

## Logan Braes

O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide  
That day I was my Willie's bride ;  
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,  
Like Logan to the simmer sun.  
But now thy flow'ry banks appear  
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,  
While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
Far, far frae me and Logan Braes.

Again the merry month o' May  
Has made our hills and valleys gay ;  
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,  
The bees hum round the breathing flowers ;  
Blithe morning lifts his rosy eye,  
And evening's tears are tears of joy :  
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,  
While Willie's far frae Logan Braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,  
Amang her nestlings, sits the thrush ;  
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,  
Or wi' his song her cares beguile ;  
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,  
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,  
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,  
While Willie's far frae Logan Braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,  
That brethren rouse to deadly hate !  
As ye mak' mony a fond heart mourn,  
Sae may it on your heads return !  
How can your flinty hearts enjoy  
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry ;  
But soon may peace bring happy days,  
And Willie hame to Logan Braes !

—Robert Burns.