

The Lads of Livingston.

Violin

Slow

Pain'd with her flighting Jamies love, Bell dropt a Tear Bell dropt a Tear, The

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God's defend - ed from above, Well pleas'd to hear, Well pleas'd to hear, They

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heard the praises of the Youth From her own Tongue, from her own Tongue, Who

5 3 6 4 5 3 6 6 6 4 5 3 — p 7 5 5 3

now con-vert-ed was to Truth, And thus she sung, And thus she sung.

f 6 5 6 10 10 p

THE LASS OF LIVINGSTON.

<p>PAIN'D with her flighting Jamie's love, Bell dropt a tear—Bell dropt a tear, The Gods descended from above, Well pleas'd to hear—well pleas'd to hear: They heard the praises of the youth, From her own tongue—from her own tongue : Who now converted was to truth, And thus she sung—and thus she sung :</p>	<p>Why lov'd I thee, deserving swain ! Yet still thought shame—yet still thought shame ; When he my yielding heart did gain, To own my flame—to own my flame ? Why took I pleasure to torment And seem too coy—and seem too coy ? Which makes me now, alas ! lament My flighted joy—my flighted joy.</p>
<p>Bless'd days ! when our ingenicus fex More frank and kind—more frank and kind ; Did not their loved adorers vex, But spoke their mind—but spoke their mind. Repenting now, she promis'd fair, Wou'd he return—wou'd he return, She ne'er again would give him care, Or cause him mourn—or cause him mourn.</p>	<p>Ye fair, while beauty's in its spring, Own your desire—own your desire ; While love's young power wi' his soft wing Fans up the fire—fans up the fire ; O ! do not with 'a silly pride, Or low design—or low design, Refuse to be a happy bride, But answer kind—but answer kind.</p>

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime
 With flowing eyes—with flowing eyes.
 Glad Jamie heard her all the time
 With sweet surprise—with sweet surprise ;
 Some God had led him to the grove,
 His mind unchang'd—his mind unchang'd,
 Flew to her arms and cry'd, my love,
 I am reveng'd—I am reveng'd !