

Poets and Others

Mouse Catching Profitable

The little mouse that frisks about,
And eats what he doth find,
Is something that I do detest
With all my strength of mind.

Some of his relatives and friends
Once tried our simple fare,
In spite of warnings from the aged,
Who told them to beware.

I set some traps with bits of cheese,
Which had a tempting smell ;
But the snap, which spoke a mousie caught,
Told also his death-knell.