



FABLE XLV.

The POET and the ROSE.

I Hate the man who builds his name
 On ruins of another's fame.
 Thus prudes by characters o'erthrown
 Imagine that they raise their own;
 Thus scriblers, covetous of praise,
 Think slander can transplant the bays.

Beauties

Beauties and bards have equal pride,
With both all rivals are decry'd.
Who praises *Lesbia's* eyes and feature,
Must call her sister, aukward creature;
For the kind flatt'ry's sure to charm,
When we some other nymph disarm.

As in the cool of early day
A Poet sought the sweets of *May*,
The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
And ev'ry stalk with odour bends.
A rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus singing as the Muse inspir'd.

Go, Rose, my *Chloe's* bosom grace;

How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envy'd place

With never-fading love!

There, Phenix like, beneath her eye,

Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die!
Know,

Know, hapless flower, that thou shalt find

More fragrant roses there;

I see thy with'ring head reclin'd

With envy and despair!

One common fate we both must prove;

You die with envy, I with love.

Spare your comparisons, reply'd

An angry Rose, who grew beside;

Of all mankind you should not flout us;

What can a Poet do without us!

In ev'ry love-song roses bloom;

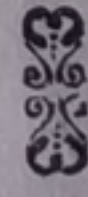
We lend you colour and perfume.

Does it to *Chloe's* charms conduce,

To found her praise on our abuse?

Must we, to flatter her, be made

To wither, envy, pine and fade?



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