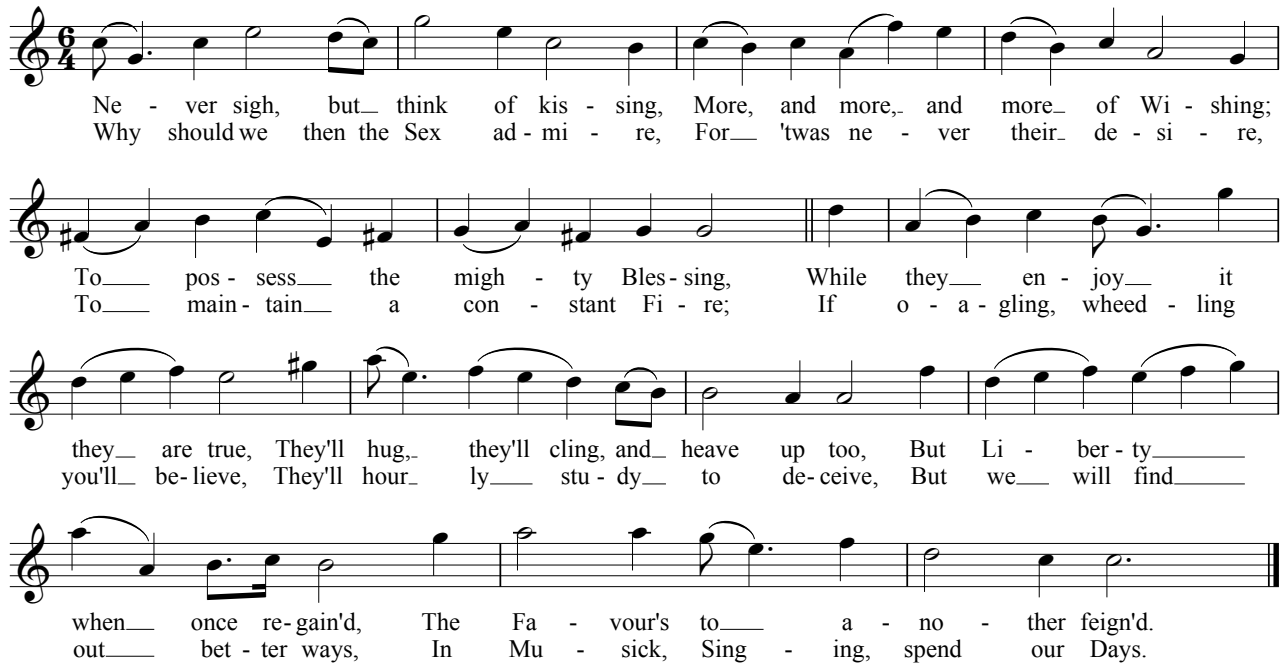


*A SONG, the Words and Tune by Mr. Witt Green.*



Ne - ver sigh, but think of kis - sing, More, and more, and more of Wi - shing;  
 Why should we then the Sex ad - mi - re, For 'twas ne - ver their de - si - re,

To pos - sess the migh - ty Bles - sing, While they en - joy it  
 To main - tain a con - stant Fi - re; If o - a - gling, wheed - ling

they are true, They'll hug, they'll cling, and heave up too, But Li - ber - ty  
 you'll be - lieve, They'll hourly stu - dy to de - ceive, But we will find

when once re - gain'd, The Fa - vour's to a - no - ther feign'd.  
 out bet - ter ways, In Mu - sick, Sing - ing, spend our Days.