

On his one-legged stool, so busy
As the farmer sat,
Suddenly, like ball at cricket
Spinning from a bat,

From between his knees the bucket
Banged against the wall,
And what little milk was in it
Showered around the stall.

Then he took a piece of bale rope,
And, with many a turn,
To the stall and to a wall-post
Moored her, stem and stern.

"Now," said he, "my lady Fidget,
Do the worst you can ;"
And again, with steady cadence,
Fast the white streams ran.

Patiently she stood, in silent
Meditation wrapt,
Till the heavy pail was brimming,
Then—the sisal snapt.

Rampant overhead, her dewlaps
On his shoulders come ;
Prone he falls, and, grovelling, wallows
In the seething foam !