

Official Programme £3.00

# King George Day

Featuring The King George VI &  
Queen Elizabeth Stakes

Saturday 28<sup>th</sup> July 2007

Ascot 

## The Ascot Bell

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Destiny answers when fate comes a calling  
For some it's a blessing, for others appalling  
For all there's a point when we're faced with a truth  
Whether Life, Death or Taxes, Rum, Scotch or Vermouth

And for Race fans such moments are found on the course  
When the field turns for home and you ask, 'where's my horse'  
And you pray, as connections, or one with a bet  
Though the outlook seems grim, you ain't seen the best yet

Now of all the arena's, there's one where you know  
That the moment is on, the excuse has to go  
When the wheat drops the chaff and the race comes to life  
And you don't give a damn about hats or the wife

Do I speak of the corner beneath Tattenham Hill  
Or the fence before Bechers, do I speak of the thrill  
When the field hits the Bushes, when Heaven meets Hell  
No I speak of a sound and that sound is a Bell

Unique in her calling, her tone strikes a fear  
And she conjures up memories that last through the years  
Did Bustino and Grundy to her chime so decide  
That the Race of the Century was theirs to provide

Does a Jockey wake up in the depths of the night  
Does he hear her, recoiling; does he relive the plight  
When he should have been somewhere, but couldn't be found  
And upon the crowd favourite, can't make up the ground

But not Piggott, not Lester who re-defined great  
Whose eleven Gold Cups say it all, no debate  
For him she was muffled, just a gentle reminder  
Of the glory to come; in his head you could find her

For the owners and trainers who's victories she's rung  
For Beeswing, Sagaro, The Flying Dutchman  
For Ardross, for Generous, avenged Dancing Brave  
Her ring was like music they took to the grave

But the flip-side is harsh and the list there is long  
Of the days when fate chose a more punishing song  
When tears flowed and names didn't make honour's roll  
Look back and you'll find out for whom the bell tolls.

The two mares stand out when you study this past  
Where without Macbeth's witches, they felt the Heath's blast  
Pretty Polly and Sceptre, both Titans of Sport  
Failed to wake when she rang; on the turn they were caught

An Italian once heard her one fine afternoon  
Without need of a Rocket he flew to the moon  
For racing he brought us back manna from Heaven  
How she rang for Dettori's Magnificent Seven

So how do you feel when you hear that bell ring  
Does she peel, does she toll a death knell, does she sing  
Well she heralds a moment for all in this game  
And she treats two imposters as one, just the same

Enthralled I shall stand and I'll listen and wait  
For the instant I know that I'll relish or I'll hate  
For the signal she gives that says all in life's well  
Or I'm doomed, like my horse by the great Ascot Bell

