

# *A SONG, by Mr. Burkhead.*

Claspt in my dear — Me - lin - da's Arms, Soft en - ga - ging,

oh how she Charms; Gra - ces more di - vine, — In her Per - son — shine,

Then Ve - nus self — cou'd e - ver boast.

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.