

15. The Caledonian Hunt's delight

Koželuch

Thomson 2nd Set (1798), 43

Andante con espressione

Violin *dolce*

Voice I

Voice II

Piano *f* *p*

Violoncello

6

mf *p*

Ye banks and braes of

Ye banks and braes of

10

bo - nie Doon, — How can — ye bloom sae fresh — and fair; How can ye chant, ye

bo - nie Doon, — How can — ye bloom sae fresh — and fair; How can ye chant, ye

14

lit - tle birds, and I sae wea - ry fu' of care! Thou'lt

lit - tle birds, and I sae wea - ry fu' of care! Thou'lt

17

break my heart, thou war - bling bird, That wan - tons thro' the flow' - ry thorn: Thou'lt

break my heart thou war - bling bird, That wan - tons thro' the flow' - ry thorn: Thou'lt

21

mind'st me of de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed, ne - ver to re - turn.

mind'st me of de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed, ne - ver to re - turn.

25

The musical score is arranged in five staves. The top staff is the vocal line, starting at measure 25. It features a melody with dynamic markings of *mf*, *p*, and *mf*. The second and third staves are for the right hand of the piano accompaniment, with the second staff showing rests. The fourth and fifth staves are for the left hand of the piano accompaniment, providing a rhythmic and harmonic foundation. The score concludes with repeat signs and a double bar line.

YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNY DOON.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - THE CALEDONIAN HUNT'S DELIGHT, - COMPOSED BY MR. JAMES MILLER, EDINBURGH.

YE banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary fu' of care!
 Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wantons thro' the flowery thorn:
 Thou mind'st me of departed joys,
 Departed, never to return.

Oft have I rov'd by bonie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 And ilka bird sang o' its love,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
 And my fause lover staw my rose,
 But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

UNLESS WITH MY AMANDA BLEST.

BY THOMSON.

THE SAME AIR.

UNLESS with my Amanda blest,
 In vain I twine the woodbine bower;
 Unless to deck her sweeter breast,
 In vain I rear the breathing flower.
 Awaken'd by the genial year,
 In vain the birds around me sing;
 In vain the fresh'ning fields appear:
 Without my Love there is no spring.