

47b. The hopeless lover

Koželuch

Thomson 4th Set (1799), 91

Andantino

10

joyce in fos-tring showers. While il - ka thing in Na - ture join Their sor - rows to fore - go, O_

13

why thus all a - lone are mine The wea-ry steps of woe.

16

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 wi' 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 wi' 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 reekt 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.

WHY, CRUEL CREATURE, &c.

BY LANDSDOWN.

THE SAME AIR.

WHY, cruel creature, why so bent,
 To vex a tender heart?
 To gold and title you relent;
 Love throws in vain his dart.
 Let glitt'ring fops in courts be great,
 For pay let armies move:
 Beauty should have no other bait,
 But gentle vows and love.

If on those endless charms you lay
 The value that's their due;
 Kings are themselves too poor to pay;
 A thousand worlds too few.
 But if a passion without vice,
 Without disguise or art,
 Ah! Celia! if true love's your price,
 Behold it in my heart.