



To Sylvia

*brisk* *Why shine those*

*Charming eyes so bright & flatter us with joy of all their fierce malignant light never*

*only to destroy* *A Damsel in an*

*Angels dress may't false keep surprize yet Mischiefs still the fiend conceals in*

*spirit of the disguise*

But Beauties of Celestial kind  
 The steady nature spare,  
 And when they wound the Eye by mind,  
 Are still as kind as fair;  
 With pleasure then I would adore,  
 And bless the wounds you gave,  
 A willing Victim to your pow'r,  
 That would not hurt but save.