



THE
LITTLE ESOP.



PHILADELPHIA :
H. C. PECK & THEO. BLISS.
1855.

Should I your panniers take,
All for mere mercy's sake,
 How folks would wonder!
Down dead the donkey fell!
Apples and eggs, pell-mell,
 Lay on the grass!
Briskly the rustic rose:
Caught the nag by the nose,
Took the load, I suppose,
 Of the dead ass;
Placed it upon the back
Of the cross-temper'd hack;
Made his whip o'er him crack
 On that occasion.
Also the donkey's corse
Next he swung o'er the horse;
That was much worse of course,
 Toil and vexation.
Garnish'd with donkey's legs;
Plaster'd with broken eggs,
 Down on each side:
Goaded in ribs and flank,
Straining each joint and shank,
He had himself to thank,
 And his—own pride!

THE END.