

# Robert Burns, A Pint O Wine

A Pint o Wine

(Robert Burns)

Yestreen I had a pint o wine,  
A place where body saw na;  
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine  
The gowden locks of Anna.  
The hungry Jew in wilderness  
Rejoicing o'er his manna  
Was naething to my hiney bliss  
Upon the lips of Anna.  
Ye Monarchs take the East and West  
Frae Indus to Savannah:  
Gie me within my straining grasp  
The melting form of Anna!  
There I'll despise Imperial charms,  
While dying raptures in her arms,  
I give an take wi Anna!  
Awa, thou flaunting God of Day!  
Awa, thou pale Diana!  
Ilk Star, gae hide thy twinkling ray,  
When I'm to meet my Anna!  
Come, in thy raven plumage, Night  
(Sun, Moon, and Stars, withdrawn a',)  
And bring an Angel-pen to write  
My transports with my Anna!

POSTSCRIPT

The Kirk an State may join, an tell  
To do sic things I maunna:  
The Kirk an State may gae to Hell,  
And I'll gae to my Anna.  
She is the sunshine o' my e'e,  
To live but her I canna:  
Had I on earth but wishes three,  
The first should be my Anna.

tune: Banks of Banna (320)

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play.exe PINTWINE

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