

On Mrs. Rebecka.

I.

SO brightly Sweet *Florina's* eyes,
Their *rising beams* display,
That as the scorched *Indians*, we
Even dread the coming day.

II.

For if her *morning rays* with such
Unusual vigour streams,
How must the unhappy world be scorcht,
With her *meridian beams*?

III.

If now she *Innocently* kills
With an *un-aiming dart*,
Who shall resist her when, with skill,
She levels at a heart?

IV. If

IV.

If with each smile the pretty Nymph,
Now captivates the sence,
What when her glories at the height
Will be their influence ?

By Dispair.

WHen the intruding horrors of the night,
Had just depriv'd our hemisphere of light ;
And fable foldings seem'd to imitate,
The blackness and confusion of my fate,
As by a Rivers side I walkt along,
Uncurl'd and loose my artless tresses hung.
Dispair and love were seated in my face,
And down I sunk, upon the bending grafs,
There to the streams, my mournful griefs relate,
Cursing the spightful Stars that rul'd my fate ;