

I've been to lots of County Shows and ridden "sideways on",  
With mounts of various shapes and sizes - had a lot of fun.  
I've stood at the bottom and the top and find it very true  
That though the distance is not great  
There's a vastly different view!  
I've sloshed around thro' mud and rain and tried to look the part  
With water dripping from my brim and terror in my heart.  
Down the grandstand side we've flown, bucking, cavorting, crabbing,  
No brakes, no manners, half-way off and for the pommels grabbing.  
Hauled myself up and breathed a sigh ....Later to be told,  
That all the stand heard dreadful words that from my lips had rolled!  
Typically then, for the lady judge, the horse so sweetly goes  
It moves on castors meek and mild and every movement flows.  
For all the grandstand who were there, the very worst to watch.  
I'm branded as an equestrian navy with language of course to match!  
Without a care I battle on, experience being the thing,  
But it's funny how folks always bring up the worst, when they're remembering!  
"Oh you were the girl on the heavyweight grey, seven or eight years back.  
You disappeared at Warp Factor 10, thought it a racecourse track.  
You left the place in quite a spin ended up quite in the collecting ring!"  
I remembered it well and had said with a sigh, to an observer standing-by.  
"Do you think I should go back in?" (His withering stare collapsed to a grin)  
"If I were you luv I'd take it away  
Get sommat decent .....I've a nice little bay....!"  
When brakes have failed and motorbike turns are order of the day.  
And kamikaze ladies are causing great melee.  
My horse could often go quite well and really look his best.  
But yet we stood, there in the line, way below the rest.  
I didn't mind 'cos through it all  
I really must admit, that riding on a ladies horse  
There's no other way to sit.  
The art of riding sideways is there for all to see  
And a little piece of England past  
Sits up there with me!