

I dream'd I lay where flowers were springing  
Robert Burns

I dream'd I lay where flowers were springing  
Gaily in the sunny beam;  
List'ning to the wild birds singing,  
By a falling crystal stream:  
Straight the sky grew black and daring;  
Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave;  
Tress with aged arms were warring,  
O'er the swelling drumlie wave.

2. Such was my life's deceitful morning,  
Such the pleasures I enjoyed:  
But lang or noon, loud tempests storming  
A' my flowery bliss destroy'd.  
Tho' fickle fortune has deceiv'd me  
She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill,  
Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me  
I bear a heart shall support me still.