

THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.

My love was once a bonny lad,

He was the flower of a' his kin ;

The absence of his bonny face

Has rent my tender heart in twain ;

I day nor night, find no delight,

On silent tears I still complain ;

And exclaim 'gainst those my rival foes,

That ha'e ta'en from me my darling swain.

Despair and anguish fill my breast,

Since I have lost my blooming rose ;

I sigh and moan, while others rest,

His absence yields me no repose ;

To seek my love I'll range and rove,

Thro' ev'ry grove and distant plain ;

Thus I'll ne'er cease, but spend my days,

To hear tidings from my darling swain.

The Flowers of Edinburgh.

Violin

Moderately
Slow

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