

The Auld Brig o' Doon



Upon the Brig o' Doon we stood,
And kirk and river, hill and wood
Spoke loud of Burns, and round us there
His spirit hovered in the air.

Enchanted by a magic spell
The rippling river seemed to tell
The story that he whispered low
To Mary in the afterglow.

The birds sang love songs in the trees,
And witches floated on the breeze
Behind Tam's mare, till rushing on
She passed us tail-less, and was gone.

And clearly to our minds was brought
The message of his noble thought
Of Freedom for the human mind,
True source of Hope for all mankind.

Our lives with nature were in tune,
For on the Banks o' Bonny Doon
Pure sylvan beauty lingers still
Each ardent heart with joy to fill.

Then, as we stood enraptured there,
Soft strains of music filled the air;—
An old musician strove to win
Subsistence with his violin.

But soon the music changed, for lo!
A charming lady held the bow,
Who played so sweetly that her power
New beauty gave to tree and flower.

And evermore, when those who heard
By music's magic power are stirred,
Their heart's will turn to hear again
The music in the Doon's deep glen.