

*A SONG. Set by Mr. ABELL.*



A Lit - tle Love may prove a Plea - sure, Too great a Pas - sion is a Pain;



When we our Flame by re - ason mea - sure, Blest is our Fate, and light our Chain:



Who then would long a Slave re - main? True Hearts are like a Fai - ry



Trea - sure, Talk'd of, but e - ver sought in vain; A lit - tle Love may prove a



Plea - sure, Too great a Pas - sion is a Pain.