

70a. Oonagh

Koželuch
Unpublished

Allegretto vivace

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

5

9

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

14

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

19

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

24

lips to grow: Such was my Chlo - ris' bon - ny face, When first_ her bon - ny

28

face I saw; And ay my Chlo - ris' dear - est charm, She says she lo'es me best of a'.

This block contains the musical score for measures 28 through 32. It features a vocal line with lyrics, a piano accompaniment with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs), and a separate bass line. The music is in a key with one flat and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "face I saw; And ay my Chlo - ris' dear - est charm, She says she lo'es me best of a'."

33

This block contains the musical score for measures 33 through 37. It features a vocal line with a long note in measure 33, a piano accompaniment with a grand staff, and a separate bass line. The music concludes with repeat signs in measures 33, 34, 36, and 37.

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 thou lo'es me best of a'.