

6.

'Tis not the plant uprear'd in sloth,
Which beauty shews, and sheds perfume,
The flowers which yield the most of both,
In nature's wild luxuriance bloom.

7.

Had Fortune aided nature's care,
For once forgetting to be blind,
His would have been an ample share,
If well proportioned to his mind.

8.

But had the Goddess clearly seen,
His form had fixed her fickle breast,
Her countless hoards would *his* have been,
And none remain'd to give the rest.

