

O how shall I, unskilfu', try  
The Charms Of Lovely Davies  
Melody - "Miss Muir"  
Robert Burns, 1791

O how shall I, unskilfu', try  
The poet's occupation?  
The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,  
That whisper inspiration;  
Even they maun dare an effort mair  
Than aught they ever gave us,  
Ere they rehearse, in equal verse,  
The charms o' lovely Davies.

2. Each eye it cheers when she appears,  
Like Phoebus in the morning,  
When past the shower, and every flower  
The garden is adorning:  
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,  
When winter-bound the wave is;  
Sae droops our heart, when we maun part  
Frae charming, lovely Davies.

3. Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift,  
That maks us mair than princes;  
A sceptred hand, a king's command,  
Is in her darting glances;  
The man in arms 'gainst female charms  
Even he her willing slave is,  
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign  
Of conquering, lovely Davies.

4. My Muse, to dream of such a theme,  
Her feeble powers surrender:  
The eagle's gaze alone surveys  
The sun's meridian splendour.  
I wad in vain essay the strain,  
The deed too daring brave is;  
I'll drap the lyre, and mute admire  
The charms o' lovely Davies.