

The ballad of the bull

From Cameron's farm a bull charged away upon a
warm and sunny day

And the scared donkeys dashed out of his way

Down the hydro lane he fled, and this Hereford's
name is Fred

He is brown and white, with a mostly white head

Oh, they searched East, and they searched West,
but never a trace they found,

Except for some large hoof prints sunk deep into
the ground

Until later by twenty days (which was the
second-last of May),

Farmer Mason went out of her way

To count her cows, and found an extra head,

So home to Laura Cameron returned wandering
Fred.