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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert London, 1758

The Bears and Bees. A Fable. By the Same.

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The BEARS and BEES. A FABLE,

By the fame.

S two young Bears in wanton mood, Forth-iffuing from a neighbouring wood, Came where th'industrious Bees had stor'd In artful cells their lufcious hoard; O'erjoy'd they feiz'd with eager hafte Luxurious on the rich repast. Alarm'd at this the little crew About their ears vindictive flew. The beafts unable to fuftain Th' unequal combat, quit the plain; Halfblind with rage, and mad with pain; Their native shelter they regain; There fit, and now discreeter grown, Too late their rashness they bemoan; And this by dear experience gain, That pleasure's ever bought with pain. So when the gilded baits of vice Are plac'd before our longing eyes, With greedy hafte we fnatch our fill, And fwallow down the latent ill; But when experience opes our eyes, Away the fancy'd pleasure flies. It flies, but oh! too late we find It leaves a real fling behind.