

"Invitation to the Ant" and "The Ant's Answer"

Invitation to the Ant

Come here, little ant,
For the pretty bird can't.
I want you to come
And live at my home.

I know you will stay,
And help me to play.
Stop making that hill,
Little ant, and be still.

Come, creep to my feet,
Here is sugar to eat.
Say, are you not weary,
Poor little deary,

With bearing that load,
Across the wide road?
Leave your hill now, to me
And then you shall see,

That by filling my hand,
I can pile up the sand,
And save you the pains
Of bringing these grains.

The Ant's Answer

Stop, stop, little miss,
No such building as this
Will answer for me,
As you plainly can see.

I take very great pains,
And place all the grains
As if with a tool,
By a carpenter's rule.

You have thrown the coarse sand
All out of your hand,
And so fill'd up my door,
That I can't find it more.
My King and My Queen
Are choked up within;
My little ones too,
Oh, what shall I do?

You have smother'd them all,
With the sand you let fall.
I must borrow or beg,
Or look for an egg.

To keep under my eye,
For help by and by,
A new house I must raise,
In a very few days,

Nor stand here and pine,
Because you've spoilt mine.
For when winter days come,
I shall mourn for my home.

So stand out of my way,
I have no time to play.