

6b. Craigieburn Wood

Koželuch

Thomson 2nd Set (1798), 32

Andante espressivo

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

(p)

[§]

Sweet [§]

[§]

[§]

Detailed description: 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, and a 6/8 time signature. The Voice staff is a single line with a treble clef. The Piano part consists of two staves, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef. The Violoncello staff is in bass clef. The tempo is 'Andante espressivo'. There are dynamic markings '(p)' and '[§]' (crescendo) throughout the system.

5

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

Detailed description: This system contains staves 5 through 8. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'fa's— the eve— on Craig - ie - burn, And blythe— a - wakes the mor - row, But—'. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic rhythmic patterns.

9

a'— the pride of Spring's_ re- turn Can yield_ me nought but sor - row. I see— the flow'rs_ and

Detailed description: This system contains staves 9 through 12. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'a'— the pride of Spring's_ re- turn Can yield_ me nought but sor - row. I see— the flow'rs_ and'. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic rhythmic patterns.

14

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.

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.