

Young Peggy (2)

Young Peggy (2)

(Robert Burns)

Young Peggy blooms our boniest lass,

Her blush is like the morning,

The rosy dawn the springing grass

With early gems adorning.

Her eyes outshine the radiant beams

That gild the passing shower,

And glitter o'er the crystal streams,

And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips, more than the cherries bright-

A richer dye has graced them-

They charm the admiring gazer's sight,

And sweetly tempt to taste them.

Her smile is as the evening mild,

When feath'ed pairs are courting,

And little lambkins wanton wild,

In playful bands disporting.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,

Such sweetness would relent her;

As blooming Spring unbends the brow

Of surly, savage Winter.

Detraction's eye no aim can gain,

Her winning powers to lessen;

And fretful Envy grins in vain

The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye Pow'rs of Honour, Love and Truth

From ev'ry ill defend her!

Inspire the highly-favour'd youth

The destinies intend her!

Still fan the sweet connubial flame

Responsive in each bosom,

And bless the dear parental name

With many a filial blossom!

Tune: Loch Eireachd (Eroch) Side (65)