

## 2. The flowers of Edinburgh

Koželuch

Thomson 2nd Set (1798), 27

**Andante**

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

*mf* *p*

*f* *p*

*mf* *p*

5

*p*

Here is the glen, and here the bow'r, All underneath the

8

bir - chen shade; The vil - lage bell has told the hour, O

11

what\_ can\_ stay my love - ly\_ maid! 'Tis\_ not\_ Ma - ri - a's\_ whis - p'ring call; 'Tis\_

15

but\_ the\_ bal - my\_ breath - ing\_ gale, Mixt with some war - bler's dy - ing\_ fall, The

19

dew - y\_ star of\_ eve to\_ hail.

*mf* [*p*]

*f* *p*

*mf* *p*

***HERE IS THE GLEN, AND HERE THE BOWER.***

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,  
 All underneath the birchen shade;  
 The village bell has told the hour,  
 O what can stay my lovely maid!  
 'Tis not Maria's whispering call;  
 'Tis but the balmy, breathing gale,  
 Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,  
 The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear!  
 So calls the woodlark in the grove,  
 His little faithful mate to cheer,  
 At once 'tis music, - and 'tis love!  
 And art thou come, and art thou true!  
 O welcome dear to love and me!  
 And let us all our vows renew,  
 Along the flowery banks of Cree.

***THE SUN IN VIRGIN-LUSTRE SHONE.***

THE SAME AIR.

THE sun in virgin-lustre shone,  
 May-morning put its beauties on;  
 The warblers sung in livelier strains,  
 And sweeter flow'rets deck'd the plains;  
 When love, a soft intruding guest,  
 That long had dwelt in Damon's breast,  
 Now whisper'd, "To the nymph away!  
 "For this is nature's holiday."

The tender impulse wing'd his haste;  
 The painted mead he instant pass'd;  
 And soon the happy cot he gain'd  
 Where beauty slept, and silence reign'd:  
 Awake, my fair! (the shepherd cries),  
 To new-born pleasure ope thine eyes;  
 Arise, my Sylvia! hail the May;  
 For this is nature's holiday.

Forth came the maid, in beauty bright  
 As Phoebus in meridian light:  
 Entranc'd in rapture, all confest,  
 The shepherd clasp'd her to his breast;  
 Then gazing with a speaking eye,  
 He snatch'd a kiss, and heav'd a sigh,  
 A melting sigh, and seem'd to say,  
 Consider youth's our holiday.

Ah soft, (she said), for pity's sake!  
 What! kiss one ere I'm well awake?  
 For this so early came you here?  
 And hail you thus the rising year?  
 Sweet innocence! forbear to chide,  
 We'll haste to joy, (the swain reply'd);  
 In pleasure's flow'ry fields we'll stray;  
 And this shall be love's holiday.

A crimson glow warm'd o'er her cheek,  
 She look'd the thing she dar'd not speak;  
 Consent own'd nature's soft command,  
 And Damon seiz'd her trembling hand:  
 His dancing heart in transports play'd,  
 To church he led the blushing maid;  
 Then bless'd the happy morn of May:  
 And now their life's all holiday.