



To Mrs. Frances-Arabella Kelly, with a
Present of Fruit.

By the Same.

THO' the *Plumb*, and the *Peack*, with *Apollo* con-
[aspire,
 To present you their *Softness*, and *Sweetness*,
[and Fire;
 Their Aid is in vain; for what can they do,
 But blush, and confes themselves vanquish'd by you?
 Where *Virtue* and *Wit* with such Qualities blend,
 What *Mortal*, what *Goddeſs* would dare to contend?



Verses