

Parthenia, an ELEGY.

With *Singing Angels* hence she *posts a-*
(way,

As *Lovely* now and *excellent* as they :

For one short Moment *Death's Grim* Looks she
(bore,

But ne'r shall see his *Gastly Visage* more.

Relcast from her dull *Fetters* ; as the *Light*,

Active, and *Pure*, *Parthenia* takes her *flight* ;

And finds, at last, the awful *Secrecy*,

How Spirits act, and *what they do*, and *be*.

But now she's *swallow'd* in a *flood* of *Light*,

And scarce induces the *Splendour* of the *Sight* :

Dear Shade, whom *Heaven* did so soon remove

From these *Cold Regions* to the *Land* of *Love* ;

58 *Poems on several Occasions.*

To endless *Pleasures*, and Eternal day ;
 How *glittering* now ? How *satisfy'd* and *gay*
 Art thou ? methinks I do but *half lament*
 The *Lovely* Saint from my *Embraces* rent :
 Nor can to those fair *Mansions* cast my eyes,
 To which she's *fled*, and not recall my *sighs*.
 My *grief* for her were as *unjust*, as *vain*,
 If from that *Bliss* 'twould hurry her again :
 For tho' the *Charming'st* Friend on Earth I've
 Yet she the while may the *advantage* boast :
 And should her pure *unfetter'd* Soul but daign
 A *careless* glance on these *dark coasts* again,
 'Twould *Smile*, as *Conscious*, where she left
 And smile agen at the urp rizing odds
 Of her late *dwelling*, and those *bright abodes* ;
 Those *bright abodes* where now, securely blest,
 She Sings the *Anthems* of *Eternal rest*.