

Dapple Gray

I had a little horse, his name was Dapple Gray;
His legs were made of cornstalks, his body made of hay.
I saddled him and bridled him and rode him off to town;
Up came a puff of wind, and blew him up and down.
The saddle flew off, and I let go,—
Now didn't my horse make a pretty little show?

