So he took a fox-trap,
Placed it on the floor,
Just as Pincher showed his face,
Next day, at the door.

Pincher eyed the Butcher;
Butcher laughed and talked.
Pincher had another look,
Then inside he walked.

There he saw the fox-trap,
Covered o'er with meat.
"Ah!" he chuckled to himself,
"What a jolly treat!

"Shame it is of Butcher,
Wasting precious food!
Leaving things upon the floor
Cannot do them good.