

Charles Kingsley (1819-75)

2 *Ballad: Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe*

1

'Are you ready for your steeple-chase, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe?

Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Baree,
You're booked to ride your capping race to-day at Coulterlee,
You're booked to ride Vindictive, for all the world to see,
To keep him straight, and keep him first, and win the run for me.

5

Barum, Barum,' etc.

2

She clasped her new-born baby, poor Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe,
'I cannot ride Vindictive, as any man might see,
And I will not ride Vindictive, with this baby on my knee;
He's killed a boy, he's killed a man, and why must he kill me?'

10

3

'Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe,
Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulterlee,
And land him safe across the brook, and win the blank for me,
It's you may keep your baby, for you'll get no keep from me.'

4

'That husbands could be cruel,' said Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe,
'That husbands could be cruel, I have known for seasons three;
But oh! to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for me,
And be killed across a fence at last for all the world to see!'

15

5

She mastered young Vindictive — Oh! the gallant lass was she,

And kept him straight and won the race as near as near could be; 20
But he killed her at the brook against a pollard willow tree,
Oh! he killed her at the brook, the brute, for all the world to see,
And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine, Lorrène.

1874

(From *Poems*. London: Macmillan, 1889)