

THE CALF

Thomas Hardy

You may have seen, in road or street,
At times, when passing by,
A creature with bewildered bleat
Behind a milcher's tail, whose feet
Went pit-pat. That was I.

Whether we are of Devon kind,
Shorthorns or Herefords,
We are in general of one mind
That in the human race we find
Our masters and our lords.

When grown-up (if they let me live)
And in a dairy-home,
I may less wonder and misgive
Than now, and get contemplative,
And never wish to roam.

And in some fair stream, taking sips,
May stand through summer noons,
With water dribbling from my lips
And rising halfway to my hips,
And babbling pleasant tunes.