33. Morag

Koželuch
Thomson 3rd Set (1799), 67

Andante con espressione

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

O wat ye wha that lo’es me, And has my heart a-keeping? O

sweet is she that lo’es me, As dews o’ summer weeping, In tears the rose-buds steeping: O

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O WAT YE WHA THAT LO'ES ME.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - MORAG.

O WAT ye wha that lo'es me,
And has my heart a-keeping?
O sweet is she that lo'es me,
As dews o' summer weeping,
In tears the rose-buds steeping:
O that's the lassie o' my heart,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou hast heard her talking,
And thy attention's plighted,
That ilka body talking
But her by thee is slighted,
And thou art broken-hearted:
O that's the lassie, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one,
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one,
But her, thou hast deserted,
If thou shalt meet a lassie
In grace and beauty charming;
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Ere while thy breast sae warming,
Had ne'er sic powers alarming:
O that's the lassie, &c.
LOUD BLAW THE FROSTY BREEZES.

[BY ROBERT BURNS.]

THE SAME AIR.

LOUD blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaus the mountains cover,
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young Highland rover
Far wanders nations over.
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May heaven be his warden;
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
And bonie Castle Gordon.

The trees now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
The birdies dowie moaning,
Shall a' be blythely singing,
And ev'ry flow'r be springing.
Sae I'll rejoice the lee lang day,
When by his mighty warden,
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
And bonnie Castle Gordon.