47b. The hopeless lover

Koželuch
Thomson 4th Set (1799), 91

Andantino

Voic

Pian

Violoncello

Spring has clad the grove in green, And strew'd the lea w' th' flow'rs: The furrow'd wa-v'ing corn is seen Re-
joice in fos'-ring showers. While il-ka thing in Na-ture join Their sor-rows to fore-go, O-

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

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.

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