3. The seventh of November

Koželuch

Thomson 2nd Set (1798), 28

The day re-turns my bo-som burns, The bliss-ful day we-

twa did meet, Tho' win-ter wild in tem-pest toil'd, Ne'er sum-mer sun was

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half sae sweet. Than a' the pride that loads the tide, And crosses o'er the sultry line; Than
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.
kingly robes, than crowns and globes, Heav'n gave me more, it made thee mine.

\[ \text{cresc.} \]
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!