

### Address To The Woodlark

O stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay,  
Nor quit for me the trembling spray,  
A hapless lover courts thy lay,  
Thy soothing, fond complaining.  
Again, again that tender part,  
That I may catch thy melting art;  
For surely that wad touch her heart  
Wha kills me wi' disdainin'.  
Say, was thy little mate unkind,  
And heard thee as the careless wind?  
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,  
Sic notes o' woe could wauken!  
Thou tells o' never-ending care;  
O'speechless grief, and dark despair:  
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!  
Or my poor heart is broken.