**CLASS 14-16**

I WAS STANDING BY THE COW  
*Pam Ayres*

I was standing by the cow, who was standing by

the cow,

Who was standing by a cow who got annoyed,

For gentle summer zephyrs,

Had unsettled all the heifers,

And they ran around the pasture overjoyed.

But the cow by which I stood, wasn't feeling

very good,

She was out of sorts and disinclined to play,

It was rather pitiful,

She had hoped to meet the bull,

But the blighter turned and walked the other way.

Well, it made the others laugh, but she

hankered for a calf,

And would make a perfect mother she was sure,

A little calf in sweet repose,

With a pink and shiny nose,

A version of herself in miniature.

Well, they had a bull named Floyd, he just stood

there unemployed,

Or would feign a sudden interest in a star.

And the cow, whose name was Nancy,

Had quite failed to take his fancy,

And he walked off saying, 'La di da di dar.'

So she gave him such a bunt, struck him squarely in

the front,

He was wearing an expression of surprise,

A domino effect resulted,

In that Floyd was catapulted,

And his whole life slowly passed before his eyes.

I was standing by the cow, who was standing by

the cow,

Who was standing by the cow who got annoyed,

The flowers were sweet, the bees were humming,

And I never saw him coming,

I was flattened by a fat and flying Floyd.

So by way of chain reaction, I have both my legs

in traction,

And I watch the daily setting of the sun,

So if the cow by which you labour,

Has a mind to bunt its neighbour,

Do not stand on ceremony - run!