

The Renaissance

"Hunter trials"

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It's awfully bad luck on Diana
Her ponies have swallowed their bits
She fished down their throats with a spanner
And frightened them all into fits

So now she's attempting to borrow
Do lend her some bits Mummy do
I'll lend her my own for tomorrow
But today I'll be wanting them too

Just look at Prunella on Guzzle
The wizardest pony on earth
Why doesn't she slacken his muzzle
And tighten the breech in his girth

I say Mummy there's Mrs. Geyser
And doesn't she look pretty sick
I bet it's because Mona Lisa
Was hit on the hock with a brick

Miss Blewitt says Monica threw it
But Monica says it was Joan
And Joan's very thick with Miss Blewitt
So Monica's sulking alone

And Margaret failed in her paces
Her withers got tied in a noose
So her coronets caught in the traces
And now all her fetlocks are loose

Oh it's me now I'm terribly nervous
I wonder if Smudges will shy
She's practically certain to swerve us
Her Pelham is over one eye

Oh wasn't it naughty of Smudges
Oh Mummy I'm sick with disgust
She threw me in front of the judges
And my silly old collarbone's bust

