

The Lads of Livingston.

Violin

Slow

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

5 5 6 7 5 6 6 6 5 3 7 5 5 3 f 5

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

6 5 6 10 6 6 6 10 10 10 8 3

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.

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

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 !