70b. Oonagh

Koželuch
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Allegretto vivace

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SAE FLAXEN WERE HER RINGLETS.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - OONAGH.

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing een o' bonie blue.
Her smiling, sae wyling,
Wad make a wretch forget his woe;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto those rosy lips to grow:
Such was my Chloris' bonie face,
When first that bonie face I saw,
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;
Her pretty ancle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion,
Wou'd make a saint forget the sky.
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her faultless form and gracefu' air;
Ilk feature - auld Nature
Declar'd that she could do nae mair!
Hers are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering Beauty's sov'reign law;
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
And gaudy shew at sunny noon;
Gi'e me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon;
Fair beaming, and streaming
Her silver light the boughs amang;
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang;
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say thou lo'es me best of a'.

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