

*THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH*

---

**M**Y 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 2<sup>d</sup> Towers o' Edinburgh.

*Violin*

*Moderately Slow*

My love was once a bonny lad, He was the flow'r of a' his kin; The  
 absence of his bonny face Has rent my tenderheart in twain. I day nor  
 night find no delight; In silent tears I ftill complain; And exclaim'gainst  
 those my ri-val foes; That hae ta'en from me my darling Swain.

5 6 5 7 8 b7 6 5  
 3 4 3 2 3 4 3

6 5 7 8 b7 4 6 5  
 4 3 2 3 b7 4 5

6 6 8 6 5  
 3 3 3 3

6 5 5 6 5  
 4 3 3 4 3