

O GIN MY LOVE WERE YON RED ROSE.

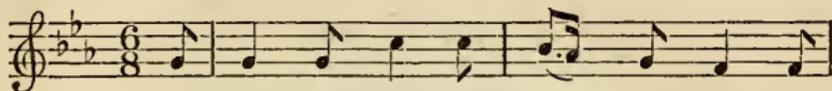
O gin my love were yon red rose,
 That grows upon the castle-wa',
 And I mysel a drap o' dew,
 Into her bonnie breast to fa' !
 Oh there beyond expression blest,
 I 'd feast on beauty a' the night,
 Sealed on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
 Till fleyed awa' by Phœbus' light.

O were my love yon lilac fair,
 Wi' purple blossoms to the spring ;
 And I a bird to shelter there,
 When wearied on my little wing ;
 How I wad mourn when it was torn
 By autumn wild, and winter rude !
 How I wad sing on wanton wing
 When youthfu' May its bloom renewed.

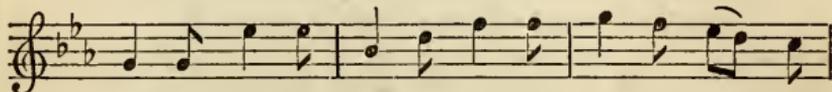
The first half of this song was published by Herd ; the second was afterwards added by Burns. In truth, only the first four lines are of any considerable age. They form the beginning of a simple old ditty, which had the following as a refrain :

My love's bonnie, bonnie, bonnie,
 My love's bonnie and fair to see ;
 And aye when I think on her weel-faured face,
 Then in her company I would be.

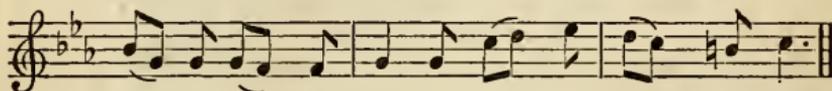
The song, as completed by Burns, has been set to more than one air ; but the original and proper one, taking in the above refrain, is as follows :



Oh gin my love were yon red rose, That



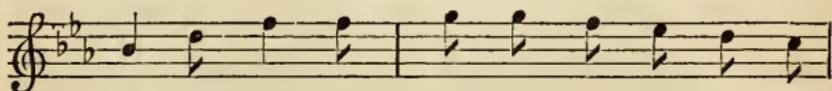
grows up - on the cas - tle wa', And I my - sel a



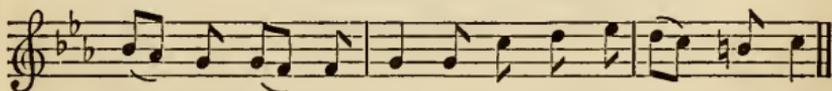
drap o' dew, In - to her bon - nie breast to fa'!



My love's bon - nie, bon - nie, bon - nie, My love's bon - nie and



fair to see; And aye when I think on her



weel-faured face, Then in her com - pan - y I would be.

Oh gin my love were yon red rose

That grows upon the castle wa',

And I mysel a drap o' dew,

Into her bonnie breast to fa'!

My love's bonnie, bonnie, bonnie,

My love's bonnie and fair to see;

And aye when I think on her weel-faured face,

Then in her company I would be.