Mary Morison.

Words by Robert Burns.

Mary, at thy window be, It is the wish'd, the tryst-ed hour! Those smiles and glances let me see, That make the miser's treasure poor: How blithely wad I bide the stoure, A weary slave frae sun to
sun. Could I the rich reward secure, The lovely Mary Morison.

Yes-treen when to the trembling string The dance gave round the lighted hall, Thee my fancy took its wing— I sat, but neither heard nor saw: Though
this was fair, and that was braw, And yon the toast of a' the town, I sigh'd and said amang them a' "Ye are na Mary Morrison." O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace, Wha for thy sake would gladly dee? Or canst thou break that
heart of his, Whose only fault is loving thee? If love for love thou

wilt na gie, At least be pity to me shown; A thought ungentle

canna be The thought o' Mary Morison, A thought ungentle

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