

*DEAR SILVIA.*

THE WORDS BY P. P. ESQ.

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**D**EAR Silvia lay aside those airs,  
And let me share thy kisses;  
Why, after so much toil and pray'rs,  
Refuse the tender blisses?

Then let me press those lips so sweet,  
And, bee-like, honey rifle!  
To me the gain were wond'rous great,  
The loss to thee a trifle.

Dear Silvia.

*Violin*

*Moderate*

Dear Sil - via lay a - side those airs, And let me share thy kisses; Why

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af - ter so much toil and pray'rs, Re - fuse the ten - der blisses: Then

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let me press those lips so sweet, and Bee-like ho - ney ri - fle; To

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me the gain were wond'rous great, the loss to thee a tri - fle.

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