57. Happy Dick Dawson

Koželuch
Thomson Vol II (1820), 91

Andante grazioso

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

Spring has clad the grove in green, And strew'd the lea with flowers; The_________
furrow'd waving corn is seen Rejoice in fostering showers. While

ilka thing in Nature join, Their sorrows to forego. O

why thus alone are mine The weary steps of woe!
NOW SPRING HAS CLAD THE GROVE IN GREEN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK
BY ROBERT BURNS.

The Air here united to the following beautiful Verses is substituted for the one in the former editions, as being, in the opinion of the Editor, much superior to it, and better suited to the poetry.

AIR. - HAPPY DICK DAWSON.

Now Spring has clad the grove in green,
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers:
The furrow'd waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers.
While ilka thing in Nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps o' woe.

The trout within yon wimpling burn
That glides, a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art:
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I;
But Love wi' unrelenting beam
Has scorched my fountains dry.

The little floweret's peaceful lot
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Was mine; 'till Love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom,
And now beneath the withering blast
My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blythe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye;
As little reckt I sorrow's power,
Until the flowery snare
Of witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall of care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
The wretch whase doom is "hope nae mair,"
What tongue his woes can tell;
Within whase bosom save Despair
Nae kinder spirits dwell.
WHY, CRUEL CREATURE, WHY SO BENT.

WRITTEN

BY LansDOWN.

THE SAME AIR.

Why, cruel creature, why so bent
To vex a tender heart?
To gold and title you relent,
Love throws in vain his dart.
Let glitt'ring fops in courts be great;
For pay let armies move;
Beauty should have no other bait,
But gentle vows and love.

If on those endless charms you lay
The value that's their due,
Kings are themselves too poor to pay,
A thousand worlds too few.
But if a passion without vice,
Without disguise or art,
Ah, Celia! if true love's your price,
Behold it in my heart.