



JESSIE THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond, And left the red clouds to pre-
 side o'er the scene; While lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloaming, To muse
 on sweet Jessie the flow'r o' Dumblane. How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft faulding
 blossom, And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green; Yet sweeter, an' fairer, an'
 dear to this bosom, Is lovely young Jessie the flow'r o' Dumblane, Is lovely
 young Jessie, Is lovely young Jessie, Is lovely young Jessie the flow'r o' Dumblane.

<p>1</p> <p>She'modest as ony, an' blythe as she's bonny, For guileless simplicity mark her its ain; An' far be the villain, divested o' feeling Whad' blight in its bloom the sweet flow'r o' Dumblane.</p>	<p>2</p> <p>Sing on thou sweet Mavis, thy hymn to the evening, Thour't dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen; Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning, Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.</p>
--	--

<p>3</p> <p>How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain Ine'er saw a nymph I would ca'my dear lassie, Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.</p>	<p>4</p> <p>Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur, Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain: An' reckon as naething the height o' its splend If wanting sweet Jessie the flow'r o' Dumblane.</p>
--	---

Published daily and Sold Wholesale & Retail by R. W. Home, Bookseller, Leith
 Price One Halfpenny.

Price One Halfpenny.

