65. Deil tak' the wars

Koželuch
Unpublished

Violin
Voice
Piano
Violoncello

Andante

Sleep'st thou, or

walk'st thou, fair rest creature; Rosy mom now

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lifts his eye,
Numbering ev’ry bud, which

Nature Waters wi’ the tears of joy. Now,

to the stream-ing foun-tain, Or up the heath-y moun-tain, the hart, hind, and

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rocy freely, wildly-wanton stray: In twining hazel bow'rs, His

lay the lin-net pours; The lav-rock, to the sky_A - scends wi' sangs o'

joy; While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.
Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature;
Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering ev'ry bud which Nature
Waters wi' the tears of joy.
Now, to the streaming fountain,
Or up the heathy mountain,
The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray:
In twining hazel bowers,
His lay the linnet pours;
The lavrock, to the sky
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy;
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phoebus, gilding the brow of the morning,
Banishes ilk darksome shade,
Nature gladdening and adorning;
Such to me my lovely maid.
When frae my leany parted,
Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted,
Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky:
But when she charms my sight,
In pride of beauty's light;
When through my very heart
Her beaming glories dart;
'Tis then - 'tis then, I wake to life and joy!