

In any way that needs must be,  
 By pen, or law, or chivalry.  
 But friends, we have not yet told you  
 How Tait this wrong first plan'd to do,  
 How he proposed to play the game  
 With which we find so much to blame,  
 A little game, just so to speak,  
 Like blindman's buff or hide and seek,  
 Sketch'd out and plan'd (we hope in vain)  
 In poor wee Johnnie's subtle brain—  
 The object that he had in view,  
 In what he pledged himself to do.  
 He pledged his word, he promised fair,  
 We wish that we had made him swear;  
 Not only swear, but write it too,  
 Then sign his name, to hold the Jew.  
 As slippery as a slimy eel,  
 In falsehood clothed from head to heel.  
 He pledged his word, he did agree  
 That if the cow should prove to be  
 "Proved in calf," thus did he say,  
 He would five dollars extra pay.  
 The cow? ah well, she had a calf.  
 And old Tait's promise? light as chaff,  
 Nay, worse than this, as you will see.  
 He said he only did agree  
 To pay the money (a black lie)  
 In case the cow calv'd in July.  
 Tait and this lie so nicely fit  
 He should a patent get for it,  
 And we pray God that we may die  
 Before we meet another lie  
 Quite big enough to match and mate  
 With this one fathered by John Tait.  
 But don't suppose our wives were caught  
 In such a trap; they never thought,  
 Much less for sure did they agree  
 To such a strange absurdity;  
 Where would they be on such a day?  
 Eight hundred miles or more away,  
 And we would ask you, honest friend,  
 How could they to this thing attend;  
 Thus you will see how old John Tait  
 Can cheat and lie—equivocate,  
 Poor Johnnie Tait, old Johnnie Tait,  
 Poor cursing, swearing Johnnie Tait,  
 Old brawling, blairing Johnnie Tait,  
 Old Johnnie Tait, poor Johnnie Tait,  
 Poor cursing, swearing Johnnie Tait,  
 Old Johnnie Tait who bought the cow,  
 Of which we have just told you now,