6b. Craigieburn Wood

Andante expressivo

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

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

a' the pride of Spring's re-turn Can yield me nought but sorrow. I see the flow'rs and
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.

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COULD AUGHT OF SONG DECLARE MY PAIN.

BY DR. BEATTIE.

AIR. - THE SAME AIR.

COULD aught of song declare my pain,
   Could artful numbers move thee;
The muse should tell in mournful strain,
   O, Delia, how I love thee.

They who but feign a wounded heart,
   May teach the lyre to languish;
But what avails the pride of art,
   When pines the soul in anguish?

Then, Delia, let the sudden sigh
   The heart-felt pang discover,
And in the keen, but tender eye,
   O read th' imploring lover.

For well I know thy gentle mind
   Disdains art's gay disguising;
Beyond what fancy e'er refin'd,
   The voice of nature prizing.