

Fiercely they leap on flank and side,
Tearing to shreds that rugged hide ;
No false disdain, no adult pride,
 Impedes their hot attack ;
On right—on left—in front—in rear—
With sudden rush, now there, now here,
Now flying in fictitious fear—
 Plunges the chary pack.

In vain the Boar, yet dauntless, spurns
A flying foe that swift returns ;
In vain those massive jaws he churns,
 With furious snorts and yelps.
Ha! Boar ! Dost find these dangerous foes ?
From victories past thy cunning knows
To dodge the Lion's ponderous blows—
 But not the Lion's whelps !

