

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 eves  
His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings  
He furlèth 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!