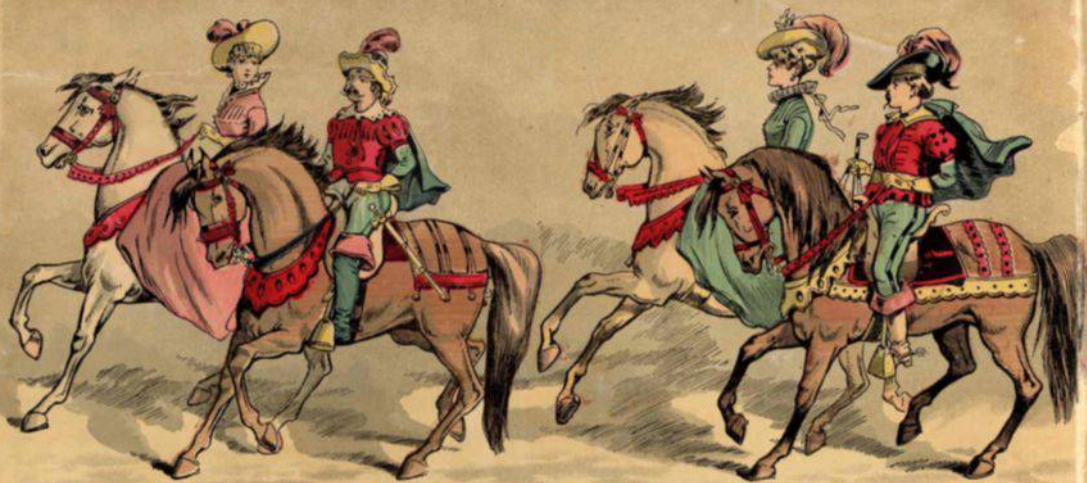


The CIRCUS PROCESSION



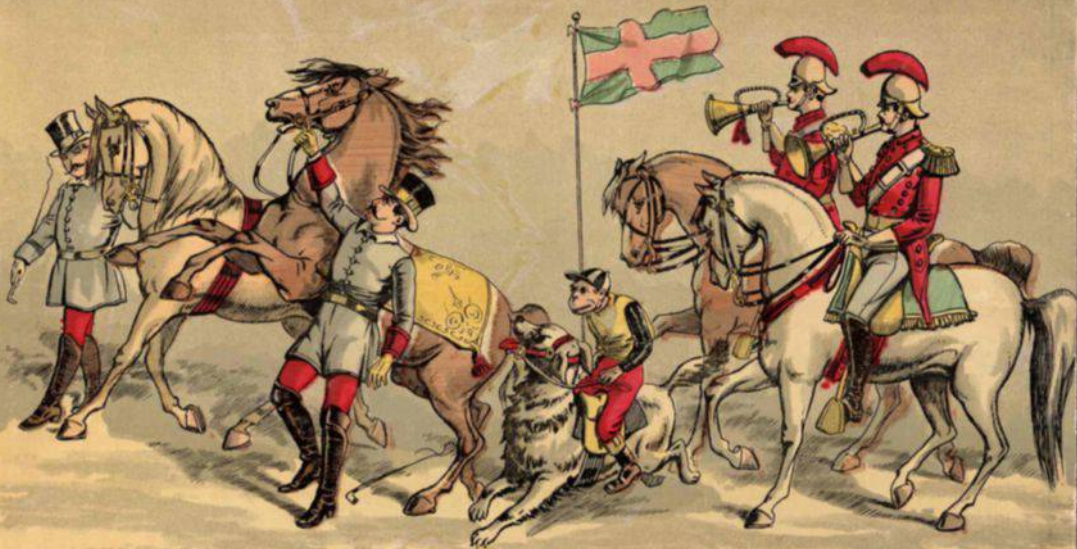
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THE CIRCUS PROCESSION.

Open the gates, and draw the curtain,
Here comes something fine, that's certain;
Louder the band begins to play,
Open the gates, and clear the way!

Enters a Queen with a King beside her;
Every horse is proud of his rider;
Two by two they march to the tune,
And head the procession that will follow soon.



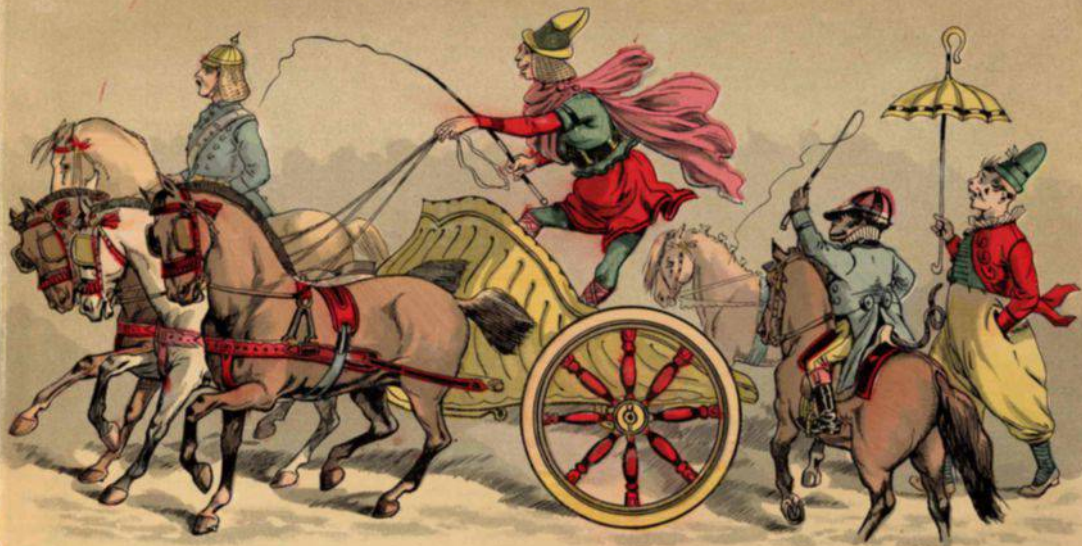
Men in livery, in their places,
Make the gay steeds keep their paces,
Soothing down their wildest fears
At the rising shouts and cheers.

Jocko, in these sports a sharer,
Acts the part of a standard-bearer,
While behind him soldiers gay
Bugle notes of victory play.



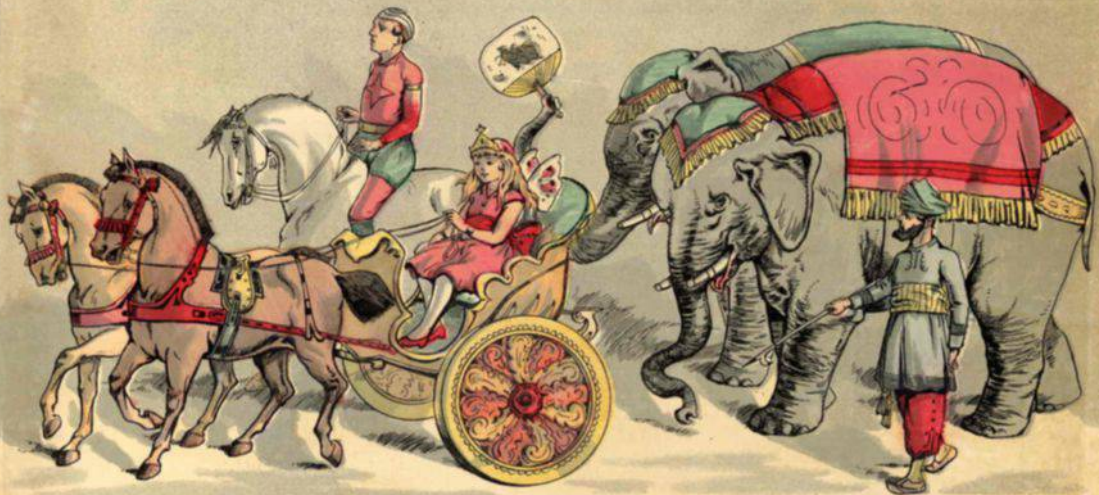
Now a Clown in line appearing
With a tandem, swells the cheering;
Standing on his Horse's back
Thus he guides them round the track.

On a Donkey rides another,
Quite as funny as his brother,
Blowing bugle notes so loud,
He astonishes the crowd.



