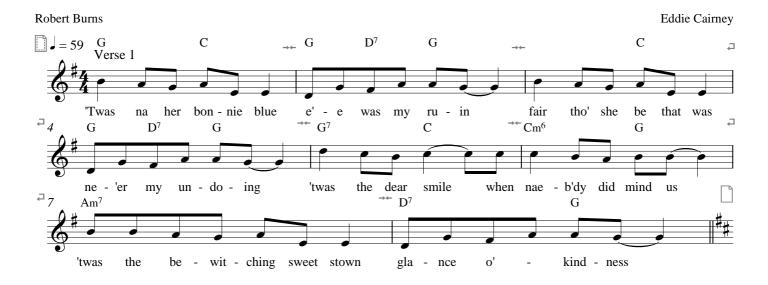
Burns Revisited Volume 87

- 1. Twas na her bonnie blue e'e
- 2. Their groves o' sweet myrtle
- 3. Forlorn my love, no comfort near
- 4. Why why tell thy lover
- 5. The braw wooer
- 6. This is no my ain lassie
- 7. O bonnie was yon rosy brier
- 8. Now spring has clad the grove in green
- 9. O that's the lassie o' my heart
- 10. To Chloris

'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e



Verse 2

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever

Verse 3

Chloris I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest 1 And thou'rt the angel that never can alter Sooner the sun in his motion would falter

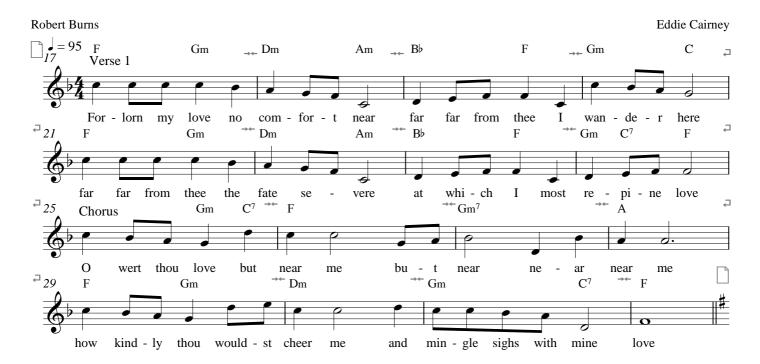
Their groves o' sweet myrtle



Verse 2

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave
Their sweet scented woodlands that skirt the proud place
What are the haunt o' the tyrant and slave
The slave's spicy forests and gold bubbling fountains
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain
He wanders as free as the winds o' his mountins
Save love's willing fetters the chains o' his Jean

Forlorn my love no comfort near



Verse 2

Around me scowls a wintry sky Blasting each bud of hope and joy And shelter shade nor home have I Save in these arms of thine love

Chorus

Verse 3

Cold alter'd friendship's cruel part To poison Fortune's ruthless dart Let me not break thy faithful heart And say that fate is mine love

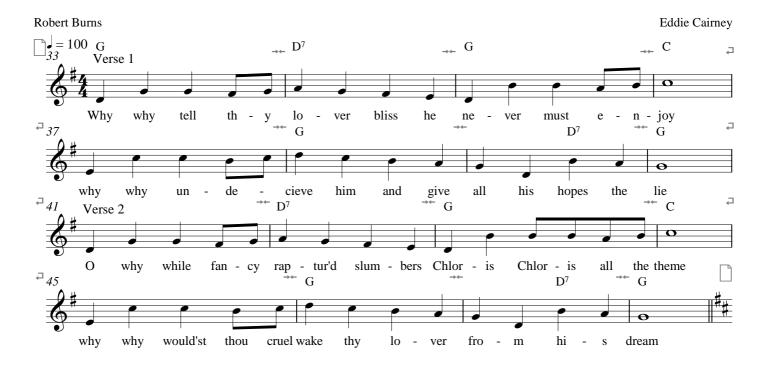
Chorus

Verse 4

But dreary tho' the moments fleet O let me think we yet shall meet That only ray of solace sweet Can on thy Chloris shine love

