

5b. Cauld kail in Aberdeen

Koželuch

Thomson 2nd Set (1798), 31

Andantino

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

5

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

9

How lang and drea - ry is the night, When I am frae my Dea - - rie; I

p

13

rest - less lie frae e'en_ tae_ morn, Tho' I were ne'er_ sae_ wea - ry. For

17

oh! her lan - ely nights are lang; And oh! her dreams are ee - rie; And

21

oh! her wi - dow'd heart is sair, That's_ ab - sent frae_ her_ Dea - rie.

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HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

HOW lang and dreary is the night,
 When I am frae my dearie;
 I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
 Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.
 For oh, her lanely nights are lang;
 And oh, her dreams are eerie;
 And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
 That's absent frae her dearie.

When I think on the lightsome days
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie;
 And now what seas between us roar,
 How can I be but eerie.
 For oh, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
 The joyless day, how dreary;
 It was na sae ye glinted by
 When I was wi' my dearie.
 For oh, &c.

YE DEAR DELIGHTS OF LOVE, ADIEU.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY PETER PINDAR.

AIR. - THE SAME AIR.

YE dear delights of Love, adieu;
From me, ah, fled for ever;
Ah! how could fate our bliss pursue,
And Souls so constant sever?
While LOVE his precious gifts did pour,
We ask'd not FORTUNE'S treasure!
The flight of every panting hour,
Was wing'd by HOPE and PLEASURE.

Now lost in solitude I sigh,
And swell with tears the fountain;
Now seek the scenes of former joy,
The grove, the vale, the mountain.
Since SANDY'S gone, no wish is mine
To see another morrow;
For what is *life*, if doom'd to pine?
One lengthen'd sigh of sorrow!