

# 13. She's fair and fause

Koželuch

Thomson 2nd Set (1798), 40

Andante espressivo

Violin *mf* *p*

Voice

Piano *f* *p*

Violoncello *mf* *p*

5 *(p)*

She's fair and fause that cau - ses my smart, I

9 *(p)*

lo'ed her mei-kle and lang; She's bro - ken her vow, she's bro - ken my heart, And

13

I may e'en gae hang. A coof came in wi' rowth o' gear, And

17

I hae tint my dear - est dear; But wo - man is but world's gear, Sae

21

let the bo-nie lass gang.

***SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE, &c.***

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

SHE'S fair and fause that causes my smart,  
 I lo'ed her meikle and lang;  
 She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,  
 And I may e'en gae hang.  
 A coof came in wi' rowth o' gear,  
 And I hae tint my dearest dear;  
 But woman is but warld's gear,  
 Sae let the bonie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,  
 To this be never blind;  
 Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,  
 A woman has't by kind.  
 O woman, lovely woman fair,  
 An angel form's faun to thy share!  
 'Twou'd been o'er meikle to've gi'en thee mair,  
 I mean an angel mind.

***WHY WILL FLORELLA, WHEN I GAZE.***

THE SAME AIR.

WHY will Florella, when I gaze,  
 My ravish'd eyes reprove,  
 And chide them from the only face  
 I can behold with love?  
 To shun your scorn, and ease my care,  
 I seek a nymph more kind;  
 And as I range from fair to fair,  
 Still gentler usage find.

But O! how faint is ev'ry joy,  
 Where nature has no part?  
 New beauties may my eyes employ,  
 But you engage my heart.  
 So restless exiles, as they roam,  
 Meet pity every where;  
 Yet languish for their native home,  
 Though death attends them there.