

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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