

The Lass o' Ballochmyle

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(Robert Burns)

'Twas even: the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hang,
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
An bore its fragrant sweets along,
In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
All Nature list'ning seem'd the while,
Except where greenwood echoes rang,
Among the braes o Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoic'd in Nature's joy,
When, musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy.
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like Nature's vernal smile.
Perfection whisper'd, passing by:-
'Behold the lass o Ballochmyle!'

Fair is the morn in flowery May
And sweet is night in autumn mild,
When roving thro the garden gay,
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild;
But woman, Nature's darling child -
There all her charms she does compile -
Even there her other works are foil'd
By the bonie lass o Ballochmyle.

O, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotia's plain!
Thro weary winter's wind and rain
With joy, with rapture, I would toil,
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonie lass o Ballochmyle!

Then Pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
Where fame and honours lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine!

Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil;
And ev'ry day have joys divine
With the bonie lass o Ballochmyle.

Tune: Ettrick Banks (89)

ARB