

O were my love yon Lilac fair  
Melody - "Hughie Graham"  
Robert Burns, 1793

O were my love yon Lilac fair,  
Wi' purple blossoms to the Spring,  
And I, a bird to shelter there,  
When wearied on my little wing!  
How I wad mourn when it was torn  
By Autumn wild, and Winter rude!  
But I wad sing on wanton wing,  
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

2. O gin my love were yon red rose,  
That grows upon the castle wa';  
And I myself a drap o' dew,  
Into her bonie breast to fa'!  
O there, beyond expression blest,  
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;  
Seal'd on her silk-soft faulds to rest,  
Till fley'd awa by Phoebus' light!