

Horace The Hobby Horse



Horace the Hobby Horse hardly ever leaves Hampshire
Preferring to prance in his paddock, playing with his pre-teen patrons, Peter and Petunia
Sashaying across the sward, swathed in silky silks and sumptuous satin
Green garters and garish jumpers, garnished with garnets which gleam and glow even in the gloaming

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Then one particular day the part-time postman popped his peaked cap around the poppies
"Special delivery, sign here" says he, "something to get 'cited about"
The card contained the caption "Hobby Horse festival" and an invitation
"Dear Horace, please join us for the 10th Birthday of the Banbury Hobby Horse Festival
RSVP Verna and Steven"

Horace the Hobby Horse left Hampshire
Big city Banbury beckoned, beamed Horace, boulevards of bouquets, bags of
bonhomie, and buxom barmaids, blushed Horace.
Heaps of hobby horses, hobnobbing and horsing around happily
With Demons deftly demonstrating daftness, daring and dark ale drinking

Horace the Hobby Horse returned to Hampshire
Nurturing new friendships with the neighbourly New Forest ponies
Discoursing dynamically with the donkeys and the dotty deer
Cheerfully conversing with contented cattle at the convivial watering holes
Horace the Hobby Horse was home

Written by Jules Procter, June 2010

