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My love was once a Bonny Lad,
 He was the flower of all his kin,
 The absence of his bonny face,
 Rent my tender heart in twain.
 I day nor night find no delight,
 In 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
 Tae hear tidings from my darling swain.

There's nothing strange in Nature's change
 Since parents show such cruelty
 They caused my love from me to range
 And knows not to what destiny
 The pretty kids and tender lambs
 May cease to sport upon the plane
 But I'll mourn and lament in deep discontent
 For the absence of my darling swain.

Kind Neptune let me thee entreat
 To send a fair and pleasant gale
 Ye dolphins sweet, upon me wait
 And do convey me on your tail
 Heavens bless my voyage with success

While crossing of the raging main
And send me safe o'er to that distant shore
To meet my lovely darling swain

All joy and mirth at our return
Shall then abound from Tweed to Tay
The bells shall ring and sweet birds sing
To grace and crown our nuptial day
Thus bless'd with charms in my love's arms
My heart once more I will regain
Then I'll range no more to a distant shore
But in love will enjoy my darling swain.

Susannah Dickinson, an Alamo survivor, recalls The Flowers of Edinburgh, as a tune that Davy Crockett played on the fiddle, with piper John MacGregor, during the 13 day siege. The vocal version started out as the Flower of Edinburgh, the song and tune appeared in Universal Magazine in 1749 and subsequently as a single sheet song with music. It became a popular fiddle tune and is often used as a Scottish Country dance tune.