

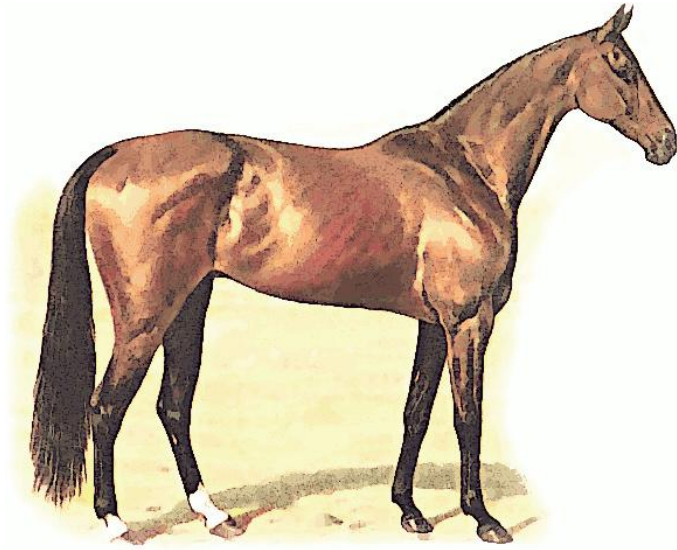


A Horse Copybook

24 short poems and
quips for horse lovers
to copy

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The following pages contain short poems and other horse tidbits to use in the practice of cursive writing.

This copywork book is intended to be used over a period of several weeks.

At the end of the book you will find a page with extra lines. This can be used with any page when the student needs more room to write.

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Thank you!

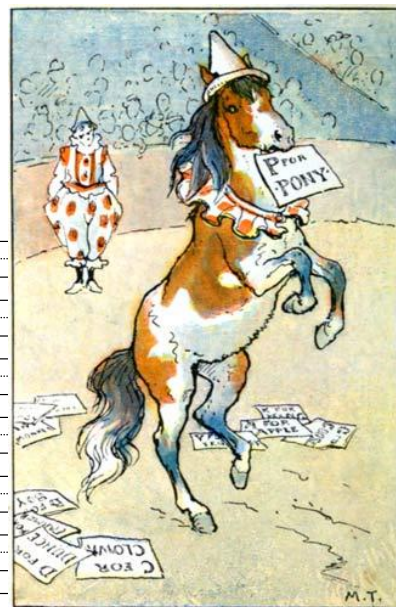
Aadel Bussinger



Cleverness

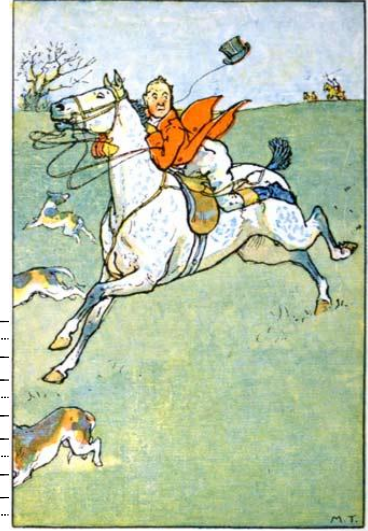
Billy, the circus pony, can
Distinguish letters like a man:
He'll hold up for you in the ring
His D for Dunce and K for King.

With P for Pony he will show
That he his family name doth know;
And he will find the C for clown
And at his feet will put it down.



Willfulness

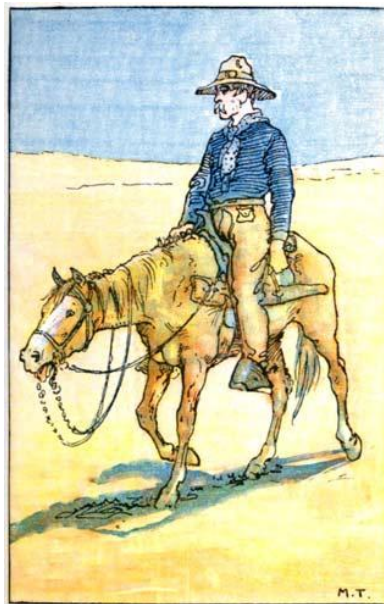
A horse's great red-letter days
Are days of hunting, when his ways
Are often very wilful. Here
See this John Gilpin in great fear.



He came out just to see the Meet,
But the horse thought he would compete
With horses, hounds and fox for place,
And led the man this madcap race.

