

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

Andante.

TANNAHILL

1. The sun has gane down o'er the lof - ty Ben - Lo-mond, And
left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene : While lane - ly I stray in the
calm simmer gloamin', To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane. How
sweet is the brier wi' its saft faulding blossom, And sweet is the birk wi' its
man-tle o' green ; But sweeter and fair - er, and dear to this bo-som, Is
love - ly young Jessie, the flower 'o Dumblane, Is love-ly young Jessie, Is
love - ly young Jessie, Is love - ly young Jes-sie, the flower o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonnie,	How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie !
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain ;	The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain ;
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,	I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dumblane.	Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'enin',	Tho' mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur
Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen ;	Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,	And reckon as naething the height o' its splendor,
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.	If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
Is charming young Jessie, etc.	If wanting sweet Jessie, etc.