So Flies, in skirl, and buzz, and play,
That harmlefs through the summer past,
When ready to be swept away,
Grow blind, and sting us at the last.

THE SINE QUO NON.

BY THE SAME.

WITH Muckworm lately as in chat
I pass'd the sober hours,
The mice, for Muckworm keeps no cat;
Came trooping in by scores.

When famine leads, what thing can daunt,
Our courage what abate?
Each mouse was as the mastiff gaunt,
That growl'd before the gate.

Their mien so grim alarm'd I spied,
And looks of desperate woe.
"And why neglect, my friend," I cried,
"To chafe the threatening foe?"
“True, 'tis that, any more than you,
They cannot eat your pelf;
But then of other food in lieu,
They may devour yourself.

And think how odd the account would found,
Should future annals tell,
Muckworm fell not by hungry hound;
By hungry mice he fell.

Then drove the furious vermin hence;
Nor fret, I pray you, for 'tis expense,
Myself will lend the trap,
Alluding to the Fable of Aesop:

"Your offer's kind, friend Muckworm cried,
And highly do I rate it:
But when the trap's by you supplied,
Who'll lend the cheeke to bait it?"