

GRAHSEL'S SONG

PAT
MC INTOSH

White is my horse like a hollow bone
In a windy cleugh, like a tall cloud
Shining in sunlight. Small his head
And broad browed; high he bears it,
The wind sniffing as he walks abroad.
His nostrils neigh with a noise of trumpets,
Pits of fire; as pools of night
Are his large eyes, fringed with lashes
As a lake with sedge. Small his ears
And wide-placed, as pricked and poited
As high Starkhorn, and hear as sharply.
Were I in Edoras and he by Entwash,
My horn's call would he hear clearly
And leave his grazing; leaping he comes
Faster than thought of maiden thinking
Twixt two lovers, trotting to my side,
And bows his head, his bent neck
Is an arching curve like the moon 's crescent,
Like maiden's breath; his mane, flowing,
Ripples like grass in the wind's ranges
On the wide wold. His white tail,
Springing high from his round haunches,
Falls like the Snowbourne. Small his hooves
As a maiden's hand, meet to bear him,
Shod with silver. In his swift running
The wind, leaping on the open wold
Cannot catch him; we cruise the fields
On the downs' carrack, with cunning prow
And a fair figure-head. Before my house
My sons frolic under his fetlocks,
My girls bridle him; but when battle-horns
Sound in his ears, and standards blowing
Crack in the wind, his white hooves
Sharp and swinging, with savage blows
He dances death to my sword's drumming.