

THE FLOWERS O' THE FOREST.

Modern Air.

Words by Mrs. Cockburn.



I've seen the smil - ing Of For - tune be - guil - ing, I've
felt all her fa - vors and found her de - cay;
Sweet was her bless - - - ing, Kind her ca - ress - ing; But
now they are fled, fled far a - way.
I've seen the fo - rest A - dorn'd the fore - most, Wi'
flow'rs o' the fair - est, baith plea - - - sant and gay; Sae
bon - nie was their blooming! Their scent the air per - fum - ing! But
now . . they are wi - ther'd and a' wede a - way.

I have seen the morning
With gold the hills adorning,
And the loud tempest roaring before parting Oh, why still perplex us, puir sons of a
day;
I've seen Tweed's silver stream,
Glitt'ring in the sunny beam,
Growing drumly and dark as it roll'd on its way. Since the Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede
away.

Oh, fickle Fortune,
Why this cruel sporting!

Thy frown cannot fear me
Thy smile cannot cheer me,—

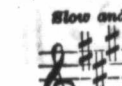
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