The Fable of Midas.

IDAS, we are in Story fold, and on sumiv and Turn'd ev'ry thing he touch't to Gold ! a ollo tad // Glitter'd like Spangles on the Ground: A Codling e'er it went his Lip in, and a man bank Would strait become a Golden Pipping than and with the He call'd for Drink, you faw him Sup bib alan words at Potable Gold in Golden Cup. In many more bib to a snow His empty Paunch that he might fill it to normal to Spidus He suck't his Vittels thro' a Quill; luntouch't it pass't between his Grinders, Or't had been happy for Gold-spiders. He cock't his Hat, you would have faid

Mambrino's Helm adorn'd his Head

Whene'er he chanc'd his Hands to lay. Whene'er he chanc'd his Hands to lay, of the same and the On Magazines of Corn or Hay, Gold ready Coin'd appear'd, inflead on the in a wolf of paultry Provender and Bread! Hence we are by wife Farmers told, with and oor whith the Old Hay is equal to Old Gold; Month and Tool years and W And hence a Critick deep maintains,

We learn't to weigh our Gold by Grains.

This Fool had got a lucky Hit, And People fancy'd he had Wit ! post-diw collect blod ma Two Gods their Skill in Musick try'd, And both chose Midas to decide; Of British Midas direy He against Phebus Harp decreed. Which while the Senate And gave it for Pan's oaten Reed: The God of Wit to shew his Grudge, They walle away the Clap't Asses Ears upon the Judge, To Swim against thi A goodly pair, erect and wide, Which he could neither Gild nor hide. And now the Virtue of his Hands, Was lost among Pactolus Sands, Against whose Torrent while he Swims, The Golden Scurf peels off his Limbs: Fame spreads the News, and People travel From far, to gather golden Gravel; which has event solly down Midas, expos'd to all their Jears, Had loft his Art, and kept his Ears and and roll bearing