

## Farewell thou stream that winding flows (song)

Air—"Nansie's to the greenwood gane."

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding flows  
Around Eliza's dwelling;  
O mem'ry! spare the cruel throes  
Within my bosom swelling.  
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain  
And yet in secret languish;  
To feel a fire in every vein,  
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,  
I fain my griefs would cover;  
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,  
Betray the hapless lover.  
I know thou doom'st me to despair,  
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;  
But, O Eliza, hear one prayer—  
For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,  
Nor wist while it enslav'd me;  
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,  
Till fears no more had sav'd me:  
Th' unwary sailor thus, aghast  
The wheeling torrent viewing,  
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last,  
In overwhelming ruin.

Robert Burns