

The highway was hot and dusty, oppressive the air;  
The sun on the tired bullocks beat down with pitiless  
glare.

Mere living skeletons were they, their worn-out hides  
scarce covering their aching bones;

Hunger and thirst were their daily lot, while many a  
cruel blow

Forced them to drag their heavy load, though weary  
their gait and slow;

The look in their eyes was pitiful, so full of helpless  
pain,

While ever the cruel driver showered his blows like  
rain.

Have ye no heart, ye men of the East, that ye treat  
dumb creatures so?

Does it help you to bear your own weary lot to add to  
their tale of woe?

Bruised and maim, half-blind, and halt, you drive  
them: until they drop!

Oh, had I the power I would wield it, such cruelty to  
stop;

When I see you prod them with pointed stick, my soul  
cries in answering pain;

Oh, why will you treat your oxen so, and give to your  
land this stain?

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