



*An* E P I T A P H.

**A** Heart to Mercy as to Zeal inclin'd,  
 As well a gentle as a prudent Mind ;  
 Still free to pardon, cautious to offend  
 A tender Parent and a faithful Friend.  
 All Parts perform'd, she willingly withdrew,  
 Turn'd from the World, and bid her Friends adieu.  
 Ah thou ! (if Spirits or regard or know  
 The Sigh of Friendship or a Daughter's Woe)  
 Mix'd with those Tears that wash the sacred Shrine,  
 Accept the Tribute of a grateful Line.



*On* S I C K N E S S.

**W**HEN Heav'n's almighty King prepares,  
 The angry Shaft to throw ;  
 Ev'n Fortitude itself despairs  
 To bear the deadly Blow.

Cold Tremors shake each fainting Limb,  
 That weeps a sickly Dew ;  
 The Features, chang'd to pale and dim,  
 Resign their chearful Hue.

No more soft Eloquence shall flow,  
 Nor dress the silent Tongue ;  
 But the dull Heart refuse to glow,  
 Tho' charm'd by melting Song.

Those laughing Eyes, that lately shone  
 So sprightly and so gay,  
 Sunk down with Sickness, faint and wan,  
 Decline the piercing Day.

And scarcely bear a chearful Beam,  
 To light the drooping Soul ;  
 While round the weak afflicted Brain  
 Romantick Vapours roll.

Deceitful Earth and all its Joys  
 Elude our grasping Hands :  
 Tho' Nature all her Skill employs,  
 To bind the failing Bands.

Death drives us to the horrid Steep ;  
 And while we vainly mourn,  
 He pointing shews th'unmeasur'd Deep,  
 From whence we ne'er return.

There the grim Spectre, with a Smile,  
 His panting Victim sees :  
 Who fain wou'd linger here a while,  
 To swallow nauseous Lees.

Who Death's great Empire wou'd dispute,  
 And hugs the gilded Pill,  
 Not knowing That his faithful Mute,  
 Whose Business is to kill,

The

The lost, the slipp'ry Hold to save,  
 To lenient Arts we run ;  
 They cast us headlong on the Wave,  
 And we are twice undone.

The Pow'r who stamp'd the reas'ning Mind,  
 Its Partner can restore ;  
 There we a lasting Cordial find,  
 And learn to fight no more.

But if the slow-consuming Ill  
 Shou'd lead us to the Grave,  
 Our Faith persuades us that he will  
 The trembling Spirit save.

O thou, whose Bounty all things taste,  
 Whose Anger none can bear ;  
 Revive the melancholy Breast,  
 Nor let the Wretch despair.