

Rich treasures there, in memory's store,
Bid Time and I. SONG.
With Judgment to collect still more,
And brilliant Wit to grace.

DEAR Clara, pray pass this small trouble,
And with us contentedly dwell;
When the creature within is so noble,
How little we think of its cell.

The soul, be it e'er so refin'd,
Must live in a cottage of clay;
And the Lord of the world was consign'd
To lie in a manger on hay.

No place all our wishes supplies,
Then the best we can offer pray take;
For Fortune is ever so wise,
Not to venture us all at a stake.

Then Clara resign to our love,
This little of what you may want;
And when Fortune such merit shall prove,
Your favorite wish she may grant.