To the old, long life and treasure

To the old, long life and treasure,
To the witty, all clear mirrors,

To the young, all health and pleasure;
To the fair, their face with elegance,

With eternal delight, To the jealous, his own
to be loved at leisure.

To the fair, their face With elevation,
To the loving sprite, A section.
To the old, long life and treasure

To the old, long life and treasure,
To the young, all health and pleasure;
To the fair, their face with eternal grace,
And the foul to be lov’d at leisure.

To the witty, all clear mirrors,
To the foolish, their dark pleasures;
To the loving sprite, A secular delight,
To the jealous, his own false terrors.
[BASS]

To the old, long life and treasure

ANON.