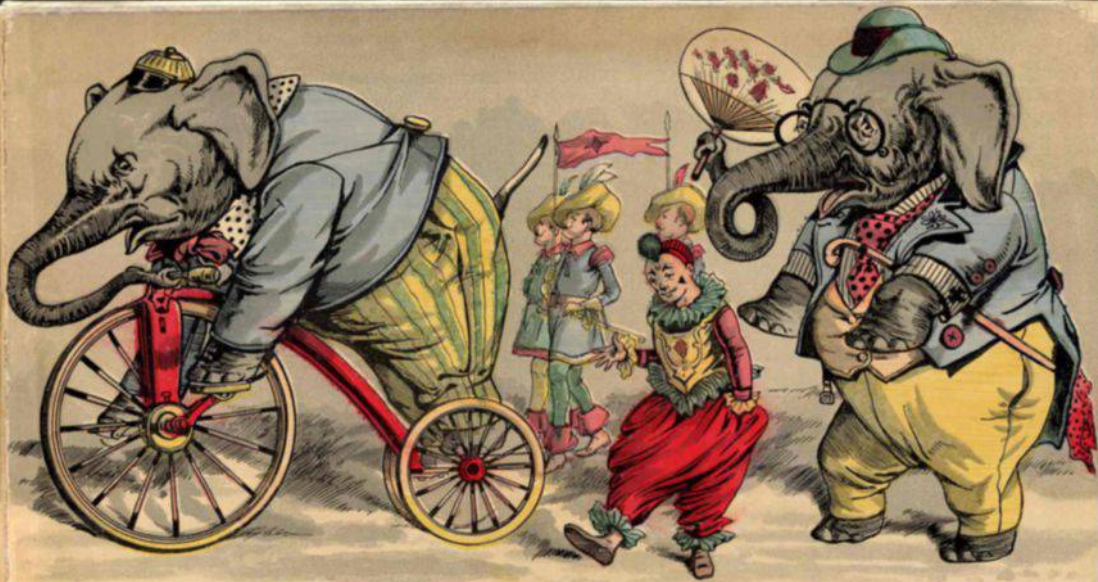
Here's another Clown arriving,
In a chariot he is driving;
Like a noble Roman drest,
Lo, he guides three steeds abreast!

Nimble little Monkey, Tony,
Rides along upon a pony,
Followed by a stupid Clown,
Who thinks the rain is pouring down.



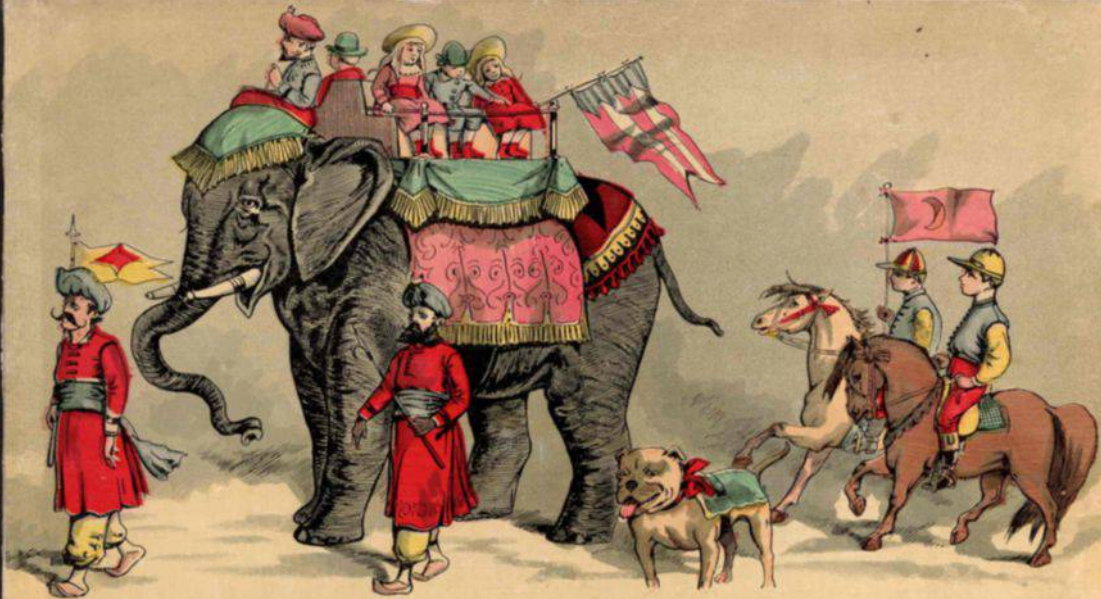
Here's a creature, young and slender,
Drest in robes of dazzling splendor,
In a chariot decked with gold;—
She's the Fairy Queen I'm told.

