



O the New Song

The other Day young Stephen met me in a lonely

grove upon the verdant Turf he sat & told fine Tales of Love he

Squizz'd my hand in Ardent Lead I felt the Thrilling touch of young Love thro' ev'ry

Vein did steal all maids would feel as much

*Of every Flower when he stole
A plea more worth to bring
The gayer Charms of Spring
Compar'd the more dear to my skin
The sweeter to my blush
If this wth shaltry sure to kind
All Maids would wish as much*

*From all he Gull'd a branch of hays
Then on my Breast reclin'd
He gave his Emblem of that praise
Which beam'd from my Mind
For 'twas there he cry'd in haste
For Maids can boast of such
Then kiss'd my Cheeks & blest his fate
What Maid would wish as much*

*Oye Shepherd tis too much I vow
I durst not yet consent
Cry he what can prevent us now
And wonder'd what I meant
So sweet his Suit so gay his air
I yielded to his touch
Nor could I longer cry for ear
What Maid would do as much*