

Can nothing, Sir, . . move you, Our sor - rows to mend, Have you
You see the sad . . fate We poor maid - ens en - dure, Can-not

no - thing to give, Sir, Have you no - thing to lend? My
char - i - ty move you To grant us a cure? How

heart does so heave, I'm a-fraid it will break, *pp* Of
hard is your heart, How un-kind is your eye, If

vic - tuals we've scarce had A . . . mor - sel this week.
no - thing can move you, Good Sir, to com - ply.