Then all the pride of Ages
The tempest heart, it quenches my soul;
My sighs it seems to join,
The leafless trees my fancy feigns
Their fate resembles mine

The sea proud sanguine, whose mighty scheme
That was of mine fulfill
Here firm & stead they must be left
Because they are they will!
Then all is want, do there grant
This one request of mine?
Since to enjoy them don't long
Permit me to resign

Robert Burns
To Sally Kerr

Love

Robert Burns
To Sally Kerr