

# Robert Burns, Mary Morison - Robert Burns (1759

O Mary, at thy window be!  
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour.  
Those smiles and glances let me see,  
That make the miser's treasure poor.  
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,  
A weary slave frae sun to sun,  
Could I the rich reward secure --  
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string  
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',  
To thee my fancy took its wing,  
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:  
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,  
And yon the toast of a' the town,  
I sigh'd and sang amang them a': --  
'Ye are not Mary Morison!

O, Mary canst thou wreck his peace  
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?  
Or canst thou break that heart of his  
Whase only faut is loving thee?  
If love for love thou wilt na gie,  
At least be pity to me shown:  
A thought ungentle canna be  
The thought o' Mary Morison.

From MacQueen and Scott, *The Oxford Book of Scottish Verse*  
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