

A grey sky meets the greening sea,  
And a breeze strikes from the west.  
The wind, ever rising, throws sea foam,  
And drives the seagulls to their home,  
And the waves both grow and crest.

There, on the beach, there something stands,  
With widening eyes, and tossing mane.  
And faces the sea with a defiant air,  
And gives the waves a wild stare,  
And ignores incoming rain.

His dappled back is strong and broad,  
His tail flows long and free.  
His grey coat gleams in stormy light,  
His noble face is bold and white,  
And he refuses to flee.

Red nostrils flare as the wind blows strong,  
And tries to drive him back,  
But he disregards the coming gale,  
And biting wind and its shrieking wail,  
And the day as it turns to black.

And as the air turns sharp and keen,  
And the waves crash on the rocks,  
He rears and greets oncoming storm,  
And dares the wind to do him harm,  
And then comes down with a shock.

Then with a snort and with a neigh,  
He turns and gallops the beach's course.

And as the breeze sees him disappear,  
Anyone standing there would hear,  
The breeze whisper to anyone near:  
"My friends, that was a horse."