

A SONG.

YOUNG CELIA was sprightly and gay;
Had the Bloom of Fifteen on her Cheek:
Her Lovers came flocking each Day,
And a thousand fond Things they wou'd speak.
She, giddy and thoughtless, gave Ear
To the Tale of each flattering Tongue;
And thought she was blest, to appear
In a Circle of Lovers so young.

Thus elate with the Conquests she gain'd,

She neglected to act with a Grace;

And thought that her Triumph for Life,

Was secure by the Charms of her Face.

While

While CYNTHIA, more modest and coy,

Not a Lover yet boasts in her Train;

Which Celia with Pleasure observ'd,

And delighted to give the Nymph Pain.

HER Lovers grew cold and dropp'd off,

As her Folly increas'd with her Years;

When Time had her Beauty defac'd,

They left her to Wrinkles and Tears.

While Cynthia took Care to supply

With each Grace the swift Conquest of Time;

And was much more belov'd in Decay,

Than Celia was e'er in her Prime.

HER Mind, with each Virtue replete,

Had enamour'd a right-judging Swain;

Who fought her to make them both blest:

And still is unrivall'd her Reign.

the constant of the standard possessing

All ye fair, that attend to my Song,

Be ye warned by Celia's ill Fate;

Think the Graces to Beauty belong;

Lest forsaken, you court them too late.



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The pure as the cinerial Plants, and some still

The lights the Examps, above, an origin to the

Or, as his Mother's Lovervilled and as 10

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A Peem on Entennemen. Whiten in 1719.

Light Delicity and Chicagon of State Hall

Source of declared party and sweet