

O may, thy morn was ne'er so sweet
Robert Burns, 1791

O may, thy morn was ne'er so sweet
As the mirk night o' December!
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
And private was the chamber:
And dear was she I dare na name,
But I will aye remember:
And dear was she I dare na name,
But I will aye remember.

2. And here's to them that, like oursel,
Can push about the jorum!
And here's to them that wish us weel,
May a' that's guid watch o'er 'em!
And here's to them, we dare na tell,
The dearest o' the quorum!
And here's to them, we dare na tell,
The dearest o' the quorum.