

FORLORN MY LOVE

CHORUS

*O, wert thou, love, but near me,
But near, near, near me,
How kindly thou would cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love!*

1

Forlorn my love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee I wander here;
Far, far from thee, the fate severe,
At which I most repine, love.

2

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
Blasting each bud of hope and joy,
And shelter, shade, nor home have I
Save in these arms of thine, love.

3

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
To poison Fortune's ruthless dart!
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, love!

4

But, dreary tho' the moments fleet,
O, let me think we yet shall meet!
That only ray of solace sweet
Can on thy Chloris shine, love!

*Robert Burns
1759 - 1796*