

The Life of the Grasshopper

*E dèu pati, lou bedigas.
Teisas-vous dounc: quand di lambrusco
La Cigalo a cava la rusco,
Raubas soun bèure, e pièi, morto, la rousigas.*

Thus speaks my friend, in his expressive Provençal tongue, rehabilitating the Cicada, who has been so grossly libelled by the fabulist.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

I am indebted for the following translation to the felicitous pen of my friend Mr. Osman Edwards:

THE CICADA AND THE ANT

I

Ye gods, what heat! Cicada thrills
With mad delight when fairy rills
Submerge the corn in waves of gold,
When, with bowed back and toil untold,
His blade the songless reaper plies,
For in dry throats song gasps and dies.

This hour is thine: then, loud and clear,
Thy cymbals clash, Cicada dear,