

BLINK O'ER THE BURN, SWEET BETTY.

<p>LEAVE kindred and friends, sweet Betty, Leave kindred and friends for me ; Affur'd thy servant is steady To love, to honour, and thee. The gifts of nature and fortune, May fly by chance as they came ; They're grounds the destinies sport on, But virtue is ever the fame.</p>	<p>Altho' my fancy were roving, Thy charms so heavenly appear ; That other beauties disproving, I'd worship thine only, my dear ; And shou'd life's sorrows embitter The pleasure we promis'd our loves, To share them together is fitter, Than moan asunder like doves.</p>
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Blink o'er the Burn sweet Betty.

Violin

Moderately
Slow

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