

# Envy

**By Mary Lamb**

**This rose-tree is not made to bear  
The violet blue, nor lily fair,  
Nor the sweet mignonet:  
And if this tree were discontent,  
Or wished to change its natural bent,  
It all in vain would fret.**

**And should it fret, you would suppose  
It ne'er had seen its own red rose,  
Nor after gentle shower  
Had ever smelled its rose's scent,  
Or it could ne'er be discontent  
With its own pretty flower.**

**Like such a blind and senseless tree  
As I've imagined this to be,  
All envious persons are:  
With care and culture all may find  
Some pretty flower in their own mind,  
Some talent that is rare.**

