

Robert Burns, Thou Lingering Star

Thou Lingering Star

(Robert Burns)

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend this breast?
That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met,
To live one day of parting love ?
Eternity cannot efface
Those records dear of transports past,
Thy image at our last embrace-
Ah! little thought we'twas our last!
Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild-woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
'Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west,
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.
Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser-care;
Time but th'impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
tune: Capt'n Cook's Death (274)
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