

Altered

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(Robert Burns)

How cruel are the Parents
Who riches only prize,
And to the wealthy booby
Poor Woman sacrifice:

Meanwhile the hapless Daughter
Has but a choice of strife;
To shun a tyrant Father's hate,
Become a wretched Wife.-
The ravening hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies,
To shun impelling ruin
Awhile her pinions tries;
Till of escape despairing,
No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless Falconer
And drops beneath his feet.

Tune:John Anderson My Jo

ARB