

Robert Burns, Craigieburn Wood

CRAIGIEBURN WOOD

(Robert Burns)

Sweet closes the ev'ning on Craigieburn Wood
And blythely awaukens the morrow;
But the pride o' the spring on the Craigieburn Wood
Can yield me naught but sorrow.

cho: Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And O, to be lying beyond thee!

O, sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep
That's laid in the bed beyond thee!

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,

I hear the wild birds singing;

But pleasure they hae nane for me,

While care my heart is wringing.

I can na tell, I maun na tell,

I daur na for your anger;

But secret love will brak my heart,

If I conceal it langer.

I see thee gracefu, straight, and tall,

I see thee sweet and bonie;

But O, what will my torment be,

If thou refuse thy Johnie!

To see thee in another's arms

In love to lie and languish,

'Twad be my dead, that will be seen-

My heart wad burst wi anguish!

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,

Say thou lo'es nane before me,

And a' my days o' life to come

I'll gratefully adore thee.

Tune: Craigieburn Wood (340)

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