

This Man is great, whate'er be his Degree ;
 O blefs him, Heav'n, if fuch a one there be :
 May Life's beft Comforts on his Days attend,
 Bleft in himfelf, and happy in his Friend :
 Far from his Gate fly Poverty and Woe ;
 Let not a Sigh his quiet Manfion know :
 But the fair Dome each roving Eye allure,
 With Peace and Plenty fmiling at the Door :
 Let him foft Days and happy Ev'nings find,
 And live ftill bleft, and bleffing all Mankind.



The Fox and the Hen. A FABLE.

'T WAS on a fair and healthy Plain,
 There liv'd a poor but honeft Swain,
 Had to his Lot a little Ground,
 Defended by a quick-set Mound :
 'Twas there he milk'd his brindled Kine,
 And there he fed his harmlefs Swine :
 His Pigeons flutter'd to and fro,
 And bask'd his Poultry in a Row :

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Much

Much we might say of each of these,
As how his Pigs in Confort wheeze;
How the sweet Hay his Heifers chew,
And how the Pigeons softly coo :
But we shall wave this motley Strain,
And keep to one that's short and plain :
Nor paint the Dunghill's feather'd King,
For of the Hen we mean to sing.

A Hen there was, a strange one too,
Cou'd sing (believe me, it is true)
Or rather (as you may presume)
Wou'd prate and cackle in a Tune :
This quickly spread the Pullet's Fame,
And Birds and Beasts together came :
All mixt in one promiscuous Throng,
To visit Partlet and her Song.
It chanc'd there came amongst the Crew,
Of witty Foxes not a few:
But one more smart than all the rest,
His serious Neighbour thus addrest:

‘ What

‘ What think you of this Partlet here ?
‘ ’Tis true her Voice is pretty clear :
‘ Yet without pausing I can tell,
‘ In what much more she wou’d excel :
‘ Methinks she’d eat exceeding well.
This heard the list’ning Hen, as she
Sat perch’d upon a Maple-tree.

The shrewd Propofal gall’d her Pride,
And thus to *Reynard* she reply’d :

‘ Sir, you’re extremely right I vow,
‘ But how will you come at me now ?
‘ You dare not mount this lofty Tree,
‘ So there I’m pretty safe, you see.
‘ From long ago, (or Record lies)
‘ You Foxes have been counted wise :
‘ But sure this Story don’t agree
‘ With your Device of eating me.
‘ For you, Dame Fortune still intends
‘ Some coarser Food than fingering Hens :
‘ Besides e’er you can reach so high,
‘ Remember you must learn to fly.

' I own 'tis but a scurvy way,
 ' You have as yet to seize your Prey,
 ' By sculking from the Beams of Light,
 ' And robbing Hen-roosts in the Night :
 ' Yet you must keep this vulgar Trade
 ' Of thieving till your Wings are made.

' Had I the keeping of you tho',
 ' I'd make your subtle Worship know,
 ' We Chickens are your Betters due,
 ' Not fatted up for such as you :
 ' Shut up in Cub with rusty Chain,
 ' I'd make you lick your Lips in vain :
 ' And take a special Care, be sure,
 ' No Pullet shou'd come near your Door :
 ' But try if you cou'd feed or no,
 ' Upon a Kite or Carrion Crow.'

Here ceas'd the Hen. The baffl'd Beast
 March'd off without his promis'd Feast.