

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, 15
‘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!’

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

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