



My Own EPITAPH.

HERE lies a true Maid, deformed and old;
 Who, that she never was handsome, ne'er
[needed be told.]
 Tho' she ne'er had a Lover, much Friendship had met;
 And thought all Mankind quite out of her Debt.
 She ne'er could forgive, for she ne'er had resented;
 As she ne'er had deny'd, so she never repented.
 She lov'd the whole Species, but some had distin-
[guish'd;
 But Time and much Thought had all Passion extin-
[guish'd.]
 Tho' not fond of her Station, content with her Lot;
 A Favour receiv'd she had never forgot.
 She rejoic'd in the Good that her Neighbour possess'd,
 And Piety, Purity, Truth she profess'd.

She

She liv'd in much Peace, but ne'er courted Pleasure;
Her Book and her Pen had her Moments of Leisure.
Pleas'd with Life, fond of Health, yet fearless of
Believing she lost not her Soul with her Breath.^{[Death;}



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