

23a. We'll gang nae mair to yon town

Kozeluch

Thomson 3rd Set (1799), 53

Vivace

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

3

mf *p*

4

5

wat ye wha's in yon town, Ye see the ev' - ning sun up-on? The

7

fair - est maid's in yon town That ev' - ning sun is shi - ning on. Now,

9

hap - ly down yon gay green shaw, She wan - ders by yon spread - ing tree; How

11

blest, ye flow'rs that round her blaw, Ye catch the glan - ces of her e'e! How

13

blest, ye birds that round her sing, And wel - come in the bloom - ing year! And

15

doub - ly wel - come be the Spring, The sea - son to my Lu - cy dear.

17

mf *p*

O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - WE'LL GANG NAE MAIR TO YON TOWN.

O WAT ye wha's in yon town,
 Ye see the ev'ning sun upon?
 The fairest maid's in yon town
 That ev'ning sun is shining on.
 Now, haply down yon gay green shaw,
 She wanders by yon spreading tree;
 How blest, ye flowers that round her blaw,
 Ye catch the glances of her e'e!
 How blest, ye birds that round her sing,
 And welcome in the blooming year!
 And doubly welcome be the Spring,
 The season to my Lucy dear.

The sun blinks blythe on yon town,
 And on yon bonie braes of Ayr;
 But my delight in yon town,
 And dearest joy, is Lucy fair.
 Without my Love, not a' the charms
 Of Paradise could yield me joy;
 But gi'e me Lucy in my arms,
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.
 My cave would be a lover's bower,
 Tho' raging winter rent the air;
 And she, a lovely little flower
 That I would tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town
 Yon sinking sun's gane down upon;
 A fairer than's in yon town,
 His setting beam ne'er shone upon.
 If angry fate is sworn my foe,
 And suffering I am doom'd to bear,
 I, careless, quit aught else below,
 But spare me, spare me Lucy dear.
 And while life's dearest blood is warm,
 Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart;
 For she, as fairest is her form,
 She has the truest, kindest heart.