

The QUAKER's SONG.

Walk up to Vir - tue Strait, And from all Vice re - tire;

Turn not on this Hand nor on that, To com - pass thy De - sire.

Side not with wicked ones,
 Nor such as are Prophane;
 But side with good and goodly ones,
 That come from *Amsterdam*.

Arm not thy self with Pride,
 That's not the way to Bliss;
 But Arm thy self with holy Zeal,
 And take this loving Kiss.