

O bonie was yon rosy brier
Robert Burns, 1795

O bonie was yon rosy brier,
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;
And bonie she, and ah, how dear!
It shaded frae the e'enin sun.

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.

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.

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