

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change;
For her bosom burns with honor's glow,
My faithful Highland Lassie, O, -

For her I'll dare the billow's roar;
For her I'll trace a distant shore;
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland Lassie, O, -

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By secret troth and honor's band;
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland Lassie, O, -

Farewell, the glen sae bushy! O,
Farewell, the plain sae rashy! O,
To other lands I now must go
To sing my Highland Lassie, O.

aboon = above; maun = must; crimson currents = blood

Burns was still very melancholy over the death of Mary Campbell some three years after her death. He sent the following poem to his friend, Mrs Dunlop, asking for her opinion as he considered himself too emotionally involved to judge its merit:

I shall send you a Song I made the other day, of which your opinion, as I am far too much interested in the subject of it to be a Critic in the composition.

He sent another lengthy letter to Mrs Dunlop a few weeks later, again referring to Mary, but also discussing the question of life after death:

Can it be possible that when I resign this frail, feverish being, I shall still find myself in conscious existence! When the last gasp of agony has announced that I am no more to those that knew me & the few who loved me: when the cold, stiffened, unconscious, ghastly corpse is resigned into the earth, to be the prey of unsightly reptiles, & to become in time a trodden clod, shall I yet be warm in life, seeing & seen, enjoying and enjoyed?

It continues:

There should I, with speechless agony of rapture, again recognise my lost, my ever dear MARY, whose bosom was fraught with Truth, Honor, Constancy & LOVE. Jesus Christ, thou annalist of characters, I trust thou art no Imposter, & that thy revelation of blissful scenes of existence beyond death and the grave, is not one of the many impositions which time after time have been palmed on credulous mankind ...

TO MARY IN HEAVEN

Thou lingering Star with lessening ray
That lovest to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my Soul was torn -
O Mary! dear, departed Shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy Lover lowly laid?
Hearest thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of Parting Love?
Eternity can not efface
Those records dear of transports past!
Thy image at our last embrace,
Ah, little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'er hung with wild-woods, thick'ning, green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
'Twined, am'rous, round the raptured scene;
The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray;
Till, too, too soon the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day -

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser-care;
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear;
My Mary, dear, departed Shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy Lover lowly laid?
Hearest thou the groans that rend his breast?