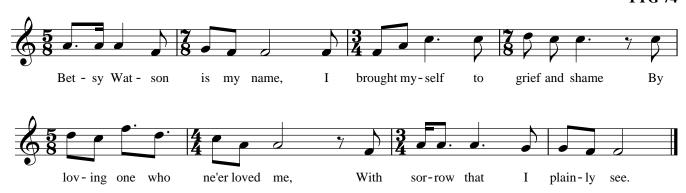
## The Effects of Love

**TYG 74** 



- 1. Betsy Watson is my name,
  I brought myself to grief and shame
  By loving one who ne'er loved me,
  With sorrow that I plainly see.
- 2. To his fond tales I did give way, And from the paths of virtue stray: By his fond tales I was beguiled, And then to him I prove with child.
- 3. My grief and shame I cannot bear, I am degraded everywhere; Like a blooming flower I am cut down, And now my love on me doth frown.
- 4. I did propose on Sunday night
   To meet once more my heart's delight.
   On the Humber banks where the billows roar,
   We parted there to meet no more.
- 5. As token that I die for love
  There will be seen a milk-white dove
  Over my wat'ry tomb to fly,
  And there you'll find my body lie.