Chorus

Why why tell thy lover



The braw wooer

Verse 2

He spak o' the darts in my bonie black een And vow'd for my love he was diein I said he might die when he liket for Jean The Lord forgie me for liein for liein The Lord forgie me for liein

Verse 3

A weelstocket mailen himsel for the laird And marriage aff hand were his proffers I never loot on that I kenn'd it or car'd But thought I might hae waur offers waur offers But thought I might hae waur offers

Verse 4

But what wad ye think In a fortnight or less The Deil tak his taste to gae near her He up the Gate Slack to my black cousin Bess Guess ye how the jad I could bear her could bear her Guess ye how the jad I could bear her

Verse 5

But a' the niest week as I petted wi' care I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock And wha but my fine fickle lover was there I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock a warlock I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock

Verse 6

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink Lest neebours might say I was saucy My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink And vow'd I was his dear lassie dear lassie And vow'd I was his dear lassie

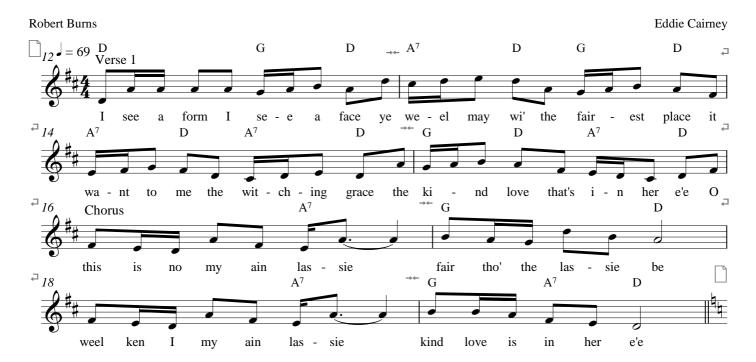
Verse 7

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet Gin she had recover'd her hearin And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl'd feet But heavens how he fell a swearin a swearin But heavens how he fell a swearin

Verse 8

He begged for gudesake I wad be his wife Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow So e'en to preserve the poor body in life I think I maun wed him tomorrow tomorrow I think I maun wed him tomorrow

This is no my ain lassie



Verse 2

She's bonie blooming straight and tall And lang has had my heart in thrall And ay it charms my very saul The kind love that's in her e'e

Chorus

Verse 3

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean To steal a blink by a' unseen But gleg as light are lovers' een When kind love is in the e'e

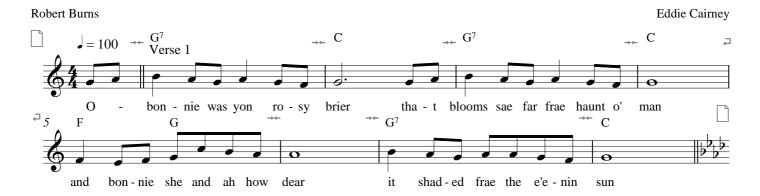
Chorus

Verse 4

It may escape the courtly sparks It may escape the learned clerks But weel the watching lover marks The kind love that's in her e'e

Chorus

O bonnie was yon rosy brier



Verse 2

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew How pure amang the leaves sae green But purer was the lover's vow They witness'd in their shade yestreen

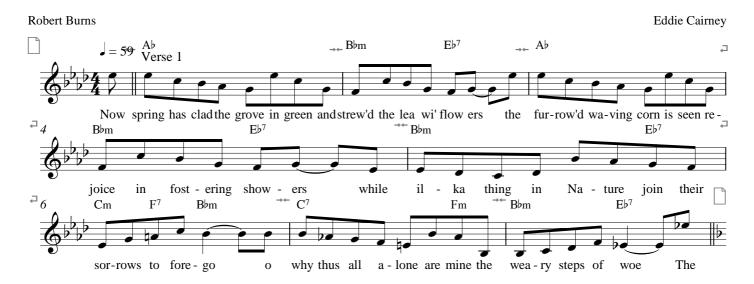
Verse 3

All in its rude and prickly bower That crimson rose how sweet and fair But love is far a sweeter flower Amid life's thorny path o' care

