

Robert Burns

"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)

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