

# 53a. Irish Air Savourna deligh

Koželuch  
Unpublished

Largo

Violin *mf*

Voice

Piano *f*

Violoncello *mf*

5

*p*

Slow\_ spreads the gloom my\_ soul\_ de - sires, The

9

*tr*

sun\_ from\_ In - dia's shore re - tires; To\_ E - van - banks, with\_ temp' - rate\_ ray, My

13

youth - ful\_ home, he leads the day. Oh! banks to me for e - ver\_ dear!\_ Oh!

17

stream\_ whose mur- murs still\_ I\_ hear! All\_ all\_ my\_ hopes of\_ bliss\_ re - side\_ Where

21

E - van\_ min - gles with the Clyde.

***SLOW SPREADS THE GLOOM, &c.***

BY ROBERT BURNS.

IRISH AIR. - SAVOURNA DELIGH.

SLOW spreads the gloom my soul desires,  
 The sun from India's shore retires;  
 To Evan-banks, with temp'rate ray,  
 Home of my youth, he leads the day.  
 Oh! banks to me for ever dear!  
 Oh! stream whose murmurs still I hear!  
 All, all my hopes of bliss reside  
 Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

And she in simple beauty drest,  
 Whose image lives within my breast;  
 Who trembling heard my parting sigh,  
 And long pursued me with her eye.  
 Does she, with heart unchang'd as mine,  
 Oft in the vocal bowers recline?  
 Or where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,  
 Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde?

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound!  
 Ye lavish woods that wave around,  
 And o'er the stream your shadows throw,  
 Which sweetly winds so far below;  
 What secret charm to mem'ry brings  
 All that on Evan's border springs?  
 Sweet banks! ye bloom by Mary's side;  
 Blest stream! she views thee haste to Clyde.

Can all the wealth of India's coast,  
 Atone for years in absence lost?  
 Return, ye moments of delight,  
 With richer treasures bless my sight!  
 Swift from this desert let me part,  
 And fly to meet a kindred heart!  
 Nor more may aught my steps divide,  
 From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.