

RURAL RHYMES

A Mosquito Song.

Cow-HUNTING in the woods one day,
I listened for the bell,
Holding my breath—when on my ear
This song melodious fell.

“ I am a bold mosquito,
And through the woods I fly ;
So get I but a drink of blood,
I care not if I die.

“ Creatures a thousand times as big
Do bring my food to me ;
I, singing, light astride on them,
And grub it out in glee !

“ Yet though these creatures bring my food,
Unwillingly they give,
And oft I find it hard to get
The wherewithal to live.