

Behold, my love, how green the groves  
Melody - "My lodging is on the cold ground"  
Robert Burns, 1794

Behold, my love, how green the groves,  
The primrose banks how fair;  
The balmy gales awake the flowers,  
And wave thy flowing hair.

2. The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,  
And o'er the cottage sings:  
For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,  
To Shepherds as to Kings.

3. Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string,  
In lordly lighted ha':  
The Shepherd stops his simple reed,  
Blythe in the birken shaw.

4. The Princely revel may survey  
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;  
But are their hearts as light as ours,  
Beneath the milk-white thorn!

5. The shepherd, in the flowery glen;  
In shepherd's phrase, will woo:  
The courtier tells a finer tale,  
But is his heart as true!

6. These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck  
That spotless breast o' thine:  
The courtiers' gems may witness love,  
But, 'tis na love like mine.