



A S O N G.

**Y**OUNG CELIA was sprightly and gay ;  
Had the Bloſſom of Fifteen on her Cheek :  
Her Lovers came flocking each Day,  
And a thousand fond Things they wou'd ſpeak.  
She, giddy and thoughtleſs, gave Ear  
To the Tale of each flattering Tongue ;  
And thought ſhe was bleſt, to appear  
In a Circle of Lovers ſo young.

THUS elate with the Conqueſts ſhe gain'd,  
She neglected to act with a Grace ;  
And thought that her Triumph for Life,  
Was ſecure by the Charms of her Face.

While



While CYNTHIA, more modest and coy,

Not a Lover yet boasts in her Train ;

Which CELIA with Pleasure observ'd,

And delighted to give the Nymph Pain.

HER Lovers grew cold and dropp'd off,

As her Folly increas'd with her Years ;

When Time had her Beauty defac'd,

They left her to Wrinkles and Tears.

While CYNTHIA took Care to supply

With each Grace the swift Conquest of Time ;

And was much more belov'd in Decay,

Than CELIA was e'er in her Prime.

HER Mind, with each Virtue replete,

Had enamour'd a right-judging Swain ;

Who fought her to make them both blest :

And still is unrivall'd her Reign.



All ye fair, that attend to my Song,  
Be ye warned by CELIA's ill Fate ;  
Think the Graces to Beauty belong ;  
Lest forsaken, you court them too late.

