Here is the original poem:

No wonder the English language is so very difficult to learn. I sometimes wonder how we manage to communicate at all!

We'll begin with a box and the plural is boxes. But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.

The one fowl is a goose but two are called geese. Yet the plural of moose should never be meese.

You may found a lone mouse or a whole set of mice. Yet the plural of house is houses not hice.

If the plural of man is always called men, Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?

If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet, And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?

If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth, Why not the plural of booth be called beeth?

Then one may be that and three would be those, Yet hat in the plural wouldn't be hose. And the plural of cat is cats and not cose.

We speak of a brother and also of brethren, But though we say Mother, we never say Methren,

Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him, But imagine the feminine she, shis and shim,

So English, I fancy you will all agree, Is the funniest language you ever did see.