

Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion
Melody - "Deil tak the wars"
Robert Burns, 1795

|: Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion
Round the wealthy, titled bride:
But when compar'd with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride. :|

What are the showy treasures,
What are the noisy pleasures?
The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art:
The polish'd jewels' blaze
May draw the wond'ring gaze;
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight,
But never, never can come near the heart.

|: But did you see my dearest Chloris,
In simplicity's array;
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day. :|

O then, the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,
In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul!
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown,
Ev'n Avarice would deny,
His worshipp'd deity,
And feel thro' every vein Love's raptures roll.