63. The mucking o' Geordie's byre

Koželuch
Unpublished

Andantino

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

A - down wind-ing Nith I did wan-der To

mark the sweet flowers as they spring.

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wander Of Phillis to muse and to sing. A wa' wi' your

belles and your beauties They ne'er wi' her can compare! Wha-

ever hae met wi' my Phillis Has met wi' the Queen o' the Fair!
Adown winding Nith I did wander
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring.
Adown winding Nith I did wander
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.
Awa wi' your belles and your beauties -
They never wi' her can compare!
Whaever hae met wi' my Phillis
Has met wi' the Queen o' the Fair!
The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild:
Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis' -
For she is Simplicity's child.
The rosebud's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest.
How fair and how pure is the lily!
But fairer and purer her breast.
Awa wi' your belles &c.

You knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:
Her breath is the breath of the woodbine,
Its dew-drop o' diamond, her eye.
Awa wi' your belles &c.

Her voice is the song o' the morning,
That wakes thro' the green-spreading grove,
When Phebus peeps over the mountains
On music, and pleasure, and love.
Awa wi' your belles &c.

But Beauty, how frail and how fleeting!
The bloom of a fine summer's day!
While Worth in the mind o' my Phillis
Will flourish without a decay.
Awa wi' your belles &c.