47a. The hopeless lover

Koželuch
Unpublished

Violin
Voice
Piano
Violoncello

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why thus all a-lone are mine the wea-ry steps o’ woe.
NOW SPRING HAS CLAD THE GROVE IN GREEN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - THE HOPELESS LOVER.

Now Spring has clad the grove in green,
And strew'd the lea w' flowers:
The furrow'd waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers.
While ilka thing in Nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps o' woe.

The trout within yon wimpling burn
That glides, a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art:
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I;
But Love w' unrelenting beam
Has scorch'd my fountains dry.

The little floweret's peaceful lot
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine; 'till Love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom,
And now beneath the withering blast
My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blythe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye;
As little reckt I sorrow's power,
Until the flowery snare
Of witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall of care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
The wretch whase doom is "hope nae mair,"
What tongue his woes can tell;
Within whase bosom save Despair
Nae kinder spirits dwell.