

Lucy Simon

"A Fine White Horse"

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MARTHA:

If I had a fine white horse,
I'd take you for a ride today,
But since I have no fine white horse,
Inside I'll have to stay,
And empty all the chamber pots
And scrub the floors and such.
But what's there to do on a fine white horse?
It seems to me not much!

If I had a wooden boat,
I'd take you for a sail today,
But since I have no wooden boat,
Inside I'll have to stay,
And catch and kill the mice
And pluck the chickens for the cook,
But what's there to do on a wooden boat?
But sit up straight and look?

And worry our boat will start to drift,
And float us out to sea,
And land us in an isle of gold!
Oh dear, oh dearie me!

If I had a chambermaid,
I'd take you out to play today.
They say that there's a maze
Where once you enter, there you stay.
For certain we'd get lost
And they'd come looking for our bones,
And find us sometime late next week,
And bring us tea and scones.

But what if there's a clan of
Trolls a-campin 'neath the tree?
Or what if there's a pirate's cave?
Oh dear, oh dear! Oh dearie me!

If I wasn't so afraid,
I'd take you out the door today,
But talking birds and tales of

Fairies keep me scared away.
And yes, I promised not to tell what
Else is there, although
If in the maze you chance to see
A garden guarded by a tree,
And meet a bird who speaks to thee,
Then come and tell my fine white horse
And me.

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