

Yon wandering rill that marks the hill
Damon And Sylvia
Melody - "The Tither Morn"
Robert Burns, 1791; Song fragment

Yon wandering rill that marks the hill,
And glances o'er the brae, Sir,
Slides by a bower, where mony a flower
Sheds fragrance on the day, Sir;
There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay,
To love they thought no crime, Sir,
The wild birds sang, the echoes rang,
While Damon's heart beat time, Sir.