

## Robert Burns

### "The Humors Of The Glen"

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The Humors of the Glen

(Robert Burns)

Their groves o' sweet myrtle let Foreign Lands reckon,  
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume,  
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o'green breckan  
Wi' th'burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom:  
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,  
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk, lowly, unseen;  
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,  
A listening the linnet, oft wanders my Jean.  
Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay, sunny vallies,  
And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave;  
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud  
palace,  
What are they ? The haunt o'the tyrant and slave.  
The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,  
The brave Caledonian views wi'disdain;  
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,  
Save love's willing fetters, the chains o'his Jean.  
Tune:Humors of the Glen (496)  
filename[ HUMOFGLN  
play.exe HUMOFGLN  
ARB  
===DOCUMENT BOUNDARY===

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