

# 43. Farewell to Ayr

Koželuch

Thomson 4th Set (1799), 85

Andante espressivo

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

5

*p* (*p*)

The\_ gloom - y\_

*fz* *fz* *p*

*fz* *fz* *p*

10

night\_ is\_ gath' - ring\_ fast, Loud\_ roars\_ the\_

14

wild in - - con - stant\_\_ blast; Yon\_\_ mur - ky\_\_

18

cloud\_\_ is\_\_ foul\_\_ with\_\_ rain, I see\_\_ it\_\_ dri - ving

23

*fz* *p*

o'er\_\_ the\_\_ plain.

*fz* *fz* *fz* *p*

*fz* *fz* *fz* *p*

***THE GLOOMY NIGHT IS GATH'RING FAST.***

BY ROBERT BURNS.

WRITTEN AT A TIME WHEN THE POET WAS MEDITATING TO LEAVE HIS NATIVE COUNTRY.

AIR. - FAREWELL TO AYR.

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,  
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast;  
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,  
I see it driving o'er the plain.  
The hunter now has left the moor,  
The scatter'd coveys meet secure;  
While here I wander prest with care,  
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,  
By early winter's ravage torn;  
Across her placid azure sky,  
She sees the scowling tempest fly;  
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,  
I think upon the stormy wave,  
Where many a danger I must dare  
Far from the bonny banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billows roar,  
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore;  
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,  
The wretched have no more to fear.  
But round my heart the ties are bound,  
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;  
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,  
To leave the bonny banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,  
Her healthy moors and winding vales;  
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,  
Pursuing past unhappy loves!  
Farewell my friends, farewell my foes!  
My peace with these, my love with those.  
The bursting tears my heart declare,  
Farewell, the bonny banks of Ayr.

***ALAS! THE SUNNY HOURS ARE PAST.***

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON, ESQ. OF BANGOUR.

THE SAME AIR.

ALAS! the sunny hours are past;  
The cheating scene, it will not last:  
Let not the flatt'rer, Hope, persuade  
Ah! must I say that it will fade!  
For see the summer flies away,  
Sad emblem of our own decay:  
Grim winter, from the frozen north,  
Drives swift his iron chariot forth.

His grisly hands in icy chains,  
Fair Tweeda's silver stream constrains.  
Cast up thy eyes, how bleak, how bare,  
He wanders on the tops of Yare!  
Behold his footsteps dire are seen  
Confest o'er ev'ry with'ring green;  
Griev'd at the sight, thou soon shalt see  
A snowy wreath clothe ev'ry tree.

Frequenting now the stream no more,  
Thou fliest, displeas'd, the frozen shore;  
When thou shalt miss the flowers that grew,  
But late, to charm thy ravish'd view;  
Then shall a sigh thy soul invade,  
And o'er thy pleasures cast a shade;  
Shall I, ah, horrid! shalt thou say,  
Be like to this some other day.

Ah! when the lovely white and red  
From the pale ashy cheek are fled;  
When wrinkles dire, and age severe,  
Make beauty fly, we know not where:  
Unhappy love! may lovers say;  
Beauty, thy food, does swift decay:  
When once that short-liv'd stock is spent,  
What is't thy famine can prevent?

Lay in good sense with timeous care,  
That love may live on wisdom's fare;  
Tho' extasy with beauty dies,  
Esteem is born when beauty flies.  
Happy the man whom fates decree  
Their richest gift in giving thee!  
Thy beauty shall his youth engage,  
Thy wisdom shall delight his age.