

# 53b. Irish Air Savourna deligh

Koželuch

Thomson 4th Set (1799), 98

Largo

Violin *mf*

Voice

Piano *f*

Violoncello *mf*

5

*p*

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

*p*

9

*tr*

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

*tr*

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.

***AUSPICIOUS SPIRITS, GUARD MY LOVE.***

BY MR BICKERSTAFF.

THE SAME AIR.

AUSPICIOUS Spirits, guard my love,  
 In time of danger near him 'bide;  
 With outspread wings around him move,  
 And turn each random ball aside.

And you, his foes, tho' hearts of steel,  
 Oh, may you then with me accord!  
 A sympathetic passion feel,  
 Behold his face, and drop the sword.

Ye winds, your blust'ring fury leave,  
 Like airs that o'er the garden sweep,  
 Breathe soft in sighs, and gently heave  
 The calm, smooth bosom of the deep:

Till, halcyon peace return'd once more,  
 From blasts secure, and hostile harms,  
 My sailor views his native shore,  
 And harbours safe in these fond arms.