

When she, by frequent Observation Wife,
 As one who long on Heav'n had fix'd her Eyes,
 Discern'd a change of Weather in the Skies.
 The Western Borders were with Crimson spread,
 The Moon descending look'd all flaming red;
 She thought good Manners bound her to invite
 The Stranger Dame to be her Guest that Night.
 'Tis true, coarse Diet, and a short Repast,
 (She said) were weak Inducements to the taste
 Of one so nicely bred, and so unus'd to fast:
 But what plain fare her Cottage cou'd afford,
 A hearty welcome at a homely board,
 Was freely hers; and, to supply the rest,
 An honest Meaning, and an open Breast:
 Last, with Content of Mind, the poor Man's Wealth,
 A grace cup to their common Patron's Health.
 This she desir'd her to accept, and stay,
 For fear she might be wilder'd in her way,
 Because she wanted an unerring Guide,
 And then the Dew-drops on her silken Hide
 Her tender Constitution did declare,
 Too Lady-like a long fatigue to bear,
 And rough Inclemencies of raw nocturnal Air.
 But most she fear'd that, travelling so late,
 Some evil-minded Beasts might lie in wait,
 And without witness wreak their hidden hate.

The *Panther*, though she lent a list'ning Ear,
 Had more of *Lion* in her than to fear:
 Yet wisely weighing, since she had to deal
 With many Foes, their numbers might prevail,
 Return'd her all the thanks she cou'd afford;
 And took her friendly Hostess at her word:
 Who ent'ring first her lowly Roof, a Shed
 With hoary Moss, and winding Ivy spread,
 Honest enough to hide an humble Hermit's head,