

Yestreen I had a pint o' wine
The Gowden Locks Of Anna
Robert Burns, 1790

Yestreen I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na;
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna.

2. The hungry Jew in wilderness,
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my hinny bliss
Upon the lips of Anna.

3. Ye monarchs, take the East and West
Frae Indus to Savannah;
Gie me, within my straining grasp,
The melting form of Anna:

4. There I'll despise Imperial charms,
An Empress or Sultana,
While dying raptures in her arms
I give and take wi' Anna!

5. Awa, thou flaunting God of Day!
Awa, thou pale Diana!
Ilk Star, gae hide thy twinkling ray,
When I'm to meet my Anna!

6. Come, in thy raven plumage, Night,
(Sun, Moon, and Stars, withdrawn a';)
And bring an angel-pen to write
My transports with my Anna!

7. The Kirk an' State may join an' tell,
To do sic things I maunna:
The Kirk an' State may gae to hell,
And I'll gae to my Anna.

8. She is the sunshine o' my e'e,
To live but her I canna;
Had I on earth but wishes three,
The first should be my Anna.