

A Scotch SONG, Sung by Mrs. BALLDEN.

Oh! my Pan - ting, pan - ting Heart, Why so Young, and
Why does Plea - sure seem a Smart, Or I wretch - ed

why so sad? Lo - vers God - dess, who wert form'd, From
while I'm Glad? Oh!

Cold and I - cy, I - cy Seas; In - struct me why I

am thus warm'd! And Darts at once can wound and please.