

Oh, my love was mild as the autumn gale
 That fans the temples o' toil;
 And the sweets o' a thousand summers cam'
 On her breath and sunny smile;
 And spotless she gaed on the tainted earth
 Of a' mortal blemish free,
 While my heart forgat, in its feast of joy,
 That my love was nae for me.

Oh! my love was kind, and I lo'ed her lang,
 Wi' a heart o' burning fire,
 And woo'd her in strains that her charms had rung
 Frae the saul o' my aiten lyre.
 She gied me her han', and I press'd her lips,
 As the tears gush'd frae her e'e;
 Tho' a voice seem'd whisp'ring at my breast
 That my love was nae for me.

Oh! my love was leal; and my cup o' bliss
 Was reaming to the brim,
 When ae gloaming chill, to her sacred bower,
 Cam' a grisly auld carl fu' grim,
 Wha dash'd the cup frae my raptured lips
 Wi' a wild, unearthly glee;
 Sae the ghaistly thought was then confirm'd
 That my love was nae for me.

Oh! my love was young, and the grim auld carl
 Held her fast in his cauld embrace,
 And sucked the red frae her hinneed mou'
 And the blush frae her peachy face;
 He stifled the sounds o' her charmed throat,
 And quenched the fire o' her e'e;
 But fairer she blooms in her heavenly bower,
 For my love was nae for me.

Sae I tyned my love, and I tyned my heart,
 And I tyned baith wealth and fame;
 Syne I turn'd a sad, weary minstrel wicht
 Wi' the cauld world for my hame.
 Yet my minstrelsy, but a lanely lay,
 My wealth my aumus fee;
 Oh, wae! that I were wi' the grim auld carl,
 For this world is nae for me.