



*~ Extract from *Mazepra* by Lord Byron*

*With flowing tail, and flying mane,
Wide nostrils never stretch'd by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit and rein,
And feet that iron never shod.*

*And flanks unscarr'd by spur and rod,
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the free,
Came thickly thundering on...*

*They stop, they start, they snuff the air,
Gallop a moment here and there,
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
Then plunging back with sudden bound.*

*Headed by one black mighty steed,
Who seem'd the patriarch of his breed,
Without a single speck of hair
Of white upon his shaggy hide;*

*They snort, they foam, neigh, swerve aside,
And backward to the forest fly,
By instinct, from a human eye.*