

Come, let me take thee to my breast  
Robert Burns, 1793

Come, let me take thee to my breast,  
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;  
And I shall spurn as vilest dust  
The world's wealth and grandeur:  
And do I hear my Jeanie own  
That equal transports move her?  
I ask for dearest life alone,  
That I may live to love her.

2. Thus, in my arms, wi' a' her charms,  
I clasp my countless treasure;  
I'll seek nae main o' Heav'n to share,  
Tha sic a moment's pleasure:  
And by thy e'en sae bonie blue,  
I swear I'm thine for ever!  
And on thy lips I seal my vow,  
And break it shall I never.