Close behind her two enormous
Elephants, first-rate performers,
Stalk along with heavy tread,
Sending on their trunks ahead.



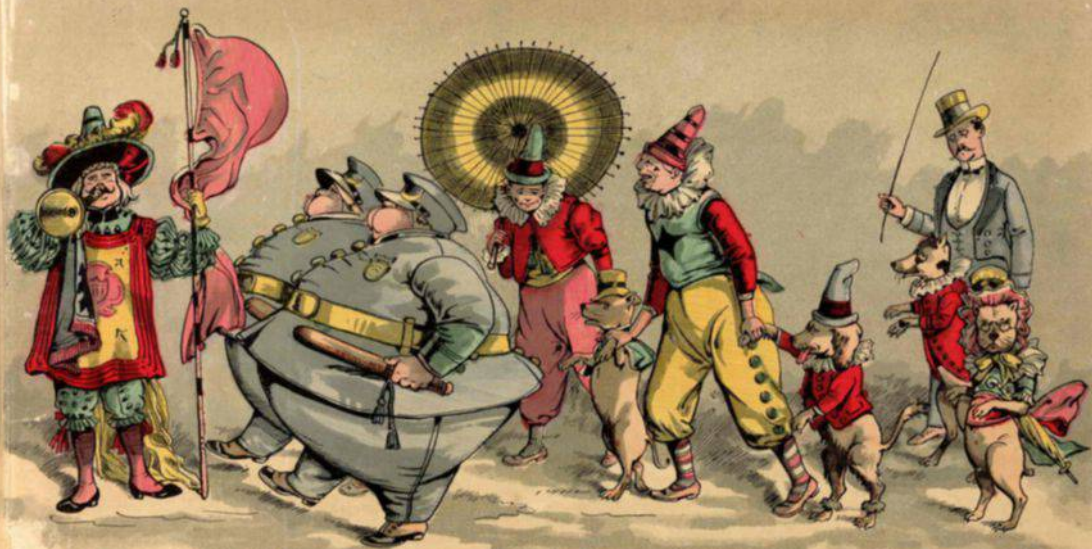
Here is something very funny,
Surely worth the entrance money;
At the sight what laughter peals!—
'Tis an Elephant on wheels!

Close behind him a relation,
In a state of perspiration,
Dons his specs, and wields his fan
Just like any gentleman.



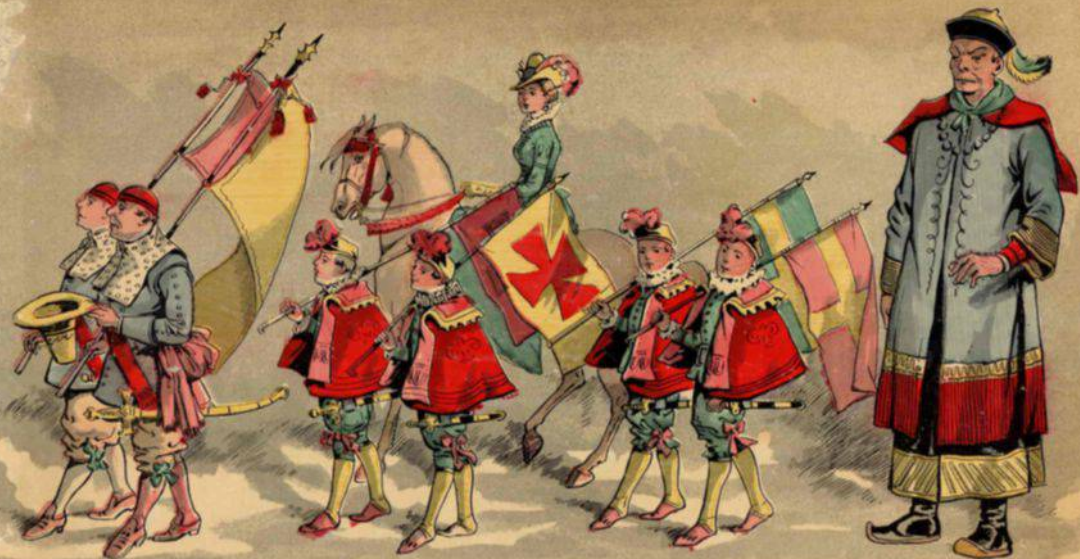
Here is Jumbo, gentle creature,
Kindness shown in every feature;
On his back the children are,
Safe as in a jaunting car.

