

Auld Rob Morris (song)

THERE'S Auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He's the King o' gude fellows, and wale o' auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
And ae bonie lass, his dautie and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But oh! she's an Heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!
O how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction nae words can express.

Robert Burns