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Chanticleer Discarded: A Fable.

A Cock, intrepid, fierce and stout,  
Belov'd of ev'ry female pout,  
Descended from a hardy fire,  
And flush'd with all his father's fire;  
Had long his ancient rights maintain'd;  
In honour, state, and triumph reign'd,  
'Midst affluence and joy serene,  
Th' unrival'd champion of the gren.  
His gaudy plumes, and martial heel,  
As hard and sharp as pointed steel;  
His great uxoriousness and love,  
(For he was fond as any dove)  
With toiling for 'em in their distress,  
Had so endear'd him to each mistress,  
Their care was which shou'd please him best,  
And how he might be most carest.

But now (dame fortune was so cruel)  
Brave chanticleer must fight a duel,  
Not in revenge of wrongs t' himself,  
But to augment his master's pelf.  
Then, being handsomely equipt,  
His pinions, crest, and so forth, clipt,  
He boldly ventures on the stage,  
His domineering foe t' engage.  
In fierce encounter soon they meet,  
As *Drake* engag'd the *Spanish* fleet;  
Redoubled strokes, with fury deal,  
'Till at the last our champion fell,  
Sore main'd, half breathless, to the ground,  
At which loud echoing shouts resound.

His master for his innate worth,  
Past services, descent and birth,  
Preserv'd his life, and took him home,  
Among his native friends to roam.  
Poor chanticleer with pate quite bald,  
Half blind, deplum'd, and sorely maul'd,  
Before h' had got the least recruit,  
Advanc'd his pullets to salute:  
They gaz'd upon him as a stranger,  
Call'd him a tatter'd serubby ranger;  
Revil'd him for his impudence,  
And bid him cease his vain pretence  
Of love to them; they scorn'd to shew  
The least respect or favour to  
So mean and scandalous a beau:  
In short, past love was so forgot,  
They all declar'd they knew him not.

Now, what cou'd chanticleer reply  
To these perfidious ingrates? Why,  
He (modestly) pronounc'd the female kind,  
A thousand times more fickle than the wind.

J. M.