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# The Bonny Gray Mare

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# The Bonny Grey Mare;

OR,

## MARCIA TRIUMPHANT.

**Y**OU Gentlemen Sportsmen give ear to my song,  
Its of a Grey Mare that can trip it along;  
But a many have said that she does not run fast,  
But if they beat her at first she will beat them at last.

Her name it is Marcia, that bonny Grey Mare,  
For whatever she runs with she does not much care,  
For she lays herself out, and trips o'er the ground,  
So I think there is few such as her to be found,

Haphazard and Marcia has oftentimes met,  
And great sums of money betwixt 'em been bet;  
A race over Knavesmire, it was so near run,  
It was hard to determine which of them won.

Brave Marcia has won, great many did cry,  
But others asserted—No, that's all my eye;  
Again it was shouted Haphazard did win,  
So unto Haphazard it was given in.

Now brave Mr Garforth he did not much care,  
To Pomfret she went, and met Haphazard there;  
Great sums there were bet before they did run,  
And soon 'twas determin'd brave Marcia had won.

Next unto Doncaster away she was sent,  
Leaving the friends of Haphazard in sad discontent,  
To Doncaster, alas! he durst not come there,  
For fear of being beat again by the Grey Mare.

There was a son of Queen Mab, and likewise Sir Paul,  
And bonny brave Staveley which was thought best of all;  
To start then they went, and off soon they run,  
An excellent race—brave Marcia she won.

Five times the last year this noble mare she did run,  
And its known very well five prizes she won;  
Now she's beat all the best, for the worst she don't care,  
This excellent Marcia, the bonny Grey Mare.

At York the year after, Monday August eighteen,  
A more excellent race scarce ever was seen;  
Sir Paul, her antagonist, a runner is reckon'd,  
But alas! poor Paul, he only came second.

For the Great Subscription on Thursday, she run  
With Lord Darlington's six years old horse Ferguson;  
She beat him with ease, although a good racer,  
But Chariot, Evander, and Paul wou'd'nt face her.

Mr. Garforth's good health, he is worthy of praise;  
And Marcia and Vesta his two bonny Greys;  
Here's a health to the Groom, and Jockey likewise,  
And when Marcia e'er starts she'll sure gain the prize.

Now in a full bumper let this health rebound—  
May Marcia and Vesta amiss ne'er be found;  
Whether four miles or more, I don't care a jack,  
For, if nothing's amiss, they'll win in a crack.