



Desert Orchid's Gold

The day grows old, as dusk sets in,
A shroud of darkness falls
And in my chair beside the fire
I close my eyes, my mind recalls

It was Cheltenham on a winters day
The going soft, the sky so grey
We gathered there, chill'd to the bone
To pay tribute to the horse we'd made our own

The rains, they lashed upon the hill
The people looked forlorn
For in our hearts, to much dismay
We thought he'd be withdrawn

And on that windswept park we stood
In wild anticipation
To see this race, The Gold Cup,
Prove the best horse in the nation

The tapes went up and off they set,
Desert Orchid led the pack
But thoughts of doubt danced in our heads
For this was not his track

When Carvill's Hill went tumbling
All the Irish on the course
Put their faith in Desert Orchid
To weather their remorse.

Ten Plus, a fine young Chaser
Built of old fashioned mould
Took up the pace with three to go,
So fleet of foot and jumping bold

But this was not to be his day
As we all sadly know,
For at this fence, Fulke Walwyn's steed
Was dealt fate's cruellest blow.

Desert Orchid hit the front
But from the crowd there came a groan
And a blind man would have realized
That the grey was not alone.

The villain of the piece, he loomed
Yahoo, Oh no we cried
But the grey dug deep, for on this day
He would not be denied.

Like a stag he leapt and how we gazed
In awe, respect and wonder
As this figurehead, who clad in white
Unleashed his power like thunder.

Yahoo, a well known mudlark
Took the last a length ahead,
But the grey horse came a running
While the rest were left for dead.

So up the hill a battle fought
With courage forged from fire
Neck and neck, stride for stride
It would go down to the wire.

Finally our dreams came true
A roar rang through the stand
As the mighty grey passed by the post
The champion of the land.

When Desert Orchid leaves us
For the land of pastures pure
He'll run with a horse named Arkle
Of that, you can be sure.

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Illustration by Camilla Edwards.