Intelligence

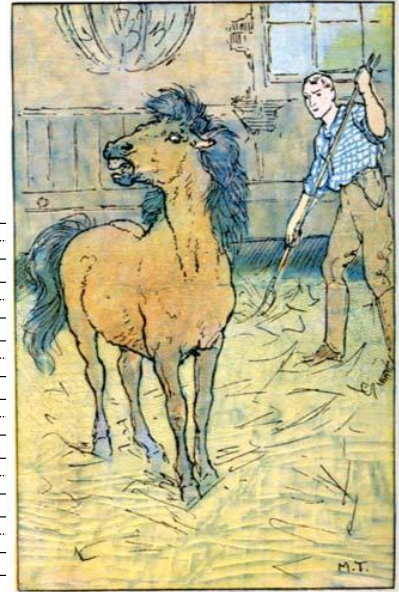
On the prairies in the Far West of America a man lost his way. He had no water to drink, although both he and his horse were parched with thirst. Not knowing where to find water, he cast the reins on the neck of his horse. By means of that wonderful intelligence which some people wrongly call instinct, the horse found his way to a spring, although it was many miles distant. Thus both man and horse were able to quench their thirst, and in this way their lives were saved.



Biting

Peggy is the children's pride,
And she allows them all to ride.
She comes to them whene'er they call,
And loves to have them in her stall.

With others she has wilful ways.
She will be cross with John for days,
Will kick and squeal, will show much spite,
And very often try to bite.



Hunting

What sweeter sound on winter morn
Than music of the hounds and horn?
What prettier sight could e'er be seen
Than hounds and horses on the green?

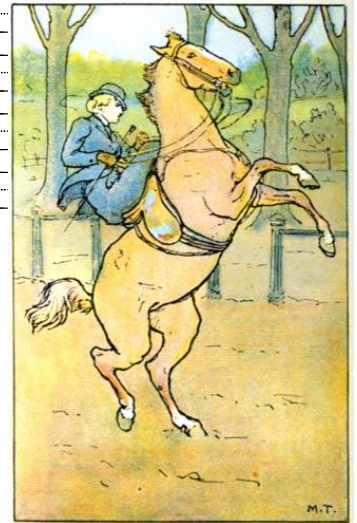
See winding down this country way
An eager throng one winter day.
Keen are the men for sport of course,
But just as keen each hound and horse.



Rearing

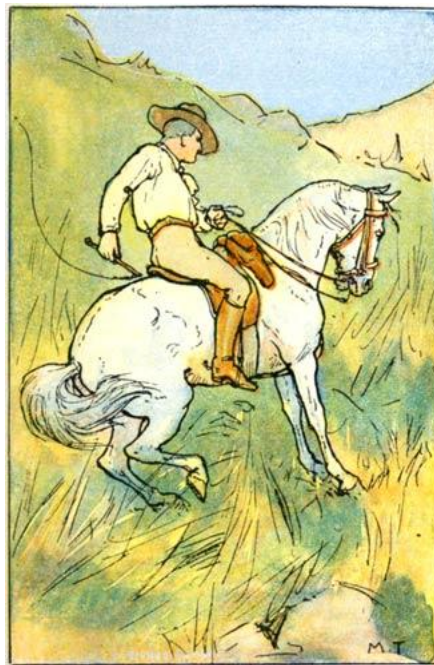
Rearing is an awkward vice,
No rider ever thinks it nice.
When the horse prances on two feet
It's difficult to keep one's seat.

This lady riding in the Row
Is a good rider, you must know.
When on two legs her horse would soar
She quickly brings him down to four.

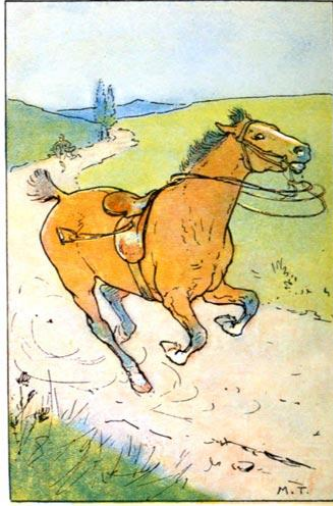


Sagacity

There is danger at this place which the horse can see, but which the rider fails to detect. They are in the midst of a swamp where one false step would mean a horrible death in the quagmire on the verge of which the horse has pulled up. The man uses whip and spur, but the horse refuses to move. Finally the rider leaves the horse to himself to find a way round which brings them both to safety.



