



KatherineField .ss.

A CALF'S TROUBLES ⁴⁴

A calf don't do no workin, all he does is stick around.
 And his mother has to feed him till some other feed is found.
 He starts in havin' trouble shortly after he is born;
 They rope him and they brand him, and he likely gits dehorned.

And then they take the markin' knife and whittle on his ears,
 Till them "Crops" and "Forks" will mark him if he lives fer twenty years.
 While the brand is still a hurtin' and the dust is in his eye,
 They take and vaccinate him so he dassent even die.

And when he's big enough fer beef they knock him in the head.
 That's the end of all his troubles, fer after that he's dead.
 There's now and then a feller that is jest a lot like that.
 You never find him workin' no matter where he's at.

He seems to git off easy. All he does is eat and sleep,
 But nobody don't respect him and he has to take a heap.
 And you'll mostly find a feller that aint a bit of use,
 Is so lazy and so callous that he'd rather take abuse.