

How Salvator Won - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

HOW SALVATOR WON.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The gate was thrown open, I rode out alone,
More proud than a monarch who sits on a throne.
I am but a jockey, but shout upon shout
Went up from the people who watched me ride out:
And the cheers that rang forth from that warm-hearted crowd
Were as earnest as those to which monarch e'er bowed.

My heart thrilled with pleasure, so keen it was pain.
As I putted my Salvator's soft silken mane;
And a sweet shiver shot from his hide to my hand
As we passed by the multitude down to the stand.
The great waves of cheering came billowing back,
As the hoofs of brave Tenny ran swift down the track;
And he stood there beside us, all bone and all muscle,
Our noble opponent, well trained for the tussle
That waited us there on the smooth shining course.
My Salvator fair to the lovers of horse.
As a beautiful woman is fair to man's sight-
Pure type of the thoroughbred, clean limbed and bright,
Stood taking the plaudits as only his due
And nothing at all unexpected or new.

And then, there before us the bright flag is spread,
There's a roar from the grand stand, and Tenny's ahead;
At the sound of the voices that shouted "a go!"
He sprang like an arrow shot straight from the bow.
I tighten the reins no Prince Charlie's great son,
He is off like a rocket, the race is begun.
Half way down the furlong their heads are together,
Scarce room 'twixt their noses to wedge in a feather,
Past grand stand, and judges, in neck-to-neck strife,
Ah! Salvador, boy! 'tis the race of your life,

I press my knees closer, I coax him, I urge-
I feel him go out with a leap and a surge;
I see him creep on, inch by inch, stride by stride,
While backward, still backward, falls Tenny beside.
We are hearing the turn, the first quarter is passed-
'Twixt leader and chaser The daylight is cast;
The distance elongates, still Tenny sweeps on,
As graceful and free-limbed and swift as a fawn.
His awkwardness vanished, his muscles all strained-
A noble opponent, well born and well trained

I glanced o'er my shoulder-hah, Tenny, the cost
Of that one, one seconds flagging will be-the race lost.
One second's weak yielding of courage and strength,
And the day light between us has doubled its length.
The first mile is covered, the race is mine-no!
For the blue blood of Tenny responds to a blow.
He shoots through the air like a ball from a gun,
And the two lengths between us are shortened to one.
My heart is contracted, my throat feels a lump.
For Tenny's long neck is at Salvator's rump;
And now with new coinage, grown bolder and holder,
I see him once mote running shoulder to shoulder.
With knees, hands and body I press my grand steed;
I urge him, I coax him, I pray him to heed;
Oh, Salvator, Salvator! list to my calls,
For the blow of my whip will hurt both if it falls.
There's a roar from the crowd like the ocean in storm,
As close to my saddle leaps 'Kenny's great form;
One more mighty plunge, and with knee, limb and hand
I lift my horse first by a nose past the stand.

From the music archive at www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

We are "under the string now-the great race is done.
And Salvator, Salvator, Salvator won!

Cheer, hoar-headed patriarchs! cheer loud. I say;
'Tis the race of a century witnessed to-day:
Though ye live twice the space that's allotted to men
Ye never will see such a grand race again.
Let the shouts of the populace roar like the surf
For Salvator, Salvator, king of the turf;
He has rivalled the record for thirteen long years,
He has won the first place in the vast line of peers.
'Twas a neck-to-neck contest, a grand, honest race,
And even his enemies grant him his place.
Down into the dust let old records be hurled,
And hang out 2:05 in the gaze of the world.