

14. The bonny brucket lassie

Koželuch

Thomson 2nd Set (1798), 42

Andante espressivo

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

5

10

(f)

(p)

[f]

[f]

Turn a - gain, thou fair E - li - za, Ae kind

[f]

[f]

15

blink be - fore we part; Rue on thy des - pair - ing lo - ver, Canst thou

19

break his faith - fu' heart? Turn a - gain, thou fair E - li - za; If to

23

love thy heart de - nies, For pi - ty, hide the cru - el sen - tence Un - der

27

friend - ship's_ kind dis- guise.

31

TURN AGAIN, THOU FAIR ELIZA.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - THE BONNY BRUCKET LASSIE.

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,
Ae kind blink before we part;
Rue on thy despairing lover,
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart?
Turn again, thou fair Eliza;
If to love thy heart denies,
For pity, hide the cruel sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise.

Thee, dear maid, have I offended?
The offence is loving thee:
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine wou'd gladly die!
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe:
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride of sunny noon;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the summer moon:
Not the Poet in the moment
Fancy lightens in his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gies to me.

TELL ME, TELL ME, CHARMING CREATURE.

THE SAME AIR.

TELL me, tell me, charming creature,
 Will you never ease my pain?
 Must I die for ev'ry feature?
 Must I always love in vain?
 The desire of admiration
 Is the pleasure you pursue;
 Pray thee, try a lasting passion,
 Such a love as mine for you.

Tears and sighing could not move you,
 For a lover ought to dare:
 When I plainly told I lov'd you,
 Then you said I went too far.
 Are such giddy ways beseeming?
 Will my dear be fickle still?
 Conquest is the joy of women,
 Let their slaves be what they will.

Your neglect with torment fills me,
 And my desperate thoughts increase;
 Pray consider, if you kill me,
 You will have a lover less.
 If your wand'ring heart is beating
 For new lovers, let it be:
 But when you have done coquetting,
 Name a day, and fix on me.

THE REPLY.

IN VAIN, fond youth, thy tears give o'er;
 What more, alas! can Flavia do?
 Thy truth I own, thy fate deplore:
 All are not happy that are true.

Suppress those sighs, and weep no more:
 Should heaven and earth with thee combine,
 'Twere all in vain; since any pow'r,
 To crown thy love, must alter mine.

But if revenge can ease thy pain,
 I'll soothe the ills I cannot cure;
 Tell that I drag a hopeless chain,
 And all that I inflict, endure!