Verse 4

The pathless wild and wimpling burn Wi' Chloris in my arms be mine And I the world nor wish nor scorn Its joys and griefs alike resign

Now Spring has clad the grove in green



Verse 2

The trout in yonder wimpling burn
That glides a silver dart
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art
My life was ance that careless stream
That wanton trout was I
But Love wi' unrelenting beam
Has scorch'd my fountains dry

Verse 3

That little floweret's peaceful lot In yonder cliff that grows Which save the linnet's flight I wot Nae ruder visit knows Was mine till Love has o'er me past And blighted a' my bloom And now beneath the withering blast My youth and joy consume

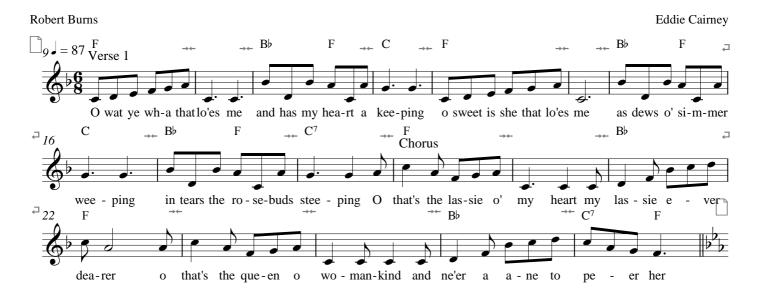
Verse 4

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs And climbs the early sky Winnowing blythe his dewy wings In morning's rosy eye As little reck'd I sorrow's power Until the flowery snare O'witching Love in luckless hour Made me the thrall o' care

Verse 5

O had my fate been Greenland snows
Or Afric's burning zone
Wi'man and nature leagued my foes
So Peggy ne'er I'd known
The wretch whose doom is "Hope nae mair"
What tongue his woes can tell
Within whase bosom save Despair
Nae kinder spirits dwell

O that's the lassie o' my heart



Verse 2

If thou shalt meet a lassie
In grace and beauty charming
That e'en thy chosen lassie
Erewhile thy breast sae warming
Had ne'er sic powers alarming

Chorus

Verse 3

If thou hadst heard her talking And thy attention's plighted That ilka body talking But her by thee is slighted And thou art all delighted

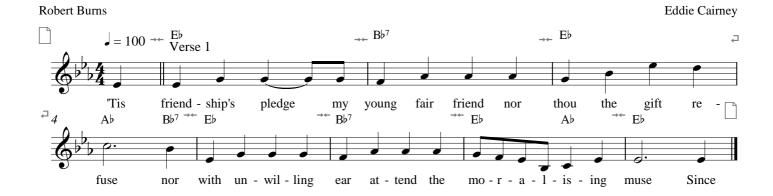
Chorus

Verse 4

If thou hast met this Fair One When frae her thou hast parted If every other Fair One But her thou hast deserted And thou art broken hearted

Chorus

To Chloris



Verse 2

Since thou in all thy youth and charms Must bid the world adieu A world agenst peace in constant arms To join the friendly few Since

Verse 3

Since thy gay morn of life o'ercast Chill came the tempest's lour And ne'er Misfortune's eastern blast Did nip a fairer flower

Verse 4

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more Still much is left behind Still nobler wealth hast thou in store The comforts of the mind

Verse 5

Thine is the self approving glow Of conscious honor's part And dearest gift of Heaven below Thine Friendship's truest heart

Verse 6

The joys refin'd of sense and taste With every Muse to rove And doubly were the Poet blest These joys could he improve