27. The quaker's wife

Koželuch
Thomson 3rd Set (1799), 58

Blythe have I been on yon hill, As the lambs before me;

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27. The quaker's wife

Care - less il - ka thought and free, As the breeze flew o'er me.

Now nae lang - er sport and play, Or mirth or sang can please me;

Les - ley is sae fair and coy, Care and an - guish seize me.
BLYTHE HA'E I BEEN ON YON HILL.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK
BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - THE QUAKER'S WIFE.

Blythe ha'e I been on yon hill,  Heavy, heavy is the task,
As the lambs before me;          Hopeless love declaring;
Careless ilka thought and free,  Trembling, I doun naught but glow'r;
As the breeze flew o'er me.        Sighing, dum, despairing!
Now nae langer sport and play,  If she winna ease the throes,
Mirth or sang can please me;      In my bosom swelling;
Lesley is sae fair and coy,      Underneath the grass-green sod,
Care and anguish seize me.        Soon maun be my dwelling.

DEAR COLIN QUIT THY LOVE-SICK TALE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK
BY PETER PINDAR.

AIR. - SAME AIR.

In singing the following Verses with the Air, an additional Quaver must be supplied for the first word or syllable of each line.

Dear Colin quit thy love-sick tale,  What girl would bear the galling chain,
And leave this silly sighing:      And lose the pow'r of pleasing,
Fie, mope not thus from vale to vale,  Make a dull spouse of a gay swain,
Nor talk of wounds and dying.        And lose the charm of teasing?
Talk not of wounds, and flames and darts, Then flames and darts are over:
Indeed I can't endure them,        When novelty deserts the joy,
It is not thus with shepherds' hearts,    Adieu the sighing lover.
A little thing will cure them.

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