

62b. Let me in this ae night

Koželuch
Unpublished

Andantino

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

p

5

fz

O lass - ie, art thou

10

sleep - ing yet, Or art thou wak - in, I would wit, For Love has bound me

14

hand and foot, And I would fain be in, jo. O let me in this ae night, This

19

ae night, this ae night; For pi - ty's sake, this ae night, O rise and let me

24

in, jo.

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

O lassie, art thou sleeping yet,
 Or art thou wakin, I would wit,
 For Love has bound me, hand and foot,
 And I would fain be in, jo.
 O let me in this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night;
 For pity's sake this ae night,
 O rise and let me in, jo.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
 Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet;
 Take pity on my weary feet,
 And shield me frae the rain, jo.
 O let me in &c.

The bitter blast that round me blows
 Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
 The cauldness of my heart's the cause
 Of a' my grief and pine, jo.
 O let me in &c.

Her Answer

O tell na me of wind and rain,
 Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain,
 Gae back the gate ye cam again,
 I winna let you in, jo.
 I tell you now this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night;
 And ance for a' this ae night,
 I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
 That round the pathless wanderer pours,
 Is nocht to what poor She endures
 That's trusted faithless Man, jo.
 I tell you now &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
 Now trodden like the vilest weed,
 Let simple maid the lesson read,
 The wierd may be her ain, jo.
 I tell you now &c.

The bird that charm's his summer day,
 And now the cruel Fowler's prey;
 Let that to witless woman say
 The gratefu' heart o' man, jo.
 I tell you now &c.