

Robert Burns, The Humors Of The Glen

The Humors of the Glen

(Robert Burns)

Their groves o' sweet myrtle let Foreign Lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume,
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o'green breckan
Wi' th'burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom:
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk, lowly, unseen;
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A listening the linnet, oft wanders my Jean.
Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay, sunny vallies,
And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
What are they ? The haunt o'the tyrant and slave.
The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi'disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters, the chains o'his Jean.

Tune:Humors of the Glen (496)

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