

# 64a. A Jacobite Air

## Phely & Willy

Koželuch  
Unpublished

*Allegretto*

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

4

7

[X] Willy

'O Phel - ly, hap - py be that day, When rov - ing through the ga - ther'd hay, My

9

youth - ful heart was stown a - way, And by thy charms, my Phe - ly!

11

[Phely]

"O Will - y, ay I bless the grove Where first I own'd my maid - en love, Whilst

13

thou did pledge the Pow'rs a bove, To be my ain dear Will - y."

15

Musical score for measures 15-16. The score is in 3/4 time and B-flat major. It features a vocal line with a melody of eighth and quarter notes, a piano accompaniment with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and chords in the left hand, and a bass line with a simple eighth-note melody. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

17

Musical score for measures 17-18. The score is in 3/4 time and B-flat major. It features a vocal line with a melody of eighth and quarter notes, a piano accompaniment with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and chords in the left hand, and a bass line with a simple eighth-note melody. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piece concludes with repeat signs and first/second endings in all staves.

***O PHELY, HAPPY BE THAT DAY.***

BY ROBERT BURNS.

A JACOBITE AIR.

'O Phely happy be that day  
 'When roving thro' the gather'd hay,  
 'My youthfu' heart was stown away,  
 'And by thy charms, my Phely.'

"O Willy, ay I bless the grove  
 "Where first I own'd my maiden love,  
 "Whilst thou did pledge the Powers above  
 "To be my ain dear Willy."

'As songsters of the early year  
 'Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,  
 'So ilka day to me mair dear  
 'And charming is my Phely.'

"As on the brier the budding rose  
 "Still richer breathes and fairer blows,  
 "So in my tender bosom grows  
 "The love I bear my Willy."

'The milder sun and bluer sky  
 'That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,  
 'Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye,  
 'As is a sight o' Phely.'

"The little swallow's wanton wing,  
 "Tho' wafting o'er the flowery spring,  
 "Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,  
 "As meeting o' my Willy."

'The bee that thro' the sunny hour  
 'Sips nectar in the op'ning flower,  
 'Compar'd wi' my delight is poor  
 'Upon the lips o' Phely.'

"The woodbine in the dewy weat,  
 "When evening shades in silence meet,  
 "Is nought sae fragrant or sae sweet  
 "As is a kiss o' Willy."

'Let Fortune's wheel at random rin,  
 'And fools may tyne, and knaves may win;  
 'My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,  
 'And that's my ain dear Phely.'

"What's a' the joys that gowd can gi'e?  
 "I care na wealth a single flie;  
 "The lad I love's the lad for me,  
 "And that's my ain dear Willy."