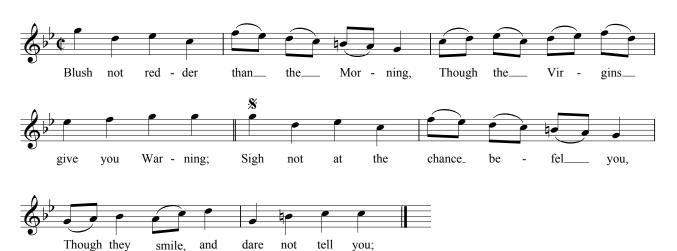
## A SONG.



Maids like Turtles, love the Cooing, Bill and Murmur in their Wooing; Thus like you they start and tremble, And their troubled Joys dissemble: Thus like you, &c.

Grasp the Pleasure while 'tis coming, Though your Beauty's now a blooming; Lest old time our Joys should sever, Ah! ah! they part, they part for ever: Lest old time, &c.