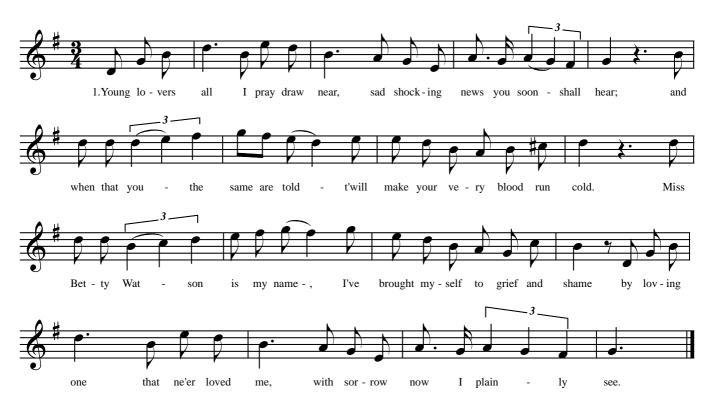
24 Effects of Love - Mr Harper



1

Young lovers all I pray draw near, sad, shocking news you soon shall hear; and when that you the same are told t'will make your very blood run cold. Miss Betty Watson is my name, I've brought myself to grief and shame by loving one that ne'er loved me, with sorrow now I plainly see.

2

Mark well these words that will be said by William West I was betrayed; by his false heart I was beguiled at length by him I proved with child. At rest with him I ne'er could be until he had his will of me To his fond tales I did give way and did from paths of virtue stray.

3

My grief is more than I can bear, I'm disregarded ev'rywhere Like a blooming flower I am cut down and on me now my love does frown. O the false vows he has sworn to me that I his lawful bride should be. 'May I never prosper night or day if I deceive you,' he would say. 4

But now the day is past and gone that he fixed to be married on He scarcely speaks when we do meet

and strives to shun me in the street. I did propose on Sunday night to walk with my heart's delight On the Humber Banks where billows roar

we parted there to meet no more.

5

Since he is false, a watery grave I have resolved this night to have. I'll plunge myself into the deep and leave my friends behind to

weep. His word was pledgèd unto me he ne'er will prosper or happy be My ghost and my poor infant dear they both shall haunt him eve'rywhere.

6

Dear William when this you do see remember how you slighted me Farewell vain world, false man adieu I drown myself for love of you. As a token that I die for love there will be seen a milk white dove over my watery tomb shall fly there you will see my body lie. 7

These cheeks of mine, once blooming red must now be mingled with the dead From the deep waves to a bed of clay where I must sleep till the Judgement Day. A joyful rising then I hope to have when angels call me from the grave Receive my soul from the Lord on high or broken hearted I must die.

8

Grant me one favour, that's all I crave eight pretty maidens may I have drest all in white in comely show to take me to the grave below. Now all young girls I hope on earth will be warned by my untimely death take care sweet maids when you are young

of men's deluding, flatt'ring tongue.