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A Dialogue between Sly and Lovett.

At Fielding's Booth at Bartholomew Fair.

1. Sweet, if you love me, smiling turn, smiling turn, smiling turn:
   
   Sweet, if you love me, smiling turn, Ah! Let me take a thousand sips from
   
   these dear balmy ruby lips, and gently slip into thy—smiling
   
   turn, smiling turn, And let me slip into thy favour.

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1. Pray now give o'er, you court in vain,
   Pray give o'er, pray give o'er:
   Pray now, &c.
   And yet so warm was every kiss,
   An earnest of such future bliss.

   I fear at last he'll—
   Pray be gone—Pray now stay;
   I fear at last he'll gain my favour.

2. Thus let me press thee close, my dear;
   Close, my dear, close, my dear:
   Then let me, &c.

1. Fie, now you make me blush, I swear:
   Fie for shame, fie for shame:
   Fie for shame, &c.

2. Ah! do not frown upon me now,
   I feel I'm growing kind, I vow.

   Since you this kind embrace allow.

1. O dear, he has so mov'd me now.

2. O let me slip into thy—

1. I fear he'll slip into my—

2. Kiss, my dear.

1. Fie for shame.

2. (And let me slip into thy favour.) Together.