

On Chloris being ill

by Robert Burns

Chorus—Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.

Can I cease to care?
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling Fair
Is on the couch of anguish?

Chorus

Ev'ry hope is fled,
Ev'ry fear is terror,
Slumber ev'n I dread,
Ev'ry dream is horror.

Chorus

Hear me, Powers Divine!
Oh, in pity, hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me!

Chorus

Note: *Aught* = *anything whatever*

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