

## A SONG.



Rich - est Gift of la - vish Na - ture, Match - less dar - ling of my Heart;  
 Kind - ling Glan - ces quick - ning Kis - ses, That like Time so soon are past;



Ah! too dear, too char - ming Crea - ture, You on Earth a  
 Crow - ding Joys to ea - ger Blis - ses, Still re - ne - wing



Heav'n im - part. Rapt in Plea - sure past ex - pres - sing, I with Bliss al -  
 may you last: Nor by a fan - tas - tick Fa - shion, Be - ing law - ful



most ex - pire; Cou'd we still be thus pos - ses - sing,  
 please the less; But may I in - dulge my Pas - sion,



God's who would your State de - sire.  
 Blest in none but her I bless.