



Ballade of Dobbin's Passing

*"Carriages without horses will go."
—Mother Shipton's prophecy, sixteenth century.*

HERE is no sixteenth century queen,
Here is the fruit of prophecy—
Ann O'Domini, '17,
Out in her carriage with no "gee-gee,"
Done with Dobbin for good is she;
Here is a courser that's fleet and new,
"Ah!" sighs Dobbin, "alas, for me!
What is there left for the horse to do?"

What, indeed, on this ball terrene
Faces any discarded "he"?
High in favor he may have been;
All the greater his fall shall be,
Once the pet of the quality,
Then to be notified, "You are through!"
Tears? No wonder, for, Jiminee!
What is there left for the horse to do?

Look at the cars that throng the scene,
Trucks and motors of high degree,
Each a weariless, strong machine,
Speedy, beautiful, glanders-free!
Save to die in the cavalry,
Pose as "beef" in a cheap ragout,
Serve as "H" in the sign "H. P.,"
What is there left for the horse to do?

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Shipton! Seeress, if thou could'st see
This year's Auto Show—Come, go through!
Possibly we might learn from thee
What is there left for the horse to do?
—T. A. DALY.

**AUTO
SHOW
1917**

