

# ANSWER TO

*“ Jessie, the Flower o’ Dumblaine.”*

SING on bonnie Laddie, thy rapturous praises,  
Nor fear thy soul’s feeling is wafted in vain ;  
For tender thy bosom, an’ whiter than daissies !  
Of charming young Jessie the Flow’r o’Dum-  
blaine !

Her een like the stars on a cloudless night shining,  
And blue as the vault where revolve the bright  
train,  
Reflect all the beauties of pity combining,  
Wi’ love to bedew the sweet Flow’r o’Dum-  
blaine.

Then think ye, fond Laddie, sic Angel could ever  
Reject a warm heart, and afflict it with pain ?  
Nae, sooner wad virtue its principles sever !  
Than cruelty spot the fair Flow’r o’Dumblaine :  
Then whisper thy tale to the ear of thy Jessie,  
Believe her too gentle thy sighs to disdain ;  
And sure as she’s lovely, she quickly will bless ye,  
And gi’ to your bosom, the Flow’r o’Dumblaine !

There cherished and safe, ’neath the wing o’pro-  
tection,  
What villainous hand would thy treasure  
profane,  
And sweet, (favor’d laddie) must be thy reflection ?  
When full blown i’ love, smiles the Flow’r  
o’Dumblaine !

But sweeter when blasts o’ life’s winter are blowing  
And scatter its leaves, to thy anguish & pain,  
That guardians o’ virtue, wi’ tenderness glowing,  
Will plant in its heav’n the fair Flow’r o’  
Dumblaine !

There decked wi’ new beauty, thy Jessie will,  
smiling,  
Watch over thy fate, and gi’ balm to thy pain,  
And hope (e’er the sorrows o’ mortals beguiling)  
Will point to the realm o’ the Flow’r o’  
Dumblaine.

There fancy ascending on wings o’ soft feeling,  
(Delighted the image o’ love to retain)  
Life’s sands shall run out, and thy spirit be  
stealing,  
Again to unite wi’ the Flow’r o’Dumblaine !

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