

The DOG and the MOON,

A FABLE.

A Snarling cur, which could not bear  
To see another rise,  
Would stand whole nights, and baite the moon  
For shining in the skies:  
For brightness was her only fault,  
And that was fault enough,  
He wonder'd much how men of sense  
Could like such tinsel stuff:  
Whilst she, regardless of the whelp,  
Which burst his gall with spite,  
Pursu'd, unhurt, her heavenly course,  
And strove to shine more bright.  
Such, Stayley, are thy carping foes,  
And such their fate will be;  
Envy shall sooner break their hearts,  
Than they shall injure thee.  
With due contempt, unmov'd, endure,  
The puppies of thy days,  
And till a cur can fell the moon,  
Thou shalt not want thy praise.  
With care and study toil to please,  
As thou hast done before,  
At once 'tis triumph, and revenge,  
Nor couldst thou vex them more.

A P O E M,

On reading the fable of the DOG and  
MOON.

HIDE, Cynthia, hide thy silver face,  
Lo! St—y rises to debase,  
Obscure thee with his shade;  
No more strange epithets be thine,  
Nor mighty without rival shine,  
A strange eclipse we dread.  
Shall prompted wou'd-be poets dare,  
Bright sol's reflected light compare,  
With such a dingy gleam?  
Shall one within his sphere disgrac'd,  
With purest Dian e'er be plac'd,  
In allegoric theme?  
Hide, St—y hide, nor give a hint,  
For fools to set thee forth in print,  
A planet bay'd again,  
If thus thy venom'd tongue proceed,  
Not DOGS but BOYS will bay indeed  
A mortal shunn'd by men.

