

It's awfully bad luck on Diana  
Her ponies have swallowed their bits  
She fished down their throats with a spanner  
And frightened them all into fits

So now she's attempting to borrow  
Do lend her some bits Mummy do  
I'll lend her my own for tomorrow  
But today I'll be wanting them too

Just look at Prunella on Guzzle  
The wizardest pony on earth  
Why doesn't she slacken his muzzle  
And tighten the breech in his girth

I say Mummy there's Mrs. Geyser  
And doesn't she look pretty sick  
I bet it's because Mona Lisa  
Was hit on the hock with a brick

Miss Blewitt says Monica threw it  
But Monica says it was Joan  
And Joan's very thick with Miss Blewitt  
So Monica's sulking alone

And Margaret failed in her paces  
Her withers got tied in a noose  
So her coronets caught in the traces  
And now all her fetlocks are loose

Oh it's me now I'm terribly nervous  
I wonder if Smudges will shy  
She's practically certain to swerve us  
Her Pelham is over one eye

Oh wasn't it naughty of Smudges  
Oh Mummy I'm sick with disgust  
She threw me in front of the judges  
And my silly old collarbone's bust