

24. John, come kiss me now

Koželuch

Thomson 3rd Set (1799), 54

Andantino

Violin *dolce*

Voice

Piano *p* *f*

Violoncello *p*

5

f *p*

In—

p

mf *p*

9

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

13

cla - ver_ blooms white_ o'er the lea, And ro - ses blaw in il - ka bield; Blythe

17

Bess - ie in_ the_ milk - ing shiel, Says, I'll be wed_ come_ o't what will. Out_

21

spak' a dame_ in_ wrink - led eild, Of gude ad - vise - ment comes nae ill.

25

The musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for a vocal line, and the bottom two are for a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic for the vocal line and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic for the piano. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands. The score concludes with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a repeat sign.

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 woovers 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 weel his craps and kye,
 He has nae love to spare for me:
 But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'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 strife 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 chearful heart.

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