The Tale of the Paddock and the Mouse by Robert Henryson

Upon a time, as Aesop could report,
A little Mouse came to a river side;
She might not wade, her shanks were so short;
She could not swim, she had no horse to ride:
Of verray force behove it her to bide,
And to and fro beside that river deep
She ran, crying with many piteous peep.

"Help over, help over," this silly Mouse did cry,
"For God's love, somebody over this brim."
With that a Paddock in the water by
Put up her head, and on the bank did climb;
Quick by nature could duck, and gayly swim.
With voice full rauk, she said on this manner:
"Good morne, Sir Mouse, what is your errand here?"

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