

Robert Tannahill
THE BRAES O GLENIFFER

Keen blows the wind ower the braes o Gleniffer,
The auld castle's turrets are covered wi snaw,
How changed frae the time that I met wi my lover,
Amang the broom bushes by Stanely green shaw.
The wild flooers o simmer were spreid aw sae bonnie,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
But far tae the camp they hae merched my dear Johnnie,
And noo it is winter wi nature and me.

braes hills

simmer summer
mavis thrush

Then ilk thing aroond us wis blythesome and cheerie,
Then ilk thing aroond us wis bonnie and braw;
Noo naethin is heard but the wind whistlin drearie,
And naethin is seen but the wide-spreidin snaw.
The trees are aw bare, and the birds mute and dowie,
They shak the cauld drift fae their wings as they flee;
And chirp oot their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnnie;
'Tis winter wi them and 'tis winter wi me.

ilk each

dowie sad

wae woe

Yon cauld sleety clood skiffs along the bleak mountain,
And shaks the dark fire on the stey rock brae,
While doon the deep glen brawls the snaw-flooded fountain,
That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and me.
'Tis no it's loud roar on the wintry winds swellin,
'Tis no the cauld blast brings the tear to my ee,
For O! gin I saw but my bonnie Scots callan,
The dark days o winter were simmer to me.

skiffs glides
stey steep

gin if, **callan** lad