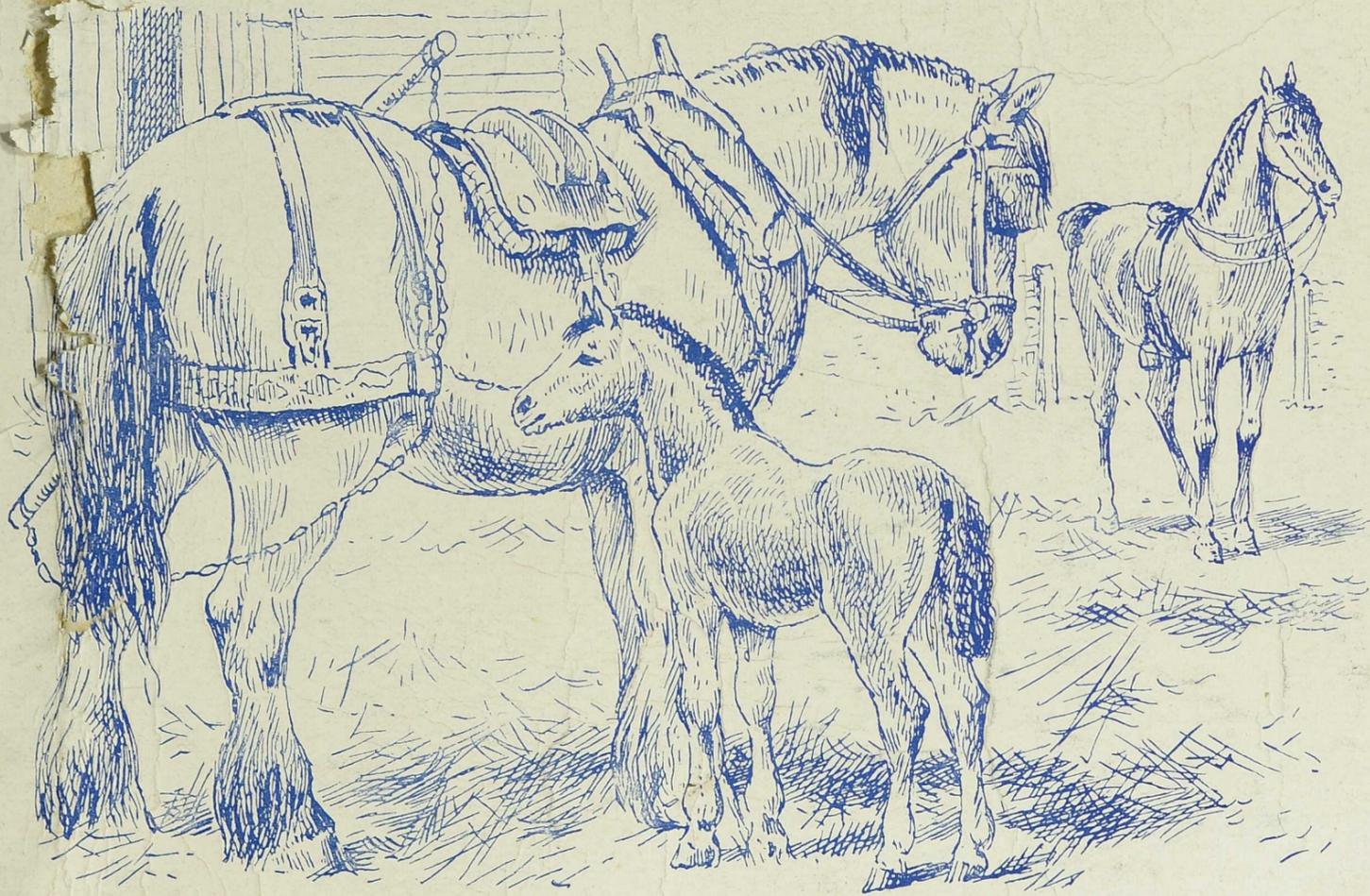




THE CART-HORSE AND THE SHETLAND PONY.



COLTS AT PLAY.



### What will he be?

“TELL me, mare, oh tell me true,  
What your little colt will do  
When he grows up big and strong,  
Fit to draw a cart along.”

“Will he be a soldier’s horse?  
Or a racer on the course?  
Or a circus horse, alack!  
With a dancer on his back?”

“Or a hunter, proud and fleet,  
Going often to the meet?  
Or a lady’s hack, you know,  
For her ride in Rotten Row?”

“Will he draw a carriage grand  
For the noblest in the land?  
Or a cab or heavy dray?”  
But she only answered, “Neigh!”

Then she sighed and shook her head.  
“I don’t know,” was all she said;  
“But I think his wisest plan  
Will be to do the best he can.”

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