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# Tis a Bit of a Thing

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# TIS A BIT OF A THING

Och is that what you mean now—a bit of a  
song; you long,

Faith I'll not keep you waiting or bother  
I require no teasing no pressing or stuff,  
By my soul if you're ready, I'm willing  
enough. (begining ;

But to give you an end I must make a  
In truth, tho, the music is not mighty fine,

'Tis a bit of a thing

That a body may sing,

Just to set you a going and season the wine.

I once was a lover like some of you here,  
And could feed a whole day on a sigh or a  
tear (eye,

No sunshine I know but in Kitty's black-  
and the world was â desert when she was  
not by ; (Miss Btesy,

But the devil know (how I grew fond of  
Which placed in my heart quite another  
design—

'Tis a bit of a thing

That a body may sing,

Just to set you a going to season the wine,

Then Lucy came next with a languishing  
eye,

Like the azure of heav'n wê see in the sky,  
The beauties of Bétsy she threw into shade,  
And I vow'd that for ever I'd love the dear  
maid; (before me,

But the beautiful Fanny one day came  
Which plâced in my heart quite another  
design—

'Tis a bit of a th ing.

That a body mây sing,

Just to set you a going and season the wine.

Nôw Fanny was stately, majestic, and tall,  
In shape and in size what a goddes you'd  
call ;

I vow'd if she cruelly slighted my hope,  
I'd give up the world and die by a rope ;  
But I felt sickat heart till I saw her fair  
sistér, (design,

Which placed in my heart quite another

'Tis a bit of a thing.

Thât a body may sing,

Just to set you a going aud season the wine.

'Tis thus I go on, éver constant and blèst,  
f'or I find I've a great storé of love in my  
breast ; (I try

And it never grows cool, for whenever  
To get one in my heart—I gst two in my  
eye (devotions

Thus to all kinds of beauty I pay my  
And all sorts of liquors by thrus I make mine  
So I'll finish the thing.

Now you see what I sing,

with a bumper is woman to season our wine,