

54. Irish Air Coolun

Kozeluch
Thomson 4th Set (1799), 99

Larghetto

Violoncello *mf*

Voice *dolce*

Piano *f* 6

Violoncello *mf*

5

p 6 6 6

p 6 6

p

8

p

Now in her green man - tle blythe Na - ture ar -

12

- rays, And lis - tens the lamb - kins that bleat o'er the

16

braes, While birds war - ble wel - comes in il - ka green

20

shaw; To me its de - light - less, my Na - nie's a - wa'

25

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'.

Thou lavrock that starts frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',
Give over for pity - my Nanie's awa'.

Come autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay;
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
Alane can delight me - now 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 song of the warbler enlivens the grove!
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.