

## O were my love you lilac fair (song)

Air—"Hughie Graham."

O WERE my love yon Lilac fair,  
Wi' purple blossoms to the Spring,  
And I, a bird to shelter there,  
When wearied on my little wing!  
How 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 drap 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-saft faulds to rest,  
Till fley'd awa by Phoebus' light!

Robert Burns