66. Oran gaoil

Andante espressivo

Koželuch

Unpublished

Violin

Voice

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

Violin

Voice

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

hold the hour, the boat arrive! Thou goest, thou darling of my heart: Ah!

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BEHOLD THE HOUR, THE BOAT ARRIVE!

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - ORAN GAOIL.

Behold the hour, the boat arrive!
Thou goest, thou darling of my heart:
Sever'd from thee, can I survive?
But fate has will'd, and we must part!
I'll often greet this surging swell;
Yon distant isle will often hail;
"E'en here, I took the last farewell;
"There, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

Along the solitary shore,
While flitting sea-fowls round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wistful eye:
Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
Where now my Nancy's path may be!
While through thy sweets she loves to stray,
O tell me, does she muse on me!