

Here is the glen, and here the bower
The Flowery Banks Of Cree
Robert Burns, 1794

Here is the glen, and here the bower
All underneath the birchen shade;
The village-bell has told the hour,
O what can stay my lovely maid?

2. 'Tis not Maria's whispering call;
'Tis but the balmy breathing gale,
Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

3. It is Maria's voice I hear;
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little, faithful mate to cheer;
At once 'tis music and 'tis love.

4. And art thou come! and art thou true!
O welcome dear to love and me!
And let us all our vows renew,
Along the flowery banks of Cree.