

20. Here's a health to my true love

Koželuch

Thomson 2nd Set (1798), 50

Andante

Violin *p* *f* *p*

Voice I

Voice II

Piano *p* *f* *p*

Violoncello *p* *mf* *p*

5

The la - zy mist hangs from the

The la - zy mist hangs from the

9

brow of the hill, Con - ceal - ing the course of the

brow of the hill, Con - ceal - ing the course of the

13

dark wind - ing rill; How lan - guid the

dark wind - ing rill; How lan - guid the

16

scenes, late so spright - ly, ap - pear, As Au - tumn to Win - ter re -

scenes, late so spright - ly, ap - pear, As Au - tumn to Win - ter re -

21

signs the pale year.

signs the pale year.

f *p*

mf *p*

THE LAZY MIST HANGS, &c.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - HERE'S A HEALTH TO MY TRUE LOVE.

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
As Autumn to Winter resigns the pale year.

The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of Summer is flown;
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues.

How long I have liv'd, but how much liv'd in vain;
How little of life's scanty span may remain;
What aspects old Time in his progress has worn;
What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn.

How foolish, or worse, 'till our summit is gain'd!
And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd!
Life is not worth having with all it can give,
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.