

THE BRAES O GLENIFFER by Robert Tannahill

Keen blows the wind ower the braes o Gleniffer,
The auld castle's turrets are covered wi snaw,
How changed frae the time when I met wi my lover,
Amang the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw.
The wild floers 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 aroon us wis blythesome and cheerie,
Then ilk thing aroon 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 frae their wings as they flee;
And chirp oot their plaints, seemin wae for my Johnnie;
'Tis winter wi them, and 'tis winter wi me.

ilk each

dowie sad

wae woe

Yon cauld sleety clood skiffs alang the bleak mountain,
And shaks the dark firs on the stey rocky brae,
While doon the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded fountain,
That murmur'd sae sweet tae my laddie and me.
'Tis no its loud roar on the wintry wind swellin,
'Tis no the cauld blast brings the tears tae my ee,
For, O gin I saw but my bonnie Scots callan,
The dark days o winter were simmer tae me.

skiffs glides

stey steep

gin if, **callan** lad