

51. Irish Air [Ulican dubh oh]

Koželuch

Thomson 4th Set (1799), 96

Andante espressivo

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

5

9

well, dear mis - tress of my soul, The mea - sur'd time is run! The

13

wretch be - neath the drea - ry pole, So marks his la - test sun. To

17

what dark cave of fro - zen night, A - las! shall thy poor wan - d'rer hie; De -

21

priv'd of thee, his life and light, The sun of all his joy.

25

FAREWELL, DEAR MISTRESS OF MY SOUL.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

IRISH AIR [ULICAN DUBH OH].

FAREWELL, dear mistress of my soul,
The measur'd time is run!
The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night,
Alas! shall thy poor wand'rer hie;
Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
The sun of all his joy.

We part - but by these precious drops,
That fill thy lovely eyes!
No other light shall guide my steps
'Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my happy, glorious day:
And ne'er shall glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray.

COME, ALL YE YOUTHS, &c.

BY OTWAY.

THE SAME AIR.

COME, all ye youths whose hearts e'er bled,
By cruel beauty's pride;
Bring each a garland on his head,
Let none his sorrows hide:
But hand in hand around me move,
Singing the saddest tales of love;
And see, when your complaints ye join,
If your wrongs equal mine.

The happiest mortal once was I,
My heart no sorrows knew:
Pity the pain with which I die,
But ask not whence it grew:
Yet if a tempting fair you find,
That's very lovely, very kind,
Tho' bright as heav'n, whose stamp she bears,
Be wise, and shun her snares.

The critical reader will perceive, that the last line in each stanza of the preceding Song is slightly altered to suit it for the Air.