6a. Craigieburn Wood

Andante expressivo

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

fa's the eve on Craigieburn, And blythe wakes the morrow, But, a' the pride of Spring's return Can yield me nought but sorrow. I

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SWEET FA'S THE EVE ON CRAIGIEBURN.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR - CRAIGIEBURN WOOD.

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigieburn,
And blythe awakes the morrow,
But a' the pride of Spring's return
Can yield me nought but sorrow.
I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing.

Fain, fain, would I my griefs impart,
Yet dare na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.
If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love another,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.