

Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
Thou Gloomy December
Robert Burns, 1791

Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember
Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair!

2. Fond lovers' parting is sweet, painful pleasure,
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever!
Is anguish unmingled, and agony pure!

3. Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown;
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Till my last hope and last comfort is gone.

4. Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair.