

The Flower of Dumblane

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*The Flower of Dumblane.*

**T**HE sun had gone down o'er the lofty Benlo-  
mon,

And left the red clouds to preside o'er the sea,  
While lanely I stray on a calm summer gloming.

To muse on sweet Jessie the flower o' Dumblane.  
How sweet is the briar, wi' its fast folding blossom.

And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green;  
Yet sweeter and fairer and dear to this bosom,

Is lovely young Jessie the flow'r o' Dumb  
Is lovely young Jessie; &c.

She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonny,

For guileless simplicity marks her it's ain;

And far be the villain divested of feeling,

Wha'd blight in it's bloom the sweet low  
Dumblane.

Sing on thou sweet mavis thy hymn to the evening

I hour't dear to the woods in Calder wood glen;

Sae dear to this bosom sae artless and winning,

Is charming young Jessie the flow'r o' Dumblane

Is charming young Jessie, &c

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!

The sports of the city seem'd foolish and vain;

I ne'er saw a nymph could ca my dear Jessie

'Till charm'd wi' young Jessie the flow'r o'

Dumblane;

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandour,  
Amidst its profusions I'd languish in pain.  
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendors  
If wanting young Jessie the flow'r o' Dumblane.  
If wanting sweet Jessie, &c.

## ADDITIONAL VERSES,

The waters of Allan now softly are fallen,  
Which marks out its place and their way to the  
main,

While beauty unwasted and charms untasted,  
Paint out my sweet Jessie the flower o' Dumblane  
From Keirwood the songsters are charming the  
youngsters

But music and harmony to me are vain,  
Unless the were wi' me, that loves ay to see me,  
My handsome young Jessy the flow'r o' Dumblane

It's O for to see the sweet smiles o' my lassie,  
She's blooming in beauty, without e'er a stain,  
She's fair in each feature and mild in her nature,  
My charming young Jessie the flower o' Dum-  
blane.

Soon may we be wedded, soon may we be bedded,  
Soon may I caress her and call her my ain;  
I then shall with pleasure esteem her a treasure,  
And live with my Jessie the flower o' Dumblane

*Jamie is Slain the Wars I'm afraid.*

**A**S I walked abroad for my recreation,  
Down by yon green meadows I carelessly  
stray'd,

I spy'd a fair female making sad lamentation,  
Crying Jamie is slain in the wars I'm afraid.

I stood all amazed, around me I gazed,  
And in the green arbour I saw this fair maid,  
In her hand were sweet posies, on her head were  
sweet roses,

Crying Jamie is slain in the wars I'm afraid.

The blackbirds and thrushes did mourn on the  
bushes,

The warblers all did lament for the maid,  
Her song was concerning young Jamie her dar-  
ling,

Crying Jamie is slain in the wars I'm afraid.

Grief and vexation and sad tribulation,

This war has brought upon us replied this fair  
maid,

For maidens complaining and widows bewailing;  
Some thousands are slain in the wars I'm afraid.

It made my heart bleed to see death upon her,

The turtle dove did lament for this maid,  
 She languish'd and died; and would by no man's  
 Crying Jamid is slain in the wars I'm afraid.  
 This young man returned, with grief his heart  
 When he found that his Nancy was laid in the  
 grave,  
 This young man fell sick, and he died in a week,  
 Crying O that I never had left the fair maid.

Success now attend every man on the ocean,  
 That parents and wives may be blest with  
 their own,  
 That peace with all nations may soon be concluded,  
 And every soldier in safety return.

### *The Banks of the Dee.*

'T WAS summer and softly the breezes were  
 blowing  
 And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree,  
 At the foot of a rock where the river was flowing,  
 I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.  
 Flow on lovely Dee, Flow on thou sweet river,  
 Thy banks sweetest stream shall be dear to me  
 For there I first gain'd the affection and favour,  
 Of Jamie the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me and left me thus  
 mourning,  
 To quell our proud foes, for valiant is he,  
 And ah! there's no hope of his speedy returning,  
 To wander again on the banks of the Dee.  
 It's gone, hapless youth! o'er the rude roaring  
 billows,  
 The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows,  
 And left me to stray among the once loved willows  
 The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet re-  
 store him,  
 Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me,  
 And when he returns with such care I'll watch  
 o'er him,  
 He never shall leave the banks of the Dee,  
 The Dee then shall flow all it's beauties displaying,  
 The lambs on it's banks shall again be seen playing,  
 While I with my Sandy am carelessly straying,  
 And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

The following additional Verses were composed  
 after the death of Sir A. MURRAY of Balwanie.

Thus sung the fair maid on the banks of the  
 river  
 And softly re-echoed each neighbouring tree;  
 But now her hopes must vanish for ever,  
 Since Sandy shall never see the banks of the Dee.

On a foreign shore the brave youth lys dying,  
In a foreign shore his corpse are now lying,  
While friends and acquaintanc in Scotland are  
crying,  
For Sandy the glory and pride of the Dee.

Mishap to the hand by which he was wounded,  
Mishap to the wars that call'd him away,  
From a circle of friends by which he was surrou-  
Who now weep for Sandy the tedious day. {ded,  
Ah! poor haples maid that mourns discontented,  
The loss of thy lover so justly lamented,  
By time only time can thy griefs be contented,  
And all thy sad hours become cheerful and gay.

'Twas honour and bravery made him leave the  
mournin,

From daring foes his country to free,  
He left the in hopes of quickly returnig,  
To bless the again n the banks of the Dee.  
For this he defy'd all dangers and perils,  
For this he espoused Britannia's quarrels;  
That when he return'd encircled with laurels,  
Thou might share his fate on the banks of the Dee.

But the fates did decree that his fall should be  
glorious,

Though dreadful the thought must be ever to thee  
He fell, like brave Wolf, when the troops were  
victorious,

and each tender heart must bewail the decree.

Yet though he is gone thy once faithful lover,  
And all thy fond schemes of happiness over,  
No doubt he implor'd Heaven's pity and favour,  
For her he had left on the banks of the Dee.

## BONNY DUNDEE.

O Whar gat you that bonny blue bonnet?  
O Silly blind body canna ye see?  
I gat it frae a bonny Scots Calan,  
A twaenist Johnston and Bonny Dundee.  
And gin I saw but the laddie that ga'e me't,  
Fu' aft has he doudled me on his knee;  
But now he's awa' and I dinna ken whar he's  
O! gin he was back to his Minnie and me,  
My heart has nae room when I think on my dawty  
Hi dear rosy haffets bring tears in my ee,  
But now he's awa' and I dinna ken whar he's,  
Gin we could anse meet we's he'er part till we die  
And gin I saw but my bonny Scots Callan,  
Fu' aft has he doudled me on his knee;  
But now he's awa' and I dinna ken whar he's,  
O! gin he was back to his Minnie and me.