

Forlorn, my Love, no comfort near  
Melody - "Let me in this ae night"  
Robert Burns, 1795

Forlorn, my Love, no comfort near,  
Far, far from thee, I wander here;  
Far, far from thee, the fate severe,  
At which I most repine, Love.

Chorus:

O wert thou, Love, but near me!  
But near, near, near me,  
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,  
And mingle sighs with mine, Love.

2. Around me scowls a wintry sky,  
Blasting each bud of hope and joy;  
And shelter, shade, nor home have I;  
Save in these arms of thine, Love.

Chorus:

3. Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,  
To poison Fortune's ruthless dart-  
Let me not break thy faithful heart,  
And say that fate is mine, Love.

Chorus:

4. But, dreary tho' the moments fleet,  
O let me think we yet shall meet;  
That only ray of solace sweet,  
Can on thy Chloris shine, Love!

Chorus: