

Robert Burns, Westlin Winds

Westlin Winds

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By Robbie Burns

Now westlin winds and slaughtering guns  
Bring autumn's pleasant weather  
The moorcock springs on whirring wings  
Among the blooming heather  
Now waving grain, wild o'er the plain  
Delights the weary farmer  
And the moon shines bright as I rove at night  
To muse upon my charmer.  
The partridge loves the fruitful fells  
The plover loves the mountains  
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells  
The soaring hern the fountains  
Through lofty groves the cushat roves  
The path of man to shun it  
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush  
The spreading thorn the linnet  
Thus every kind their pleasure find  
The savage and the tender  
Some social join and leagues combine  
Some solitary wander  
Avaunt away! the cruel sway  
Tyrannic man's dominion  
The sportsman's joy, the murdering cry  
The fluttering gory pinion  
But Peggy dear, the evening's clear  
Thick files the skimming swallow  
The sky is blue, the field's in view  
All fading green and yellow  
Com let us stray our gladsome way  
And view the charms of nature  
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn  
And every happy creature  
We'll gently walk and sweetly talk  
Till the silent moon shines clearly  
I'll grasp thy waiste and, fondly pressed  
Swear how I love thee dearly  
Not vernal showers to budding flowers  
Not autumn to the farmer  
So dear can be as thou to me  
My fair, and lovely charmer.