

You never move. For your voracious need  
Mysterious broths are brought you from afar ;  
Strange messes coax you if you're off your feed  
(Not that you ever are !);

The great trough yawns beneath your very snout ;  
You eat, you sleep, upon the selfsame spot ;  
People object to see you move about,  
They'd rather you did not.

O Hog, so unsuspecting and so fat,  
Do you suppose that these attentions spring  
From Man's great kindness ? If you swallow that,  
You'd swallow anything.

Oft have I noticed, hovering round the sty  
Where you, unknowing, snore in Morpheus' arms,  
A gross red man, who, with an owner's eye,  
Approves your bulging charms.

Darkly he prods you with his oaken staff  
Like this—I'm sorry—and remains awhile  
Gloating ; and laughs a grim, carnivorous laugh,  
While you sleep on, and smile.

O Hog, so fat, so green, did you awake  
To the ferocious menace of those eyes,  
You would sleep less, methinks, but you would take  
A deal more exercise.