

And lucky was that fowl to know
His feathers pulled with ease.

Their coming out at "clutches stout"
Still left him free to run;
Had they been rooted fast, no doubt,
His gobbling days were done.

The turkey, when the barn was nigh,
Though out of wind, and weak,
Now summoned all his strength to fly,
And reached the highest peak.

His rise was not
Of birds of
But grace or style
When safety

It bore him from
And from the
And left him look-
Upon his



the graceful flight
eagle breed;
is valued light
lies in speed.

the reaching paw,
shining teeth,
ing down in awe,
foe beneath.

The fox one moment viewed the fowl,
Then turned her from the scene
And never ran so mad a rogue
Through field or forest green.

But never since that time of fear,
At least so runs the tale,
Has man or beast that turkey found
Asleep upon a rail.