

# The Gloomy Night is Gathering Fast

By Robert Burns

The gloomy night is gath'ring fast,  
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast:  
Yon murky cloud is filled with rain,  
I see it driving o'er the plain;  
The hunter now has left the moor,  
The scatt' red coveys meet secure;  
While here I wander, prest with care,  
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn  
By early Winter's ravage torn;  
Across her placid, azure sky,  
She sees the scowling tempest fly;  
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave:  
I think upon the stormy wave,  
Where many a danger I must dare,  
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billows' roar,  
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;  
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,  
The wretched have no more to fear:  
But round my heart the ties are bound,  
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;  
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,  
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,  
Her heathy moors and winding vales;  
The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,  
Pursuing past unhappy loves!  
Farewell my friends! farewell my foes!  
My peace with these, my love with those—  
The bursting tears my heart declare,  
Farewell, my bonnie banks of Ayr.