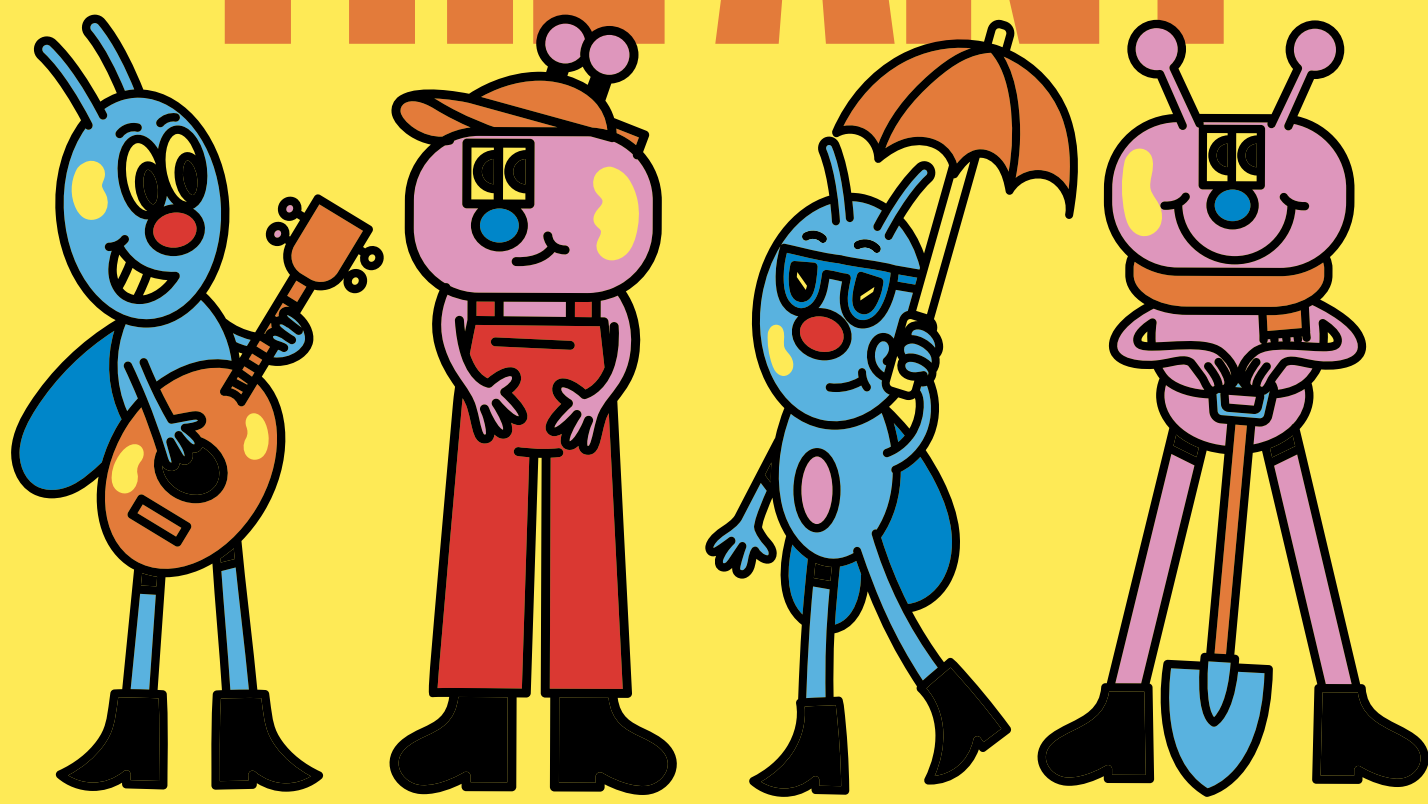


THE GRASSHOPPER & THE ANT



The grasshopper, having sung
All summer long,
Found herself most destitute,
When the North Wind came.

Not a morsel to her name
Of either fly or worm.

She blurted out her tale of want
To her neighbour Mistress Ant,
And begged her for a loan
Of grain to last her
Till the coming spring.

«I shall pay you», were her words,
«On insect oath, before the fall,
Interest and principal.»

Mistress Ant is not a lender -
That's the last thing to reproach her with!

«Tell me how you spent the summer?»

Was what she asked the borrower.

«Night and day, to every comer,
I sang, so please you ma'am.»

«You sang? I'm delighted.
Now off you go and dance!»

La Fontaine