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Poems

Poems and fables

Gay, John

Edinburgh, 1773

Fable II

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FABLES.

For all my fawning rogues agree That human heroes rule like me.

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FABLEIL

The SPANIEL and the CAMELEON.

A Spaniel, bred with all the care That waits upon a fav'rite heir, Ne'er felt correction's tigid hand; Indulg'd to difobey command, In pamper'd eafe his hours were fpent : He never knew what learning meant. Such forward airs, fo pert, fo fmart, Were fore to won his lady's heart : Each little mifchief gain'd him praife. How pretty were his fawning ways!

The wind was fonth, the morning fair, He ventures forth to take the air, He ranges all the meadow round, And rolls upon the fofteft ground : When near him a Cameleon feen, Was fearce diftinguish'd from the green.

Dear emblem of the flatt'ring hoft; What, live with clowns! a genius loft! To cities and the court repair; A fortune cannot fail thee there:

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FABLES.

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Preferment shall thy talents crown. Believe me, friend ; I know the town-

Sir, fays the fycophant, like you, Of old, politer life I knew : Like you, a courtier born and bred, Kings lean'd their ear to what I faid. My whifper always met fuccefs ; The ladies prais'd me for addrefs. I knew to hit each courtier's paffion, And flatter'd every vice in fathion. But Jove, who hates the liar's ways, At once cut fhort my profp'rous days; And, fentenc'd to retain my nature, Transform'd me to this crawling creature. Doom'd to a life obscure and mean, I wander in the fylvan scene. For Jove the heart alone regards ; He punishes what man rewards. How diff'rent is thy cafe and mine ! With men at leaft you fup and dine ; While I, condemn'd to thinneft fare, Like those I flatter'd, feed on air.

FABLE III.

The MOTHER, the NURSE, and the FAIRY.

G IVE me a fon. The bleffing fent, Were ever parents more content ? How partial are their doating eyes! No child is half fo fair and wife.

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