

THE FOX CUB SPEAKS¹

‘What is the sound, little brother,
That rings through the early air?’

‘Oh, that is the call of the farmer-lads
As the last of the sheaves they bear,
And they sing ’mid the dewy golden grain
And laugh and make merry there.’

But the old fox said: ‘That’s the huntsman’s call;
Take care!’

‘What is the gleam, little brother,
Showing white in the meadow there?’

‘Oh, the children gather the bramble fruit,
And fill the pails they bear,
And they dance, white-clad ’mong the crimsoning leaves
Or the purple beauty share.’

But the old fox said: ‘That’s the glint of hounds;
Beware!’

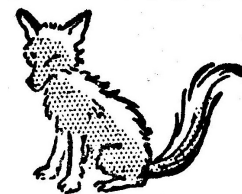
‘What is the rustle, brother,
That creeps through the covert there?’

‘Oh, the scent-soaked early morning breeze
Is stirring the bracken where
The green turns bronze—quick! little brother,
We’d best get back to our lair!’

And the old fox, he said nothing, for
he wasn’t there.

HYLDA C. COLE. (fl.1937)

1. What time of day is it in the poem?
2. What time of year is it in the poem?
3. Which sentence below best summarises the moral of this poem?
A. Young people can give good advice in all situations.
B. Your elders often have better advice for you than your contemporaries because they have more experience.
C. It is best to avoid danger by running away quickly.



4. Can you think of a Bible character who would have benefited from heeding this moral? (read 1 Kings chapter 12.)

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