Shetland ponies—small and stocky—
Each one mounted by a jockey—
March 'twixt Elephants and Giraffes;
'Tis no wonder Towser laughs.



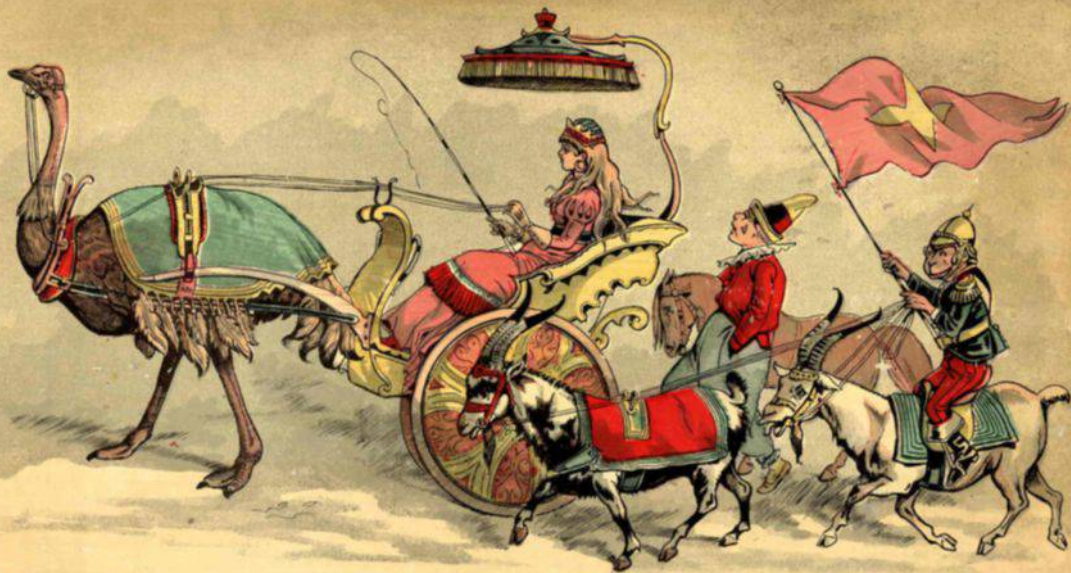
Hark, the trumpet loudly pealing
Knocks the plaster from the ceiling,
As there marches on the course
The Jumbos of the police-force.

Clowns, and Dogs with queer expression
Have their place in this procession ;
And 'tis hard for dogs, I know,
On their two hind legs to go.



Who are these with courtly manners
Bearing lofty poles and banners?
Faithfully they represent
Followers of the tournament.

Next a line of pretty pages
Our attention close engages;
The Chinese Giant in the rear
Making them like dwarfs appear.



Here's a funny turnout, surely,
With an Ostrich lashed securely
To a coach, Zenobia shares!
And well the bird the burden bears!

Goats upon the mountains ramble,
And in harness sometimes amble;
But a tandem-team like this,
Is a sight you should not miss.



Through the desert Camels travel,
Speeding o'er the sand and gravel,
Bearing heavy burdens too,
Which in our land they could not do.

Here the roads are rough and stony;
And the Camel's back's so bony,
None but Clowns would dare to go
On them, with the Circus Show.



Goodness gracious! Did you ever?
Here are harnessed up quite clever
Two Giraffes! The whip they heed;
Nor venture at a break-neck speed.

A Soldier comes! On stilts he's stalking!
Back of him a Dude is walking,
Either side of him a friend
As you can see;—AND THAT'S THE END!

THE CIRCUS PROCESSION



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