



A NEW SONG IN PRAISE OF
**M. CLIFFORDS YOUNG
PLANETT**
COMPOSED BY THOMAS WALSH

In Gibbons town there is a steed Young Plattett, call'd by name
The property of P Clifford remark what I explain,
The finest figure of a horse there is none could him exceed,
Were you to trace his pedigree there is no better breed,

You would admire that grand entire, the foremost of the day,
From all the rest that I have seen he really takes the sway,
Could I indite like other Poets to write I would not cease,
You must admit that he is fit to get the greatest praise,

Short legs and powerful body nearly sixteen hands high,
And for to equal him in strength the rest I do defy,
The great Weatherly bought his brother a at the age of 7 I hear
For 2 hundred guineas ready gold & did not think him dear,

Old Plattett was a powerful horse and he is just the same,
And well known in this country recorded for his fame,
It would serch the wit of Homer tho he had a right good head
To give the praises really due to Cliffords through bred,

There is nothing like good breeding for either man or beast,
His grand majestic form would surely take your tast,
If I was fit to give him praise indeed I would do my best,
In every shape I must allow he exceeds all the rest,

His colour is most beautiful a rich and splendid brown,
The owner is P. Clifford that lives in Gibbins-town,
A warm hearted Irish-man no doubt but that's his name,
I wish him health long life and wealth great cattle to maintain

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