

24 Effects of Love - Mr Harper

1. Young lo - vers all I pray draw near, sad shock - ing news you soon - shall hear; and
 when that you - the same are told - t'will make your ve - ry blood run cold. Miss
 Bet - ty Wat - son is my name - , I've brought my - self to grief and shame by lov - ing
 one that ne'er loved me, with sor - row now I plain - ly see.

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

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 pledged 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.