

"I'll bear your counsel in my mind,"

The baby fox replied;

"And think of thee whene'er I see,
Temptations at my side."

"That's good," the smiling dame remarked,

"Advice is vain indeed,

Unless the soil whereon it falls,
Is mellow for the seed."

"That's fine discourse," the turkey thought,

As there he lay in fear;

"Had I with caution thus been taught,
I hardly would be here.

A fool was I, to sit and doze,

Upon an orchard fence;

Within the reach of every nose

That cared to drag me thence.

But, if from here I ever rise,

Which I will scarcely do;

The chance I'll prize, to be more wise,

And start in life anew.

The tallest post the farm can boast,

Will not my wishes meet;

But, in the tree, each night I'll be,

And there myself secrete.

I'll trust to neither kith nor kin,

Nor on the dog rely;

And should I roost upon a spire,

I'll keep one open eye."

Thus, while they moved upon their way,
To gain the forest green,

