

Cauld Frosty Morning

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(Robert Burns)

'Twas past ane o'clock in a cauld frosty morning,
When cankert November blows over the plain,
I heard the kirk-bell repeat the loud warning,
As, restless, I sought for sweet slumber in vain:
Then up I arose, the silver moon shining bright;
Mountains and valleys appearing all hoary white;
Forth I would go, amid the pale, s'ient night,
And visit the Fair One, the cause of my pain.-

Sae gently I staw to my lovely Maid's chamber,
And rapp'd at her window, low down on my knee;
Begging that she would awauk from sweet slum'ber,
Awauk from sweet slumber and pity me:
For, that a stranger to a' pleasure, peace and rest,
Love into madness ha fired my tortur'd breast;
And that I should be of a'men the maist unblest,
Unless she would pity my sad miserie!

My Truic-love arose and whispered to me,
(The moon looked in, an envy'd my Love's charms;)
'An innocent Maiden, ah, would you undo me!'
I made no reply, but leapt into her arms:
Bright Phebus peep'd over the hills and found me there;
As he has done, now, seven lang years and mair:
A faithfuller, constanter, kinder, more loving Pair,
His sweet-chearing beam nor enlightens nor warms.

tune: Cauld frosty morning (294)

ARB