

Robert Burns, Where Braving Angry Winters Storms

Where, Braving Angry Winter's Storms
(Robert Burns)

Where, braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochils rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wondering eyes:
As one who by some savage stream
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd doubly, marks its beam
With art's most polish'd blaze.
Blest be the wild, sequester'd glade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
When first I felt their pow'r!
The tyrant Death, with prim control
May seize my fleeting breath,
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

tune: Neil Gow's lament for Abercairny (182)

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