Badische Landesbibliothek Karlsruhe

Digitale Sammlung der Badischen Landesbibliothek Karlsruhe

Poems

Poems and fables

Gay, John

Edinburgh, 1773

Fable XLIV

urn:nbn:de:bsz:31-263877

Visual Library

FABLES.

How many thousand fiructures rife, To fence us from inclement fkies! For us he bears the fultry day, And ftores up all our winter's hay. He fows, he reaps the harveft's gain ; We fhare the toil, and fhare the grain. Since ev'ry creature was decreed To aid each other's mutual need, Appeafe your difcontented mind, And aft the part by Heav'n affign'd.

The tumult ceas'd. The colt fubmitted, And, like his anceftors, was bitted,

FABLE XLIV.

The flow both languance and pride ; n north

The HOUND and the HUNTSMAN,

Mpertinence at first is born With heedlefs flight, or finiles of fcorn; Teaz'd into wrath, what patience bears The noify fool who perfeveres?

The morning wakes, the Huntfman founds, At once rufh forth the joyful hounds. They feek the wood with eager pace, Through bufh, through brier explore the chafe. Now featter'd wide, they try the plain, And fnuff the dewy turf in vain.

啊

Baden-Württemberg

F A B L E S. 9

What care, what induftry, what pains had your wolf What univerfal filence reigns laster more an approximate

Ringwood, a dog of little fame, at and of an and Young, pert, and ignorant of game, its out and the At once difplays his babbling throat guest of a world di The pack, regardlefs of the note, as distant and an Purfue the feent; with louder framework of the sould He fill perfifts to ver the train.

The Huntfman to the clamour flies is not stand The fmacking laft he fmartly plies.¹ The place the base His ribs all welk'd, with howling tone The puppy thus express'd his mean.

I know, the mufic of my tongue Long fince the pack with envy flung, What will not fpite? Thefe bitter fmarts I owe to my fuperior parts.

When pupples prate, the Huntiman cry'd, They flow both ignorance and pride : Fools may our feorn, not envy raife, For envy is a kind of praife. Had not thy forward noify tongue Proclaim'd thee always in the wrong, so and the Thou might'ft have mingled with the refl, and the And ne'er thy foolifn nofe confeit. data of the fool But fools, to talking even prone, dow fool who of Are fure to make their follies known.

The morning wakes, the Huarimen founds, At once rufh forth the joyful hounds; They flok the wood with eager proc, Through buffs, through inter explore the chaft Now featter'd wide, they try the plain, and from the dewy turf in vain. kin the for fong raden's in'ry fti nie he plu n fonging

là dâ, m lav happ lat l'dajt l'a acres lat lla

Baden-Württembere

128