11. Lord Gregory

Koželuch

Thomson 2nd Set (1798), 38

Larghetto

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,

And loud the tempests roar: A wae fu' wand'rer

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seeks thy tower, Lord Gregory open thy door. And

exile from her father's house, And a' for loving

thee; At least some pity on me shaw, If love it
O MIRK, MIRK IS THIS MIDNIGHT HOUR.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - LORD GREGORY.

O MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempests roar:
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower,
Lord Gregory ope thy door.
An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it mayna be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove
By bonie Irvine-side,
Where first I own'd that virgin love
I lang, lang had denied.
How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wou'dst for ay be mine;
And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast:
Thou dart of Heav'n that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!
Ye mustering thunders from above
Your willing victim see!
But spare and pardon my false Love,
His wrongs to Heaven and me!

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AH OPE, LORD GREGORY, THY DOOR*.  

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK  
BY PETER PINDAR.  
THE SAME AIR.

AH OPE, Lord Gregory, thy door,  
A midnight wanderer sighs:  
Hard rush the rains, the tempests roar,  
And lightnings cleave the skies.

Who comes with woe at this drear night,  
A Pilgrim of the gloom?  
If She whose love did once delight,  
My cot shall yield her room.

Alas! thou heard'st a Pilgrim mourn,  
That once was priz'd by thee:  
Think of the ring by yonder burn  
Thou gav'st to Love and me.

But shou'dst thou not poor Marian know,  
I'll turn my feet and part;  
And think the storms that round me blow,  
Far kinder than thy heart.

* It is but doing justice to the author of the latter Song to mention, that it is the original.  
Mr. Burns saw it, liked it, and immediately wrote the other on the same subject.