

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

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 so unkind, And cruel, hoard thy
6 8 6 6
blisses! Those lips for rapture were design'd 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