

DARLING BESSIE OF THE LEA.

Oh! I wander mid the roses
In the golden Summer time,
And listen to the streamlet
While it rings a merry chime;
But far sweeter than the roses
Or the streamlet unto me,
The sun-bright face of Bessie,
Darling Bessie of the lea.

CHORUS.

Oh! she is the sweetest flower
Ever sent to comfort me;
Pure and gentle as an angel,
Darling Bessie of the lea.
Yes, she is the sweetest flower
Ever sent to comfort me;
I love that little fairy,
Darling Bessie of the lea.

Not a bird in all the wild wood
But will answer to her call;
Oh! most I love the twilight
When the nearly dew-drops fall,
Then she meets me in the valley,
And she kindly welcomes me—
My bonnie star of evening,
Darling Bessie of the lea.—*Chorus.*

Oh! the honey-bee may linger
Where the buds and blossoms grow,
The gentle breeze of Summer
In its fragrance come and go!
But they all will pass unheeded,
For wherever she may be,
My heart is full of Bessie,
Darling Bessie of the lea.—*Chorus.*