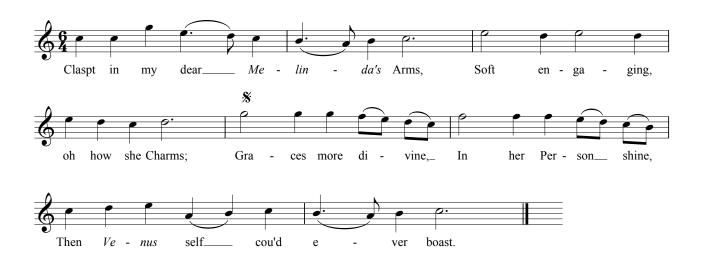
A SONG, by Mr. Burkhead.



In the softest Moments of Love, Melting, Panting, oh how she moves; Come, come, come my Dear, Now we've nought to fear, Mortal sure was never so blest, Come, come, come, &c.

Pray don't trifle, my dearest forbear, I shall die with Transports I fear; Clasp me fast my Life, 'Twill more Pleasure give, Both our stocks of Love let's Joyn, Clasp me, &c.

Now our Souls are charm'd in Bliss, Raptures flow from every Kiss; Words cannot reveal, The fierce Joys I feel, 'Tis too much to bear and live, Words cannot, &c.