This song is particularly wanted to be engraved immediately.

Madame

James - 7

L. S. Bellot

[Illegible text]

Dr. S. [illegible text]

Aberdeen 5th
Eily's Reason!

Phelin dear you're angry now

There's a cloud up

on your brow

You would have me so 

Tell

Every one loves you well, pure they see your

bright-blue eyes, pure they know you're brave a wise

Tell
Bend the rod, yet let thy voice never chaff,
Exult content to cling a cling as bright is love it is.
Whispering sure it needed not to tell
That it loved to talk so well.
All the trees that round it grew wished they had been
Long the ivy loved the oak, yet the ivy never spoke,
Quite content to cling and cling, and breathe its love in
whispering, sure it needed not to tell That it loved the

Solemn

Oath to tell All the trees that round it grew Would they had been
"Sing the accompaniment like that of the first verse."

"All the girls go even lower."
would you love me swell the charm

of the burden they must bear if I am about to the

every one I love you well that my love is

repeated

pure and true what is left to tell to you

A letter

Pleas don't be angry now there a cloud up