

O raging Fortune's withering blast
Raging Fortune
Robert Burns, 1782

O raging Fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O!
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Has laid my leaf full low, O!

2. My stem was fair, my bud was green,
My blossom sweet did blow, O!
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
And made my branches grow, O!

3. But luckless Fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O!
But luckless Fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O!