

'Twas Khwetshube, from Ngquza Hill, that caught the cycling craze;
He turned away the good old horse that served him many days;
He dressed himself in cycling clothes, resplendent to be seen;
He hurried off to town and bought a shining new machine;
And as he wheeled it through the door, with air of lordly pride,
The grinning shop assistant said, "Excuse me, can you ride?"
'See here, young man, 'said Khwetshube, 'From Fort Donald to the sea,
From Mtontsasa to Port St. Johns, there's none can ride like me.
I'm good allround^{at} everything, as everybody knows,
Although I'm not the one to talk - I hate a man that blows.
But riding is my special gift, my chiefest, sole delight;
Just ask a wild duck can it swim, a wild cat can it fight.
There's nothing clothed in hair or hide, or built of flesh or steel,
There's nothing walks or jumps or runs, on axle hoof or wheel,
But what I'll sit, while hide will hold and girths and straps are tight;
I'll ride this here two-wheeled concern right straight away at sight.'

'Twas Khwetshube, from Ngquza Hill, that sought his own abode, •
That perched above the Mtentu Creek, beside the mountain road,
He turned the cycle down the hill and mounted for the fray,
But ere he'd gone a dozen yards it bolted clean away.
It left the track, and through the trees, just like a silver streak,
It whistled down the awful slope, towards the Mtentu Creek.
It shaved a stump by half an inch, it dodged a big white box;
The very rock rabbits in fright went scrambling up the rocks,
The meercats hiding in their holes dug deeper underground,
As Khwetshube, as white as chalk, sat tight to every bound.
It struck a stone and gave a spring that cleared a fallen tree,
It raced beside a precipice as close as close could be.
And then as Khwetshube let out one last despairing shriek
It made a leap of twenty feet into the Mtentu Creek.

'Twas Khwetshube, from Ngquza Hill, that slowly swam ashore;
He said 'I've had some narrer shaves and lively rides before;
I've rode a wild bull round a yard to win a five pound bet,
But this was the most awful ride that I have encountered yet.
I'll give that two-wheeled outlaw best, it's shaken all my nerve
To feel it whistle through the air and plunge and buck and swerve;
It's safe at rest in Mtentu Creek, we'll leave it lying there,
A horse's back is good enough henceforth for Khwetshube.