

The Banks of Spey.

Violin

Slow

Talk not of love, it gives me pain, For love has been my

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foe; He bound me with an Iron chain, and plung'd me deep in woe.

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But friendship's pure and lasting joys, my heart was form'd to prove; Then

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welcome win and wear the prize, but never talk of love.

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THE BANKS OF SPEY.

TALK not of love, it gives me pain,
 For love has been my foe,
 He bound me with an iron chain,
 And plung'd me deep in woe ;
 But Friendship's pure and lasting joys
 My heart was form'd to prove,
 Then welcome win and wear the prize,
 But never talk of love.

Your friendship, much can make me blest,
 Oh ! why that bliss destroy ?
 Why urge the only one, request
 You know I will deny ;
 Your thought, if love must labour there,
 Conceal it in that thought,
 Nor cause me from my bosom tear
 The only friend I fought.