

# 44b. On a bank of flowers

Koželuch

Thomson Vol II (1801), 88

**Allegro moderato**

13

youth - ful bloom - ing\_ Nel - ly lay, With love and sleep op - prest. When

17

Wil - lie wan - d'ring\_ thro' the wood, Who\_ for her fa - vour\_ oft had sued; He\_

21

gaz'd, he\_ wish'd, he\_ fear'd, he\_ blush'd, And trem - bled where he\_ stood.

25

The musical score consists of five staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The second staff is a single melodic line in treble clef, mostly containing rests. The third and fourth staves are a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) for piano accompaniment. The bottom staff is a single melodic line in bass clef. The music is in a minor key with a 3/4 time signature. There are repeat signs at the end of each staff.

***ON A BANK OF FLOWERS, &c.***

BY ROBERT BURNS.

(THE SUBJECT TAKEN FROM AN OLD SONG, BEGINNING IN THE SAME MANNER.)

AIR. - ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

ON a bank of flowers in a summer day,  
 For summer lightly drest,  
 The youthful blooming Nelly lay,  
 With love and sleep opprest.  
 When Willie wand'ring thro' the wood,  
 Who for her favour oft had sued;  
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,  
 And trembled where he stood.

Her closed eyes like weapons sheath'd  
 Were seal'd in soft repose;  
 Her lips, still as she fragrant breath'd,  
 It richer dy'd the rose.  
 The springing lilies sweetly prest,  
 Wild, wanton kiss'd her rival breast;  
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,  
 His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,  
 Her tender limbs embrace;  
 Her lovely form, her native ease,  
 All harmony and grace:  
 Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,  
 A faltering, ardent kiss he stole;  
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,  
 And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake  
 On fear-inspired wings,  
 So Nelly starting, half awake,  
 Away affrighted springs:  
 But Willie follow'd, - as he should,  
 He overtook her in the wood;  
 He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid  
 Forgiving all and good.

***AS AMORET WITH PHILLIS SAT.***

THE SAME AIR.

AS Amoret with Phillis sat  
One evening on the plain,  
And saw the gentle Strephon wait  
To tell the nymph his pain;  
The threat'ning danger to remove,  
She whisper'd softly in her ear,  
Ah Phillis! if your peace you love,  
That shepherd do not hear.

None ever had so strange an art,  
His passion to convey  
Into a list'ning virgin's heart,  
And steal her soul away.  
Fly, fly betimes, for fear you give  
Occasion for a hapless fate,  
In vain, said she, in vain I strive,  
Alas! 'tis now too late.

*In the latter Song, a word is added to the sixth line of each Stanza, to fit it for the Air.*