

# 17a. Bonny Dundee

Koželuch

Thomson 2nd Set (1798), 46

*Andante espressivo*

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

5

8

True heart - ed was he the sad swain of the Yar - row, And

11

fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr; But by the sweet side of the

14

Nith's wind-ing ri - ver, Are lo - vers as faith - ful, and maid - ens as fair.

17

To e - qual young Jess - ie, seek Scot - land all o - ver; To e - qual young Jess - ie, you

20

seek it in\_\_ vain: Grace, beau - ty, and e - le-gance, fet - ter her lo-ver, And

23

maid - en - ly mo - des-ty fix - es the chain.

26

***TRUE HEARTED WAS HE THE SAD SWAIN, &c.***

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - BONNY DUNDEE.

TRUE hearted was he the sad swain of the Yarrow,  
 And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr;  
 But by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river,  
 Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair.  
 To equal young JESSIE, seek Scotland all over;  
 To equal young JESSIE, you seek it in vain:  
 Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover,  
 And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

Oh fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,  
 And sweet is the lily at evening close;  
 But in the fair presence of lovely young JESSIE,  
 Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.  
 Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring;  
 Enthron'd in her eyes he delivers his law:  
 And still to her charms SHE alone is a stranger!  
 Her modest demeanor's the jewel of a'.

***HOW BLEST HAS MY TIME BEEN, &c.***

THE SAME AIR.

HOW blest has my time been, what joys have I known,  
 Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own?  
 So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,  
 That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.  
 Through walks grown with woodbines as often we stray,  
 Around us our boys and girls frolick and play:  
 How pleasing their sport is! The wanton ones see,  
 And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.

To try her sweet temper, oft-times am I seen  
 In revels all day, with the nymphs on the green;  
 Though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,  
 And meets me at night with complacence and smiles.  
 What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,  
 Her wit and good humour bloom all the year through;  
 Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,  
 And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to insnare,  
 And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair;  
 In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam!  
 To hold it for life, you must find it at home.