

TO  
CELINDA.

I.

I Can't, *Celinda*, say, I love,  
But rather I adore,  
When with transported eyes I view,  
Your *shining* merits o're.

II.

A fame so spotless and serene.  
*A vertue so refin'd;*  
And thoughts as great, as e're was yet  
Graspt by a *female mind*.

III.

There love and honour drest, in all,  
Their *genuin charms* appear,  
And with a pleasing force at once  
They conquer and indear.

IV. *Cele-*

IV.

*Celestial* flames are scarce more bright,  
 Than those your worth inspires,  
 So Angels love and so they burn  
 In just such *holy fires*.

V.

Then let's my dear *Celinda* thus  
 Blest in our selves contemn  
 The treacherous and deluding Arts,  
 Of those *base things call'd men*.

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# Thoughts on Death.

I.

**I**'m almost to the *fatal period*. come,  
 My forward Glafs has well nigh run its last ;  
 E're a *few moments*, I shall hear that doom  
 Which ne're will be recall'd, when once 'tis past.

II. Me-