



Slowly *The Charms of Cælia*

With every Charm was Cælia grac'd if gazers Heart to move her person noble
 Manners shad'el, gentle as a Dove

But he who bids her Eye with sense & soul must blyste & roud did not those proper Aities dis
 hence which brightens up the Soul

*In vain she dayly went to Mass,
 Religion, so Confin'd
 Tho' Church secure about the case
 Had neer Inform'd her mind:
 Cælia in all her Charms array'd
 And Riches wedd a Boor
 And us, (in Spite of Marriage made
 By Incest worse then Whore.*