

# 65. Deil tak' the wars

Koželuch  
Unpublished

**Andante**

Violin

Voice

Piano  
*dolce*

Violoncello  
*p*

5

Sleep'st thou, or

10

wak'st thou, fair - rest - crea - ture; Ro - sy - morn now

15

lifts his eye, Num - ber - ing ev' - ry bud which

20

Na - ture Wa - ters wi' the tears of joy. Now,

25

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

30

roe, free - ly, wild - ly- wan- ton\_ stray: In twin - ing ha - zel bow'rs, His

35

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

40

joy; While the sun and thou a - rise — to bless the day.

45

The musical score consists of five staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef, starting with a quarter rest followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes, ending with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The second staff is a single melodic line in treble clef, which is mostly empty with a few notes in the final measure. The third and fourth staves form a grand staff (treble and bass clefs), with the bass staff containing a 7/8 time signature. The fifth staff is a single melodic line in bass clef, mirroring the bass staff of the grand staff. The score concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

***SLEEP'ST THOU, OR WAK'ST THOU, FAIREST CREATURE.***

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - DEIL TAK' THE WARS.

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' songs 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 Jeany 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!