

45. Wishaw's favourite

Koželuch

Thomson 4th Set (1799), 89

Andantino

Violin *mezza voce*

Voice

Piano *mezza voce*

Violoncello

6 *f* *mezza voce*

f

mf

11

my Love's like the red, red rose, That's new - ly sprung in June; O my Love's like the

p

Ossia

16

me - lo-die, That's sweet-ly play'd in— tune. As— fair art thou, my bo - nie lass, So

p

21

deep, so deep in love am I; And I can love thee still, my dear, 'Till a' the seas gang

26

dry. As— fair art thou, my bo - nie lass, So deep, so deep in love am I; And

31



I can love thee still, my dear, 'Till a' the seas gang dry.

35



f

mf

O MY LOVE'S LIKE THE RED RED ROSE.

BY FROM AN OLD MS. IN THE EDITOR'S POSSESSION.

[BY ROBERT BURNS.]

AIR. - WISHAW'S FAVOURITE, - COMPOSED BY MR MARSHALL.

O MY Love's like the red red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
My Love's like the melodie,
That's sweetly play'd in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in love, in love am I;
And I can love thee still, my dear,
'Till a' the seas gang dry.
As fair art thou, &c.

'Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt with the sun,
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare thee well, my only love,
O fare thee well a little while,
And I will come again, my love
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.
And fare thee well, &c.

THE WESTERN SKY WAS PURPLED O'ER.

BY SHENSTONE.

THE SAME AIR.

THE western sky was purpled o'er
 With every pleasing ray,
 And flocks, reviving, felt no more
 The sultry heat of day:
 When from a hazel's artless bower
 Soft warbled *happy* * Strephon's tongue;
 He blest the scene, he blest the hour,
 While Nancy's praise he sung.
 When from, &c.

Let fops with fickle falsehood range
 The paths of wanton love,
 Whilst weeping maids lament their change,
 And sadden ev'ry grove:
 But endless blessings crown the day
 I saw, I *saw* fair Esham's dale:
 And every blessing find its way
 To Nancy of the vale.
 But endless, &c.

'Twas from Avona's bank the maid
 Diffus'd her lovely beams;
 And every shining glance display'd
 The Naiad of the streams.
 Soft as the wild duck's tender young,
 That float on *sweetest* Avon's tide;
 Bright as the water-lily sprung
 And glittering near its side.
 Soft as the wild, &c.

Fresh as the bordering flowers her bloom,
 Her eye all mild to view;
 The little Halcyon's azure plume
 Was never half so blue.
 Her shape was like the reed, so sleek,
 So taper, strait, and *wondrous* fair;
 Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
 How charming sweet they were!
 Her shape was, &c.

Far in the winding vale retir'd
 This peerless bud I found;
 And shadowing rocks, and woods conspir'd
 To fence her beauties round.
 That nature in so lone a dell
 Shou'd form a nymph so *heav'nly* sweet!
 Or fortune to her secret cell
 Conduct my wand'ring feet!
 That nature, &c.

Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,
 But she wou'd ne'er incline;
 Prove to your equals true, she cry'd,
 As I will prove to mine.
 'Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow
 Has won, *has kept* my right good will;
 To him I gave my plighted vow,
 With him I'll climb the hill.
 'Tis Strephon, &c.

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
 I clasp'd the constant fair;
 To her alone I give my youth,
 And vow my future care.
 And when this vow shall faithless prove,
 Or I these *dearest* charms forego,
 The stream that saw our tender love,
 The stream shall cease to flow.
 And when this vow, &c.

The words printed above in Italics, in the 6th line of each stanza, are added by the Editor, because that line is otherwise too short for the air. There could be no other reason for lengthening it.