

3.

Forth from his snug retreat he set,
—Hard by a moss-grown wood,—
And whistled gaily as he went,
—Or would have if he could!

4.

He gained the mead, and soon upon
A fallen log he gat,
Which well he knew, for oft thereon
In the warm sun he sat

5.

And slept, curled in a little ball
—For be it known that he
Was not a common worm, but of



The old Grub Family!