

# *The Stockland Cow*

1. A giant lived a joyful life upon a Stockland hill;  
He was a gentle giant, for of milk he took his fill,  
He guzzled milk both night and day;  
For breakfast he ate curds and whey.  
But how did he procure his milk,  
I hear you ask me, "How?"  
He squeezed it from the udder  
Of his purebred Stockland cow.

2. This cow, she had an udder that could not be depleted,  
For when the giant milked her dry, still more would be secreted,  
So all his friends, mundane and faerie,  
Would gather nightly at the dairy,  
Making merry with milk stout,  
They made a mighty row,  
And all of them would drink the health  
Of his purebred Stockland cow.

3. And all the folk of Priestweston would come with pails a-plenty,  
And if the cow could fill a keg, I swear she could fill twenty,  
And when the folk of Priestweston Were done, then came all of Rorrington,  
And milked out every gallon  
That the giant would allow,  
But nought would drain the udder  
Of his purebred Stockland cow.



4. One night a crooked woman with a wart upon her nose  
Came upon the giant, and she found him in a doze:  
Milk dribbed down his double chin,  
She chuckled, "Shall I do him in?  
No! I'll save that for later -  
In the meantime I shall vow  
To drain the bright pink udder  
Of his purebred Stockland cow!"

5. No udder was more pendulous, no teats more ripe for squeezing,  
She sat her down upon a stool, she heard the giant's wheezing,  
She took a sieve out from her bag,  
All wrapped up in a grimy rag -  
"And what did she do next?" you cry?  
Well, I shall tell you now:  
She strained out all the milk  
From that purebred Stockland cow.

6. The cow let out a bellow and she gave a mighty shudder,  
For strained out like sphaghetti was the flesh of her poor udder.  
The giant woke up, gave a belch,  
And burped some curds up with a squelch,  
And when he saw what she had done,  
He cried, "You witch! You sow!  
You've gone and strained the udder  
Of my purebred Stockland cow!"

7. The cow went lumbering down the hill, and gave a piteous moan;  
The giant stamped his foot with rage,  
and turned the witch to stone,  
He up and left that selfsame day,  
Now there are no more curds and whey  
Imprisoned by a ring of stones  
She stands, lamenting how  
She scorned to kill the giant  
Ere she milked his Stockland cow.