

# The Fable of Midas.

**M**IDAS, we are in Story told,  
Turn'd ev'ry thing he touch't to *Gold*.  
He chip't his *Bread*, the Pieces round  
Glitter'd like Spangles on the Ground:  
A Codling e'er it went his Lip in,  
Would strait become a *Golden Pippin*:  
He call'd for Drink, you saw him Sup  
*Potable Gold* in *Golden Cup*.

His empty Paunch that he might fill,  
He suck't his Vittels thro' a Quill;  
Untouch't it pass't between his Grinders,  
Or't had been happy for *Gold-finders*.  
He cock't his Hat, you would have said  
*Mambrino's Helm* adorn'd his Head,  
Whene'er he chanc'd his Hands to lay,  
On Magazines of *Corn* or *Hay*,  
*Gold* ready Coin'd appear'd, instead  
Of poultry *Provender* and *Bread*.  
Hence we are by wise Farmers told,  
*Old Hay is equal to Old Gold*;  
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*:  
Two Gods their Skill in Musick try'd,  
And both chose *Midas* to decide;  
He against *Phebus* Harp decreed,  
And gave it for *Pan's* oaten Reed:  
The God of Wit to shew his Grudge,  
Clap't *Asses* Ears upon the Judge,  
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*;  
*Midas*, expos'd to all their Jears,  
Had lost his *Art*, and kept his *Ears*.

This

