

# *Leslie the flower o' Dumblane*

A FAVORITE SCOTTISH

## *Song*

*Composed & Dedicated to his Friend*

**JAMES M<sup>c</sup>EARLAND**

BY

*R. A. Smith*


ANDANTE PASTORALE

*p* *Cres* *f*

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The Sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond, And left the red Clouds to preside o'er the



scene; while lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloaming, To muse on sweet JESSIE the



flow'r o' Dumblane. How sweet is the brier, wi' its



saft faulding blossom, And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green; Yet sweeter an' *Cres.*

fairer; an'dear to this bosom, Is lovely young JESSIE the flow'r o' Dumblane, Is

lovely young JESSIE, Is lovely young JESSIE, Is lovely young JESSIE the flow'r of Dumblane.

*p* *ress* *f*

2  
 She's modest as ony, an' blythe as she's bonny,  
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;  
 An' far be the villian, divested o' feeling,  
 Wha'd blight in its bloom, the sweet flow'r o' Dumblane.  
 Sing on thou sweet Mavis, thy hymn to the e'ning,  
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calder wood glen;  
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,  
 Is charming young JESSIE, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

3  
 How lost were my days, till I met wi' my JESSIE,  
 The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;  
 I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,  
 Till charm'd wi' sweet JESSIE, the flow'r o' Dumblane.  
 Though mine were the station, o' lofties grandeur,  
 Amidst its profusion, I'd languish in pain:  
 An' reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,  
 If wanting sweet JESSIE the flow'r o' Dumblane.

