

## How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix

I sprang to the stirrup, and Jorris, and he;  
I galloped, dirk galloped, we galloped all three;  
'God speed!' cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;  
'Speed!' echoed the wall to us galloping through;  
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,  
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other, we kept the great pace  
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our  
place;  
I turned in my saddle and made the girths tight,  
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,  
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,  
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

Robert Browning

