

Roslyn Castle

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'Twas in the season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sang his rural lay.
Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung:
And Roslin Castle heard the swain,
And echo'd back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet muse! the breathing spring
 With rapture warms; awake and sing!
 Awake, and join the vocal throng
 Who hail the morning with a song:
 To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,
 O bid her haste and come away;
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love, on every spray
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng:
 And love inspires the melting song.
 Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
 For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love! thy Colin's lay
 With rapture calls, O come away!
 Come, while the must this wreath shall twine
 Around that modest brow of thine;
 O hither haste, and with thee bring
 That beauty blooming like the spring,
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravish'd breast of mine.