

*The RAPTURE.*To a Favourite Minuet of Mr. *HANDEL*'s.

When I fur-vey *Clarinda*'s Charms, Folded with-

in my circling Arms, What endless Pleasures

move along, ——— Serenely soft and sweetly

strong; Ev'ry Smile in--vites to Love,

Balmy

Balmy Kisses, Am'rous Blisses —, Ev'--ry

ri--sing Charm improve.

Immortal Bliss, that ne'er will cloy,
 Always attends her Angel Form;
 Softest Repose, and blooming Joy
 In her conspire the Soul to charm:
 All that can Joy or Love create,
 Beauteous Bleffing,
 Past expressing,
 Round the tender Fair One wait.

Love on her Breast has fixt his Throne,
 And *Cupid* revels in her Eyes;
 Who can the Charmer's Pow'r disown,
 When in each Glance an Arrow flies?

M 4

Yet

Yet when wounded, we feel no Pain;

No, 'tis Pleasure,

Above Measure,

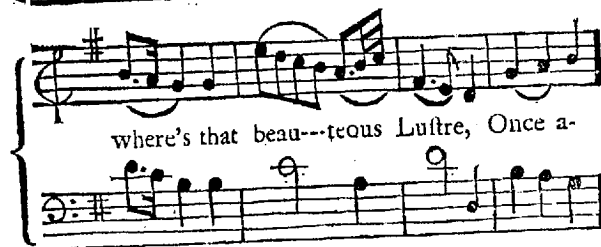
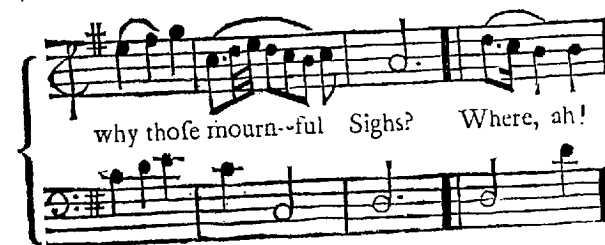
Raptures flow in ev'ry Vein.

For the FLUTE.



CELIA SIGHING.

By Mr. ARTHUR BRADLEY.



See