



A N

E L E G Y,

To an Old BEAUTY.

IN vain, poor Nymph, to please our youthful
fight

You sleep in Cream and Frontlets all the Night,
Your Face with Patches soil, with Paint repair,
Dress with gay Gowns, and shade with foreign
Hair.

If Truth in spite of Manners must be told,
Why really *Fifty Five* is something old.

Once

Once you were young; or one, whose Life's
 so long

She might have born my Mother, tells me wrong.

And once (since Envy's dead before you dye,)

The Women own, you play'd a sparkling Eye,

Taught the light Foot a modish little Trip,

And pouted with the prettiest purple Lip—

To some new Charmer are the Roses fled,
 Which blew, to damask all thy Cheek with red;
 Youth calls the Graces there to fix their Reign,
 And *Airs* by thousands fill their easy Train.
 So parting Summer bids her flow'ry Prime
 Attend the Sun to dress some foreign Clime,
 While with'ring Seasons in Succession, here,
 Strip the gay Gardens, and deform the Year.

But thou (since Nature bids) the World resign,
'Tis now thy Daughter's Daughter's time to shine.
With more Address, (or such as pleases more)
She runs her Female Exercises o'er,
Unfurls or closes, raps or turns the Fan,
And smiles, or blushes at the Creature Man.
With quicker Life, as gilded Coaches pass,
In sideling Courtesy she drops the Glass.
With better Strength, on Visit-days she bears
To mount her fifty Flights of ample Stairs.
Her Mein, her Shape, her Temper, Eyes and
Tongue
Are sure to conquer.— for the Rogue is young;
And all that's madly wild, or oddly gay,
We call it only pretty *Fanny's* way.

Let Time that makes you homely, make you
 sage,
 The Sphere of Wisdom is the Sphere of Age.
 'Tis true, when Beauty dawns with early Fire,
 And hears the flatt'ring Tongues of soft Desire,
 If not from Virtue, from its gravest Ways
 The Soul with pleasing Avocation strays,
 But Beauty gone, 'tis easier to be wise;
 As Harpers better, by the loss of Eyes.

Henceforth retire, reduce your roving Airs,
 Haunt less the Plays, and more the publick Pray'rs,
 Reject the *Mechlin* Head, and gold Brocade,
 Go pray, in sober *Norwich* Crape array'd.
 Thy pendent Diamonds let thy *Fanny* take,
 (Their trembling Lustre shows how much you
 shake;)

Or bid her wear thy Necklace row'd with Pearl,
 You'll find your *Fanny* an obedient Girl.
 So for the rest, with less Incumbrance hung,
 You walk thro' Life, unmingled with the young;
 And view the *Shade* and *Substance* as you pass
 With joint Endeavour trifling at the Glass,
 Or *Folly* drest, and rambling all her Days,
 To meet her Counterpart, and grow by *Praise*:
 Yet still sedate your self, and gravely plain,
 You neither fret, nor envy at the Vain.

'Twas thus (if Man with Woman we compare)
 The wise *Athenian* crost a glittering Fair,
 Unmov'd by Tongues and Sights, he walk'd the place,
 Thro' Tape, Toys, Tinsel, Gimp, Perfume, and
 Lace;

Then bends from *Mars's* Hill his awful Eyes,
 And *What a World I never want?* he cries;

But

But cries unheard : For *Folly* will be free.

So parts the buzzing gaudy Crowd, and He:

As careless he for them, as they for him;

He wrapt in *Wisdom*, and they whirl'd by *Whim*.

