54. Irish Air
Coolun

Larghetto

Violoncello

Voice

Piano

Ossia

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature ar-

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Koželuch
Thomson 4th Set (1799), 99
- rays, And listens the lambs that bleat o'er the braes, While birds warble welcomes in ilk green.

shaw: To me its delightful my Nanie's away.
NOW IN HER GREEN MANTLE, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ROBERT BURNS.

IRISH AIR. - COOLUN.

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw;
But to me its delightless, - my Nanie's awa'.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet of the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nanie - and Nanie's awa'.

O SUMMER, THY PRESENCE GIVES JOY TO THE VALE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY PETER PINDAR.

THE SAME AIR.

O SUMMER, thy presence gives joy to the vale,
The pipe of the shepherd I hear in the gale;
Alas! but I hear not the voice of my love.

The lillies are drest in their purest array:
To the valleys, the woodbines a fragrance impart:
The roses the pride of their crimson display;
But I see not the blush of the nymph of my heart.

Go shepherds, and bring the sweet wanderer here,
The boast of her sex, and delight of the swains:
Go shepherds, and whisper this truth in her ear,
That the pleasures with Phillis have quitted the plains.

If thus to the nymph ye my wishes declare,
To the cot she has left she will quickly return;
Too soft is her bosom to give us despair,
That sooner would sigh than another should mourn.