

35. Dainty Davie

Koželuch

Thomson 3rd Set (1799), 69

Vivace

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

5

[§]

(p)

[§]

Now

[§]

[§]

9

ro - sy May comes in wi' flow'rs, To deck her gay green spread - ing_ bow'rs; And

13

now come in my hap - py hours, To wan - der wi' my Da - vie. The

17

chrys - tal wa - ters round us fa', The mer - ry birds are lo - vers a', The

21

scent - ed bree - zes round us blow, A - wan - d'ring wi' my Da - vie.

25

Chorus

Meet me on the war - lock knowe, Dain - ty Da - vie, dain - ty Da - vie;

Meet me on the war - lock knowe, Dain - ty Da - vie, dain - ty Da - vie;

29

There I'll spend the day wi' you, My ain dear, dain - ty Da - vie.

There I'll spend the day wi' you, My ain dear, dain - ty Da - vie.

33

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 chrystal waters round us fa',
 The merry birds are lovers a',
 The scented breezes round us blow,
 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 dews 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 at 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.