

IV.

Celestial flames are scarce more bright,
Than those your worth inspires,
So Angels love and so they burn
In just such *holy fires*.

V.

Then let's my dear *Celinda* thus
Blest in our selves contemn
The treacherous and deluding Arts,
Of those *base things call'd men*.

Thoughts on Death.

I.

I'm almost to the *fatal period*. come,
My forward Glass has well nigh run its last ;
E're a *few moments*, I shall hear that doom
Which ne're will be recall'd, when once 'tis past.

II. Me-

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Methinks I have *Eternity in view*,
And dread to reach the edges of the shore,
Nor doth the *prospect*, the less dismal shew,
For all the *thousands* that have lanch'd before.

III.

Why weep my friends, what is their loss to mine,
I have but one *poor doubtful* stake to throw,
And with a *dying prayer* my hopes resign,
If that be lost, I'm lost for ever too.

IV.

'Tis not the painful agonies of Death,
Nor all the *gloomy horrors* of the Grave;
Were that the worst, unmov'd I'de yield my breath
And with a *smile* the King of Terrors brave.

V.

But there's an *after day*, 'tis that I fear:
Oh, who shall hide me from that angry brow;
Already I the dreadful *accents* hear,
Depart from me, and that for ever too.