24. John, come kiss me now

Koželuch
Thomson 3rd Set (1799), 54

Andantino

Violin
doce

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

5

sim - mer, when the_ hay was mawn, And_ corn wav'd green in_ il - ka field, While

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claver blooms white o'er the lea, And roses blaw in ilka bield; Blythe

Bessie in the milking shiel, Says, 'I'll be wed come o't what will. Out

spak' a dame in wrinkled eild, Of gude advise ment comes nae ill.
24. John, come kiss me now

IN SIMMER WHEN THE HAY WAS MAWN.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - JOHN, COME KISS ME NOW.

In simmer when the hay was mawn,
And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blaw in ilka bield;
Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel,
Says, I'll be wed come o't what will.
Out spak' a dame in wrinkled eild,
Of gude advisement comes nae ill.

It's ye ha'e wooers mony ane,
And lassie ye're but young, ye ken;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale
A routhie butt, a routhie ben:
There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
Tak' this frae me, my bonie hen,
It's plenty beets the lover's fire.

For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
I dinna care a single flie;
He loes sae weil his craps and kye,
He has nae love to spare for me;
But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e',
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear;
Ae blink o' him I wadna gie
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.

Oh! thoughtless lassie, life's a fecht,
The canniest gate, the strifë is sair;
But ay fu'-han't is fechtin best,
A hungry care 's an unco care;
But some will spend, and some will spare,
And wilfu' folk maun ha'e their will;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the ale.

O gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
But the tender heart o' leesome love,
The gowd and siller canna buy:
We may be poor, my Rob and I,
Light is the burden love lays on;
Content and love bring peace and joy,
What mair hae queens upon a throne?
IF THOSE WHO LIVE IN SHEPHERD'S BOWER.

BY THOMSON.

THE SAME AIR.

If those who live in shepherd's bower,
Press not the rich and stately bed;
The new mown hay, and breathing flower
A softer couch beneath them spread.
If those who sit at shepherd's board,
Soothe not their taste by wanton art;
They take what nature's gifts afford,
And take it with a cheerful heart.

If those who drain the shepherd's bowl,
No high and sparkling wines can boast;
With wholesome cups they cheer the soul,
And crown them with the village-toast.
If those who join in shepherd's sport,
Gay dancing on the dazied ground,
Have not the splendour of a court,
Yet Love adorns the merry round.