

6a. Craigieburn Wood

Koželuch
Unpublished

Andante espressivo

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

Sweet

This system contains the first four staves of the musical score. The Violin staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 6/8 time signature. The Voice staff is initially silent. The Piano staff consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a complex accompaniment. The Violoncello staff begins with a bass clef and the same key signature and time signature. A repeat sign with a double bar line and a first ending bracket is present at the end of each staff.

5

fa's the eve on Craig - ie - burn, And blythe a - wakes the mor - row, But.

This system contains the fifth through eighth staves. The Violin and Voice staves continue the melody. The Piano and Violoncello staves provide accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the Voice staff. A repeat sign with a double bar line and a first ending bracket is present at the end of each staff.

9

a' the pride of Spring's re - turn Can yield me nought but sor - row. I

This system contains the ninth through twelfth staves. The Violin and Voice staves continue the melody. The Piano and Violoncello staves provide accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the Voice staff. A repeat sign with a double bar line and a first ending bracket is present at the end of each staff.

13

see the flow'rs. and spread- ing trees, I hear the wild birds sing - ing; But what a wea - ry -

18

wight can please, And care his bo - som wring - ing.

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.