70a. Oonagh

Koželuch

Unpublished

Allegretto vivace

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

5

8

8

8

Sae

9

flax - en were her ring - lets, Her eye - brows of a dark - er hue, Be - witch - ing - ly o'er-

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arch - ing Twal laugh - ing een o' bon - ny blue. Her smil - ing, sae wyl - ing, Wad

make a wretch for - get his woe; What plea - sure, what trea - sure, Un - to those ro - sy

lips to grow: Such was my Chlo - ris' bon - ny face, When first, her bon - ny
face I saw; And ay my Chlo-ris' dearest charm, She says she lo'es me best of a'.
SAE FLAXEN WERE HER RINGLETS.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - OONAGH.

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
   Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
   Twa laughing een o' bonie blue.
Her smiling, sae wyling,
   Wad make a wretch forget his woe;
What pleasure, what treasure,
   Unto those rosy lips to grow:
Such was my Chloris' bonie face,
   When first that bonie face I saw,
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm
   She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;
   Her pretty ancle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion,
   Wou'd make a saint forget the sky.
Sae warming, sae charming,
   Her faultless form and gracefu' air;
Ilk feature - auld Nature
   Declar'd that she could do nae mair!
Hers are the willing chains o' love,
   By conquering Beauty's sov'reign law;
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
   She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
   And gaudy shew at sunny noon;
Gi'e me the lonely valley,
   The dewy eve, and rising moon;
Fair beaming, and streaming
   Her silver light the boughs amang;
While falling, recalling,
   The amorous thrush concludes his sang;
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
   By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
   And say thu lo'es me best of a'.