



*O Were My Love Yon Lilac Fair*

*O were my love yon Lilac fair,  
Wi' purple blossoms to the Spring,  
And I, a bird to shelter there,  
When reared on my little wing!  
Now I wad mourn when it was torn  
By Autumn wild, and Winter rude!  
But I wad sing on wanton wing,  
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.*

*O gin my love were yon red rose,  
That grows upon the castle wa';  
And I myself a drop o' dew,  
Into her bonie breast to fa'!  
O there, beyond expression blest,  
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;  
Seal'd on her silk-soft faulte to rest,  
Till fley'd awa by Phoebus' light!*