

I am but few, and by your Fare you see  
 My crying Sins are not of Luxury.  
 Some juster Motive sure your Mind withdraws,  
 And makes you break our Friendship's Holy Laws;  
 For barefac'd Envy is too base a Cause.

Shew more Occasion for your Discontent;  
 Your Love, the *Wolf*, wou'd help you to invent:  
 Some *German* Quarrel, or, as Times go now,  
 Some *French*, where Force is uppermost, will do.  
 When at the Fountain's Head, as Merit ought  
 To claim the Place, you take a swilling Draught,  
 How easy 'tis an envious Eye to throw,  
 And tax the Sheep for troubling Streams below;  
 Or call her (when no farther Cause you find)  
 An Enemy profess'd of all your Kind.  
 But then, perhaps, the wicked World wou'd think,  
 The *Wolf* design'd to eat, as well as drink.

This last Allusion gaul'd the *Panther* more,  
 Because indeed it rubb'd upon the Sore.  
 Yet seem'd she not to winch, tho' shrew'dly pain'd:  
 But thus her passive Character maintain'd.

I never grudg'd, whate'er my Foes report,  
 Your flaunting Fortune in the *Lion's* Court.  
 You have your Day, or you are much bely'd,  
 But I am always on the suffering Side:  
 You know my Doctrine, and I need not say  
 I will not, but I cannot disobey.

On this firm Principle I ever stood;  
 He of my Sons who fails to make it good,  
 By one rebellious Act renounces to my Blood.

Ah, said the *Hind*, how many Sons have you,  
 Who call you Mother, whom you never knew!  
 But most of them, who that Relation plead,  
 Are such ungracious Youths as wish you dead.

They