

LYRICS

Robert Burns



1759 - 1796

Robert Burns

O my Luv'e's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O my Luv'e's like the melodie,
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in luv'e am I;
And I will luv'e thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will luv'e thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare-thee-weel, my only Luv'e!
And fare-thee-weel, a while!
And I will come again, my Luv'e,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile!

William Blake

1757—1827



Song

How sweet I roam'd from field to field
And tasted all the summers pride,
'Til I the prince of love beheld
Who in the sunny beams did glide!

He shew'd me lilies for my hair,
And brushing roses for my brow;
He led me through his gardens fair,
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May dews my wings were wet,
And Phoebus fir'd my vocal rage;
He caught me in my silken net,
And shut me in my golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty.

John Keats



1795 - 1821

John Keats

The Human Seasons

Four Seasons fill the measure of the year;
There are four seasons in the mind of man:
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span:
He has his Summer, when luxuriously
Spring's honied cud of youthful thought he loves
To ruminatè, and by such dreaming high
Is nearest unto heaven: quiet coves
His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
He furleth close; contented so to look
On mists in idleness--to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.
He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

Percy Bysshe Shelley



1803-1882

Percy Bysshe Shelley

Night

SWIFTLY walk o'er the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,—
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;
Kiss her until she be wearied out.
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought!