

*T H E M I L L, M I L L O!*

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*The words by P. P.*

**FIE!** Mary, to be so unkind,  
And cruel hoard thy blisses!  
Those lips for rapture were **design'd**,  
Then let me steal their kisses.  
What, tho' a score or two I take?  
Be generous, girl, and scorn 'em!  
Yet should'st thou pout to have them back—  
I promise to return 'em.

# The Mill Mill O.

*Violin*

*Moderately Slow*

Fie! Ma ry to be fo unkind, And cruel, hoard thy

6 6 8 6 6 5

blisses! Those lips for rapture were designd, Then let me steal their kisses,

9 6 8 5 6 8 6 6 6 9 6 5

What tho' a score or two I take? Be gen'rous, Girl and scorn 'em: Yet

10 10 6 9 6

shoudst thou pout to have them back; I promise to re-turn 'em.

6 6 6 6 9 6 5