

Now **westlin winds** and slaught'ring guns *western*
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather;
The moorcock springs on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather:
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer;
And the moon shines bright, as I rove at night,
To muse upon my charmer.

The paitrick lo'es the fruitfu fells; *partridge*
The plover lo'es the mountains;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
The soaring hern the fountains: *heron*
Thro lofty groves, the cushat roves, *pigeon*
The path o man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender;
Some social join, and leagues combine;
Some solitary wander:
Avaunt, away, the cruel sway!
Tyrannic man's dominion!
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

But Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow:
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of Nature;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ilka happy creature. *every*

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
While the silent moon shines clearly;
I'll clasp thy waist, and fondly prest,
Swear how I lo'e thee dearly:
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not Autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be, as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer!

Robert Burns 1775

Das Singen in der Werkstatt macht gute Laune
und hebt die Qualität der Arbeit!