

Oho ! they fill the turnip field,
Cows gobbling all they can ;
But see the huge, ungainly form
That lumbers in their van !

The moon, the calm, indifferent moon,
My frenzied fury mocks,
As round and round the field I tear
After that dreadful ox.

I cleared the place, but not before
The crop was half destroyed ;
Now many a night-alarm have I,
And many an hour employed

In mending gaps, for though no more
That ox will wander free,
The cows, through his example, are
Almost as bad as he.

But I have seen the foolishness
Of trifling with a thief,
And so this good but erring ox
Will very soon be beef.