

Burns Robert

"Where Braving Angry Winters Storms"

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Where, Braving Angry Winter's Storms
(Robert Burns)
Where, braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochils rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wondering eyes:
As one who by some savage stream
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd doubly, marks its beam
With art's most polish'd blaze.
Blest be the wild, sequester'd glade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
When first I felt their pow'r!
The tyrant Death, with prim control
May seize my fleeting breath,
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.
tune: Neil Gow's lament for Abercairny (182)
filename[BRVWNSTM
play.exe BRVWNSTM
ARB
===DOCUMENT BOUNDARY===

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