

by Toys entangled, or in Guilt bemir'd,  
 it turns a Curse; it is our Chain, and Scourge,  
 in this dark Dungeon, where confin'd we lie,  
 close-grated by the fordid Bars of *Sense*;  
 all Prospect of Eternity shut out;  
 and, but for *Execution*, ne'er set free.

With Error in *Ambition* justly charg'd,  
 find we LORENZO wiser in his *Wealth*?  
 What if thy Rental I reform? and draw  
 an Inventory *new* to set thee right?  
 Where, thy *true* Treasure? Gold says, "Not in me."  
 and, "Not in me," the Di'mond. Gold is poor;  
*India's* insolvent: Seek it in Thyself,  
 seek in thy naked Self, and find it There;  
 in *Being* so descended, form'd, endow'd;  
 fky-born, fky-guided, fky-returning Race!  
 Erect, Immortal, Rational, Divine!  
 In *Senses*, which inherit Earth, and Heav'ns;  
 enjoy the various Riches *Nature* yields;  
 far nobler; *give* the Riches they enjoy;  
 give Taste to Fruits; and Harmony to Groves;  
 their radiant Beams to Gold, and Gold's bright Sire;