



A Crow each verdant meadow did survey,  
Her thirsty heate with water to allay,  
But none could trace, but that whole treasure  
The bottom of a velsell was: which sice

Attempts in Vaine t' attaque, when straight y' gill  
She with a stock of pebles stronge to fill,  
Which buoy'd the water vp, by <sup>ch</sup> she gaind  
That from <sup>ch</sup> else her wish had bin restraynd

Thus oft tymes wee when force cannot prevaile

The Lawe Abm peice <sup>th</sup> the Foxes tayle,

### F A B. XXXIX. De Cornice, & Urnâ.

**S**itibunda Cornix reperit Urnam aquâ plenam, sed erat Urnâ profundior quàm ut exhauri à Cornice possit, Conatur igitur vano molimine aquam effundere, sed non valet; Lectos igitur ex arenâ Lapillulos injeçtat, Hoc modo Aqua levatur, & Cornix bibit.

### MORALE.

**V**etus est Proverbiũ, Necessitas est Ingenii Mater; Ingenium valet, quum Vires fallunt, quod non viribus possumus efficere, Prudentia & Consilium peragent.