To Mrs. Frances-Arabella Kelly.

TO Day, as at my Glaſs I ſtood,
To ſet my Head-cloaths, and my Hood;
I ſaw my grizzled Locks with Dread,
And call'd to mind the *Gorgon*'s Head.

THOUGHT I, whate'er the Poets ſay,
Meduſa's Hair was only gray:
Tho' *Ovid*, who the Story told,
Was too well-bred to call her old;
But, what amounted to the ſame,
He made her an immortal Dame.

YET now, whene'er a Matron ſage
Hath felt the rugged Hand of Age,

You

You hear our witty Coxcombs cry,
Rot that old Witch —— *ſhe'll never die.*
Tho', had they but a little Reading,
Ovid would teach them better Breeding.

I FANCY now, I hear you ſay,
Grant Heav'n, my Locks may ne'er be gray!
Why am I told this frightful Story?
To Beauty a *Memento mori.*

AND, as along the Room you paſs,
Caſting your Eye upon the Glaſs,
Surely, ſay you, this lovely Face
Will never ſuffer ſuch Diſgrace:
The Bloom, that on my Cheek appears,
Will never be impair'd by Years.
Her Envy, now, I plainly ſee,
Makes her inſcribe thoſe Lines to me.
Theſe Beldams, who were born before me,
Are griev'd to ſee the Men adore me:

Their

Their ſnaky Locks freeze up the Blood ;
My Treſſes fire the purple Flood.

UNNUMBER'D Slaves around me wait,
And from my Eyes expect their Fate.
I own, of Conqueſt I am vain,
Tho' I deſpiſe the Slaves I gain.
Heav'n gave me Charms, and deſtin'd me
For univerſal Tyranny.