



Scottish Poets and Poetry

Langsyne, When Life was Bonnie.

Langsyne, when life was bonnie,
An' a' the skies were blue,
When ilka thocht took blossom,
An' hung its heid wi' dew,
When winter wasna' winter,
Though snaws cam' happin doon,
Langsyne, when life was bonnie,
Spring gaed a twalmonth roun.

Langsyne, when life was bonnie,
An' a' the days were lang;
When through them ran the music
That comes to us in sang,
We never wearied liltin'
The auld love-laden tune;
Langsyne when life was bonnie,
Love gaed a twalmonth roun'.

Langsyne, when life was bonnie
An' a' the warl was fair,
The leaves were green wi' simmer,
For autumn wasna there.
But listen hoo they rustle,
Wi' an eerie, weary soun',
For noo, alas, 'tis winter
That gangs a twalmonth roun'.

