



# *The Old Man and the Ass*

La Fontaine

French

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*Easy*  
*1 min read*

An old man, riding on his ass,  
Had found a spot of thrifty grass,  
And there turn'd loose his weary beast.  
Old Grizzle, pleased with such a feast,  
Flung up his heels, and caper'd round,  
Then roll'd and rubb'd upon the ground,  
And frisk'd and browsed and bray'd,  
And many a clean spot made.  
Arm'd men came on them as he fed:  
"Let's fly," in haste the old man said.  
"And wherefore so?" the ass replied;  
"With heavier burdens will they ride?"  
"No," said the man, already started.  
"Then," cried the ass, as he departed  
"I'll stay, and be—no matter whose;  
Save you yourself, and leave me loose  
But let me tell you, ere you go,  
(I speak plain English, as you know,)

My master is my only foe.”

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