Bolting



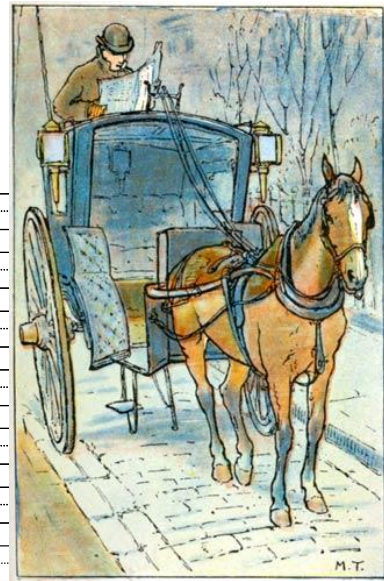
*See this runaway flecked with foam
Galloping fast as he can for home,
Caring nought for the shouting man
Running also as fast as he can.*

*Flung by the bolter on the roadside
Small is his chance of a pleasant ride.
Two legs matched in a race with four
Perhaps they'll meet at the stable door.*

Patience

The cab horse is a useful steed,
Ever handy, good at need
A patient uncomplaining jade,
What should we do without his aid?

By day, by night he may be had,
Be the weather good or be it bad.
Many a knock and many a fall
He gets, and yet survives them all.



Bucking

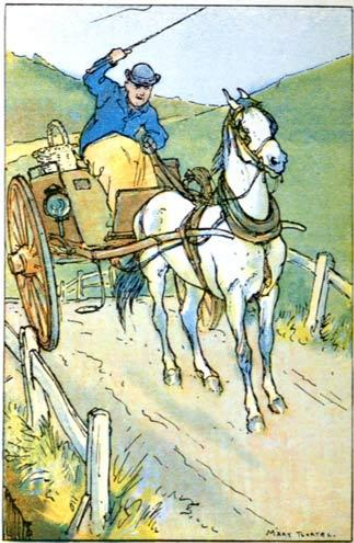


*When horses buck they take a bound
With all their four feet off the ground.
Unless they know just what to do
And how to keep their seats all through.*

*The riders come off fast and thick
When horses start this Yankee trick.
But with the cowboys of the West
The horses come off second best.*

Jibbing

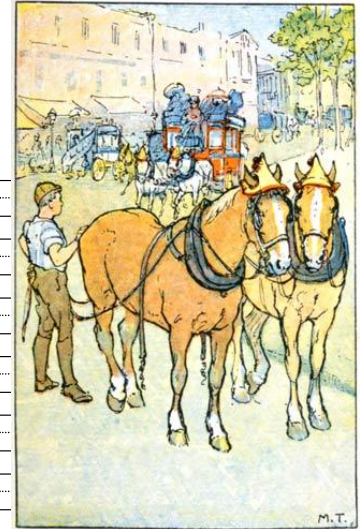
*Of all the tiresome steeds that are
The jibber is the worst by far.
He stands and contemplates the scene
An act embarrassing and mean.*



*And nine times out of ten he chooses
An awkward spot when he refuses
To move. To cure him, take him out
And turn the jibber round about.*

Service

The Bus horse does not work all day,
For if he did he'd waste away.
He does his work and then is able
To take a long rest in the stable.

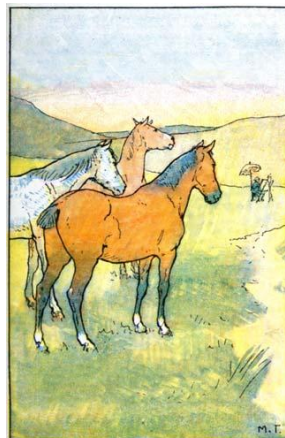


When summer suns beat down upon it
His head is sheltered by a bonnet;
And though it makes him look a duffer,
He hasn't half the heat to suffer.

Curiosity

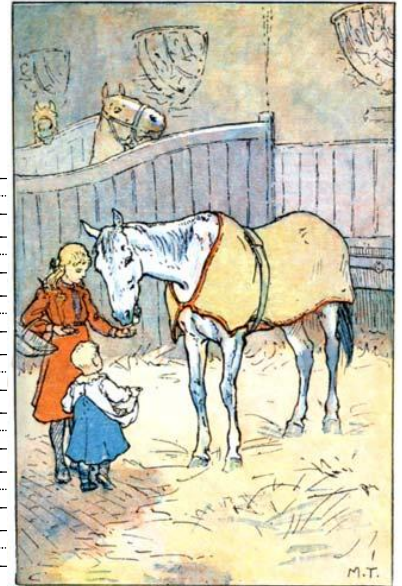
All horses very curious are
And things which they espy afar
Arouse their curiosity:
They wonder what on earth they see.

With ears pricked up and cautious mien
They come to see. When they have seen,
They snort and turn and off they scurry
In a contemptuous desperate hurry.



Old Age

*This horse's working days are o'er.
The shafts and saddle nevermore
Shall hold him. Here he waits his end
Cared for by those who love to tend*



*An old companion. He may rest
In his loose box or take the best
Of grazing which the meadows give
A pensioner while he shall live.*

A series of horizontal lines for writing, consisting of solid top and bottom lines with a dotted midline, repeated down the page.