Vivace

**Violin**

**Voice**

**Piano**

**Violoncello**

---

5

Now

rosy May comes in wi' flow'rs, To deck her gay green spreading bow'rs; And

---

© Marjorie Rycroft 2021
now come in my happy hours, To wander wi' my Davie. The

chystal waters round us fa', The merry birds are lovers a', The

scented breezes round us blow, A wand'ring wi' my Davie.
Meet me on the war-lock knowe, Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;
Meet me on the war-lock knowe, Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;

There I'll spend the day wi' you, My ain dear, dainty Davie.
There I'll spend the day wi' you, My ain dear, dainty Davie.

© Marjorie Rycroft 2021
**NOW ROSY MAY COMES IN WI' FLOWERS.**

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK  
BY ROBERT BURNS.  

AIR. - DAINTY DAVIE.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,  
To deck her gay green spreading bowers;  
And now come in my happy hours,  
To wander wi' my Davie.  
The chrysal waters round us fa',  
The merry birds are lovers a',  
The scented breezes round us blaw,  
A-wandering wi' my Davie.  
CHORUS. Meet me on the warlock knowe,  
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;  
There I'll spend the day wi' you,  
My ain dear, dainty Davie.

When purple morning starts the hare,  
To steal upon her early fare,  
Then through the dewes I will repair,  
To meet my faithful Davie,  
When day, expiring in the west,  
The curtain draws of Nature's rest,  
I'll flee to's arms I lo'e the best,  
And that's my ain dear Davie.  
CHORUS. Meet me on the warlock knowe,  
Bonie Davie, dainty Davie;  
There I'll spend the day wi' you,  
My ain dear dainty Davie.

**IT WAS THE CHARMING MONTH OF MAY.**

ALTER'D TO SUIT THE SAME AIR,  
BY ROBERT BURNS.

It was the charming month of May  
When all the flowers were fresh and gay,  
One morning by the break of day,  
The youthful charming Chloe;  
From peaceful slumber she arose,  
Girt on her mantle and her hose,  
And o'er the flowery mead she goes,  
The youthful charming Chloe.  
CHORUS. Lovely was she by the dawn,  
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,  
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,  
The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people, you might see,  
Perch'd all around on every tree,  
In notes of sweetest melody  
They hail the charming Chloe:  
Till painting gay the eastern skies,  
The glorious sun began to rise;  
Out-rival'd by the radiant eyes  
Of youthful, charming Chloe.  
CHORUS. Lovely was she by the dawn,  
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,  
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,  
The youthful, charming Chloe.