

They stand. The farmer marks each spot and
leaves

A sumptuous repast, then passes on,
Dealing destruction with a willing hand.

With charity exhausted, he returns
To view his work. Lo! all is still! Silence,
The song of death and the sad music of
Annihilation. Here and there they lie,
Some at their burrow's mouth; others in search
Of drink have fallen and died midway between
Their own and their near neighbor's home.