

TO A LADY,

WHOSE COWS EAT OFF THE AUTHOR'S FLOWERS.

Pray Madam! have you noticed that your butter, made
of late,

Has a flavour quite peculiar, from what your cows
have ate?

If not, I think you may detect it if you try,
For they always bite my flowers off each time that
they go by.

I speak of them—but let me lay the blame where it
should fall,

There is but one that I have caught—I don't accuse
them all;

A large white hided beast is she, with horns and
scowling brow,

That cow is really ugly, or at least I think her so!

Each morning when the other cows go to the river's
brink,
Her eye is on my wall-flowers;—she does not care to
drink,
And if I am not in the way to make her hasten on,
Her long rough tongue is round the leaves, and
quickly they are gone.

Think how provoking 'tis to me her heavy awkward
fect,
Should trample down my pansies, and my mignonette
so sweet :
To have my thrift, my London pride, my daisies white
and red,
All crushed and trampled in the earth beneath her
heedless tread.

I've spoken to your boorish lad, again—aye and again,
But still I lose my stocks and pinks, however, I
complain ;

Things now are come, I need's must think, unto a
pretty pass,

If cows must feed on garden flowers in preference to
grass!

Perhaps you don't believe my tale—but still I swear
'tis true,

And what to do I cannot think, and so appeal to
you :

Put down a fence, you'll say—and true, I don't know
but I ought,

But posts and rails, and stakes and nails, each one
is to be bought.

I think 'tis right that you should know how impudent
she is,
She leers in at my window with sly and roguish
quiz;
And when I try to frighten her, and stamp, and
loudly bawl,
She licks her nose, and coughs, and stares, and does
not mind at all.

To be deprived of liberty, no doubt she'd take it
hard,
But let her feed on barley straw a prisoner in the
yard;
Of all my double giant stocks but two or three are
left;
I hope the flies will sting her well next summer
for the theft.