The Chevalier's Lament

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(Robert Burns)

The small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale,
The primroses blow in the dews of the morning,
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale:
But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
When the lingering moments are number'd by care ?
No flow'rs gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair!

The deed that I dar'd, could it merit their malice,
A king and a father to place on his throne ?
His right are these hills, and his right are those valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, tho I can find none!
But 'tis not my suff'rings this wretched, forlorn-
My brave gallant friends,'Tis your ruin I mourn!
Your faith prov'd so loyal in hot bloody trial,
Alas! can I make it no better return?

tune: Captain Okean (220)
ARB