

V
A
FABLE

OF THE
Widow and her Cat.

I.
A WIDOW kept a Favourite Cat,
At first a gentle Creature;
But when he was grown Sleek and Fat,
With many a Mouse, and many a Rat,
He soon disclos'd his Nature.

II.
The Fox and He were Friends of old,
Nor cou'd they now be parted;
They Nightly slunk to rob the Fold,
Devour'd the Lambs, the Fleeces sold,
And Puffs grew Lion-hearted.

III.
He scratch'd her Maid, he stole the Cream,
He tore her best lac'd Pinner;
Nor Chanticleer upon the Beam,
Nor Chick, nor Duckling 'scapes, when Grim
Invites the Fox to Dinner.

IV.
The Dame full wisely did Decree,
For fear He shou'd dispatch more,
That the false Wretch shou'd worry'd be:
But in a sawcy manner He
Thus Speech'd it like a L—re.

V. "Must

