

O, were I on Parnassus hill
Melody - "My love is lost to me"
Robert Burns, 1788

O, were I on Parnassus hill,
Or had o' Helicon my fill,
That I might catch poetic skill,
To sing how dear I love thee!
But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
My Muse maun be thy bonie sel',
On Corsincon I'll glowr and spell,
And write how dear I love thee.

2. Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day
I couldna sing, I couldna say,
How much, how dear, I love thee,
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een
By Heaven and Earth I love thee!

3. By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame:
And aye I muse and sing thy name
I only live to love thee.
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run;
Till then-and then I love thee!