

To the Honourable

Mrs. E—— Stretchy.

**T**He Artful hand of Nature ne'r display'd  
More skill, then when your *Charming*  
*Self* was made :

A Shape, a Face, and Meen so rare, that we  
Think you her boasted Master-piece to be ;  
Whilſt that *Bright Soul* that Heaven has plac't  
within,

Makes every Charm with *double-lustre* shine :  
But since I on my Lyre can touch no String,  
Equal to those great Merits, I would Sing,  
Hopeless, to give such mighty Charms their  
due,

I'll leave the World to *Brighter Thoughts* of you.