

Primary 6 Girls

The Grey Horse *(by James Reeves)*

A dappled horse stood at the edge of the meadow,
He was peaceful and quiet and grey as a shadow.
Something he seemed to be saying to me
As he stood in the shade of the chestnut tree.

‘It’s a wonderful morning,’ he seemed to say,
‘So jump on my back, and let’s be away!
It’s over the hedge we’ll leap and fly,
And up the hill to the edge of the sky.

‘For over the hill there are fields without end;
On the galloping downs we can run like the wind.
Down pathways we’ll canter, by streams we’ll stray,
Oh, jump on my back and let’s be away!

As I went by the meadow one fine summer morn,
The grey horse had gone like a ghost with the dawn,
He had gone like a ghost and not waited for me,
And it’s over the hilltop he’d surely be.