

With sup I'm a brace,  
You hope is enough;  
Alone I'm some docks,  
With sailors and stuff.

*What am I? .....*

Though you sing my praises,  
I'll be gone by summer;  
I'm stuck in this old bed,  
You crush me in slumber.

*What am I? .....*

My age is paper-covered,  
With perhaps a large bow;  
And my back is full of things,  
For people on the go.

*What am I? .....*

My back isn't seen,  
When you're at a play;  
My coach has a team,  
Of horses today.

*What am I? .....*