

Poor wee pale-faced Johnnie Tait,  
 Whom Satan did inoculate  
 With love of plunder and of pelf,  
 In hopes to make him like himself  
 While yet an infant at the breast,  
 And in her arms his mother prest  
 Her poor, pale, puny, peevish pet,  
 To still his cries while he did fret  
 For "licorice ball" or "candy stick,"  
 Because she knew 'twould make him sick  
 To give him all for which he craved,  
 So young by selfish greed enslaved.  
 Old Johnnie Tait, poor Johnnie Tait,  
 Who should his sins expatriate,  
 Shut up within a strong stone jug,  
 This two-legged old potato bug :  
 Old Johnnie Tait who bought a cow,  
 Of which we mean to tell you now,  
 Tell you where and when and how  
 Old Johnnie Tait once bought a cow  
 Bought a cow, bought a cow,  
 How Johnnie Tait once bought a cow.  
 And this the burden of our song,  
 Incited by a sense of wrong,  
 A truthful story to unfold  
 Of Johnnie's greed and love for gold,  
 His greedy, grasping avarice,  
 The old tap-root of every vice—  
 Old Johnnie Tait, poor Johnnie Tait,  
 Poor wee pale-faced Johnnie Tait,  
 Poor wee snail-paced Johnnie Tait,  
 Always watching on the sly  
 Like an old rat with hungry eye,  
 Some poor fool to gull and cheat,  
 Moving round on slippered feet,  
 Like crafty cat or cunning snake  
 Gliding through a bushy brake,  
 When he sees a likely chance  
 His own mean interests to advance.  
 Old Johnnie Tait, poor Johnnie Tait,  
 Poor old blear-eyed Johnnie Tait,  
 Poor old queer-eyed Johnnie Tait  
 Knows how to lie, prevaricate,  
 And we, to prove that this is true,  
 This little story tell to you,  
 Just tell you when and where and how  
 Old Johnnie Tait once bought a cow,  
 Bought a cow, bought a cow,  
 Tell you where and when and how  
 Old Johnnie Tait once bought a cow,  
 And this the reason why we prod  
 This poor old fellow—it is odd