

3. The seventh of November

Koželuch

Thomson 2nd Set (1798), 28

Andantino

Violin

Voice I

Voice II

Piano

Violoncello

cresc.

p

p

p

The first system of the score includes staves for Violin, Voice I, Voice II, Piano, and Violoncello. The tempo is marked 'Andantino'. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The Piano part features a 'cresc.' marking and a 'p' dynamic. The Violoncello part also has a 'p' dynamic.

5

(§)

[§]

[§]

[§]

(§)

The day re-turns my_ bo-som burns, The_ bliss-ful day_ we_

The day re-turns my_ bo- som_ burns, The_ bliss-ful day_ we_

The second system begins at measure 5. It features vocal lines for Voice I and Voice II with lyrics: "The day re-turns my_ bo-som burns, The_ bliss-ful day_ we_". The Piano and Violoncello parts continue with accompaniment. Section markers (§) are placed above the vocal lines and below the Piano and Violoncello lines.

10

twa did meet, Tho'_ win - ter wild in__ tem - pest toil'd, Ne'er_ sum - mer_ sun_ was_

twa did meet, Tho'_ win - ter wild in__ tem - pest toil'd, Ne'er_ sum - mer_ sun_ was_

The third system begins at measure 10. It continues the vocal lines and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "twa did meet, Tho'_ win - ter wild in__ tem - pest toil'd, Ne'er_ sum - mer_ sun_ was_".

14

half sae sweet. Than a' the pride that loads the tide, And cross-es o'er the sul-try line; Than
half sae sweet. Than a' the pride that loads the tide, And cross-es o'er the sul-try line; Than

19

king-ly robes, than crowns and globes, Heav'n gave me more. it made thee mine.
king-ly robes, than crowns and globes, Heav'n gave me more. it made thee mine.

23

cresc. *p*

cresc. *p*

[*p*]

THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - THE SEVENTH OF NOVEMBER.

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet,
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heav'n gave me more, it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give;
While joys above my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone I live:
When that grim foe of life below,
Comes in between to bid us part;
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss, - it breaks my heart!