|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **Robert Burns 1759-1796****Should auld acquaintance be forgot,**and never brought to mind ?Should auld acquaintance be forgot,and auld lang syne\* ?CHORUS: For auld lang syne, my jo,for auld lang syne,we’ll tak a cup o’ kindness yet,for auld lang syne.**O Whistle, an' I'll come to ye, my lad,** O whistle, an' I'll come to ye, my lad, Tho' father an' mother an' [a'](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/4.html) should [gae](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/736.html) mad, O whistle, an' I'll come to ye, my lad.**Oh wert thou in the cauld blast,**On yonder lea, on yonder lea,My plaidie to the angry airt,I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;Or did misfortune's bitter stormsAround thee blaw, around thee blaw,Thy bield should be my bosom,To share it a', to share it a'.Or were I in the wildest waste,Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,The desart were a paradise,If thou wert there, if thou wert there.Or were I monarch o' the globe,Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,The brightest jewel in my crownWad be my queen, wad be my queen. A Red, Red RoseO my Luve's like a red, red roseThat's newly sprung in June; O my Luve's like the melodieThat's sweetly play'd in tune.As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,So deep in luve am I:And I will luve thee still, my dear,Till a' the seas gang dry:Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,And the rocks melt wi' the sun:I will luve thee still, my dear,While the sands o' life shall run.And fare thee well, my only LuveAnd fare thee well, a while! And I will come again, my Luve,Tho' it were ten thousand mile. **My heart is sair-I dare [na](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1178.html) tell**, My heart is [sair](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1373.html) for Somebody; I could wake a winter night For the sake o' Somebody. O-hon! for Somebody! O-hey! for Somebody! I could range the world around, For the sake o' Somebody. Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love, O, sweetly smile on Somebody! [Frae](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/720.html) ilka danger keep him free, And send me safe my Somebody! O-hon! for Somebody! O-hey! for Somebody! I wad do-what [wad](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1771.html) I not? For the sake [o'](http://www.robertburns.org/works/glossary/1208.html) Somebody. | **Robert Burns****My heart's in the Highlands**, my heart is not here,My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer -A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe;My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,The birth place of Valour, the country of Worth;Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;Farwell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deerChasing the wild deer, and following the roe;My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.**Walter Scott 1771-1832**From ***Rokeby,*** XXXIII-XXXIV /…/By tenfold odds oppress'd at length, Despite his struggles and his strength, He took a hundred mortal wounds, As mute as fox ‘mongst mangling hounds; And when he died, his parting groan Had more of laughter than of moan. They gazed, as when a lion dies, And hunters scarcely trust their eyes, But bend their weapons on the slain, Lest the grim king should rouse again! Then blow and insult some renew'd, And from the trunk, the head had hew'd, But Basil's voice the deed forbade; A mantle o'er the corse he laid: 'Fell as he was in act and mind, He left no bolder heart behind: Then give him, for a soldier meet, A soldier's cloak for winding sheet.' XXXIV No more of death and dying pang, No more of trump and bugle clang, Though through the sounding woods there come Banner and bugle, trump and drum. Arm'd with such powers as well had freed Young Redmond at his utmost need, And back'd with such a band of horse, As might less ample powers enforce; Possess'd of every proof and sign That gave an heir to Mortham's line, And yielded to a father's arms An image of his Edith's charms,- Mortham is come, to hear and see Of this strange morn the history. What saw he?-not the church's floor Cumber'd with dead and stain'd with gore; What heard lie?-not the clamorous crowd, That shout their gratulations loud: Redmond he saw and heard alone, Clasp'd him, and sobb'd, 'My son, my son!'  | **Thomas Moore 1779-1852****We may roam thro’ this world,** like a child at a feast Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest;And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east, We may order our wings, and be off to the west;But if hearts, that feel, and eyes, that smile, Are the dearest gifts that heaven supplies,We never need leave our own Green Isle, For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright eyes.Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown’d, Thro’ this world whether eastward or westward you roam,When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round, Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.In England, the garden of beauty is kept By a dragon of prudery, plac’d within call;But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept, That the garden’s but scarcely watch’d after all.Oh! they want the wild, sweet-briery fence, Which round the flowers of Erin dwells,Which warns the touch, while winning the sense, Nor charms us least when it most repels.Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown’d, Thro’ this world whether eastward or westward you roam,When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round, Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.In France, when the heart of the woman sets sail, On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail, But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye!While the daughters of Erin keep the boy Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,Through billows of woe and beams of joy The same as he look’d, when he left the shore.Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown’d, Thro’ this world whether eastward or westward you roam,When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round, Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home. \* \* \*She is far from the land, where her young hero sleeps, And lovers are round her, sighing; But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps, For her heart in his grave is lying! She sings the wild song of her dear native plains, Every note which he lov'd awakingAh! little they think, who delight in her strains, How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking! He had lov'd for his love, for his country he died, They were all that to life had entwin'd him,Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried, Nor long will his love stay behind him. Oh! make her a grave, where the sun-beams rest, When they promise a glorious morrow; They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West, From her own lov'd Island of sorrow! **THE LEGACY**When in death I shall calm recline,O bear my heart to my mistress dear;Tell her, it lived upon smiles and wineOf the brightest hue, while it linger’d hear;Bid her not shed one tear of sorrowTo sully a heart so brilliant and light;But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,To bathe the relic from morn till night. /…/ |

|  |
| --- |
|  |