50. The humours of Glen

Andantino

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon, Where bright beam ing summers ex-

alt the perfume; Far dear er to me yon lone glen o green bre can, Wi'

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burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom: Far dearer to me are yon

humble broom bow'rs, Where the bluebell and go wan lurk, lowly, unseen; For

there, lightly tripping among the wild flow'rs, A-list'ning the lin net, oft
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A-listening the linnet, oft wanders my Jean.

THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE, &c.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - THE HUMOURS OF GLEN.

Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom:
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk, lowly, unseen;
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A-listening the linnet, oft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay, sunny vallies,
And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
What are they? - The haunt of the Tyrant and Slave!
The Slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views with disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save Love's willing fetters, the chains of his Jean.