

THE ROVER O' LOCHRYAN.

THE Rover o' Lochryan he's gane,
Wi' his merry men sae brave;
Their hearts are o' the steel, an' a better keel
Ne'er bowl'd owre the back o' a wave.

It's no when the loch lies dead in its trough,
When naething disturbs it ava,
But the rack an' the ride o' the restless tide,
An' the splash o' the grey sea-maw.

It's no when the yawl an' the light skiffs crawl
Owre the breast o' the siller sea,
That I look to the west for the bark I lo'e best
An' the Rover that's dear to me.

But when that the clud lays its cheek to the flud,
An' the sea lays its shoulder to the shore;
When the win' sings heigh, an' the sea whaups
screigh,
As they rise frae the deafening roar.

It's then that I look thro' the thickening rook,
An' watch by the midnight tide;
I ken the win' brings my Rover hame,
An' the sea that he glories to ride.

O merry he sits 'mang his jovial crew,
Wi' his helm heft in his hand,
An' he sings aloud, to his boys in blue,
As his e'e's upon Galloway's land :

“ Unstent an’ slack each reef and tack,
 Gie her sail, boys, while it may sit;
 She has roar’d through a heavier sea before,
 An’ she’ll roar through a heavier yet.

“ When landsmen drouse, or trembling, rouse
 To the tempest’s angry moan,
 We dash through the drift, an’ sing to the lift
 O’ the wave that heaves us on.

“ It’s braw, boys, to see the morn’s blyth e’e,
 When the night’s been dark an’ drear;
 But it’s better far to lie, wi’ our storm locks dry,
 In the bosom o’ her that is dear.

“ Gi’e her sail, gi’e her sail, till she buries her wale.
 Gi’e her sail, boys, while it may sit;
 She has roar’d through a heavier sea afore,
 An’ she’ll roar through a heavier yet.”

HEW AINSLIE.

sea-maw, the common gull.
wale, gunwale.

unstent, slack.

"IT'S DOWIE IN THE HINT O' HAIRST."

It's dowie in the hint o' hairst,
 At the wa'-gang o' the swallow,
 When the wind grows cauld an' the burns grow
 bauld,
 An' the wuds are hingin' yellow;
 But, oh! it's dowier far to see
 The wa-gang o' her the heart gangs wi'—
 The deid-set o' a shinin' e'e
 That darkens the weary warld on thee.

There was muckle love atween us twa—
 Oh! twa could ne'er been fonder;
 An' the thing on yird was never made
 That could ha'e gart us sunder.
 But the way of Heaven's aboon a' ken,
 And we maun bear what it likes to sen'—
 It's comfort, though, to weary men,
 That the warst o' this warld's waes maun en'.

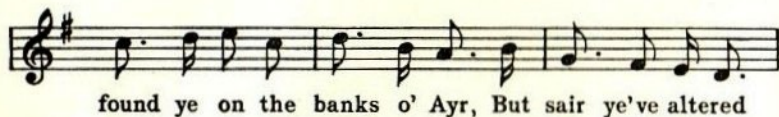
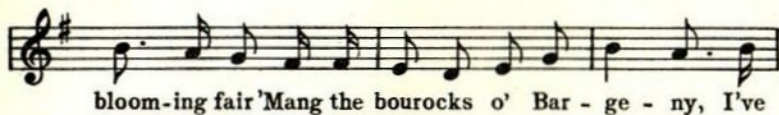
There's mony things that come and gae,
 Just kent and syne forgotten;
 The flow'rs that busk a bonnie brae
 Gin anither year lie rotten.
 But the last look o' that lovin' e'e,
 An' the dying grip she gied to me,
 They're settled like eternitie—
 Oh, Mary, that I were wi' thee!

HEW AINSLIE.

wa' gang, going away.
dowie, sad.

yird, earth.
busk, adorn.

THE BOUROCKS O' BARGENY.

Words by
HEW AINSLIE.Music by
WAUGH WRIGHT.

I left ye 'mang the woods sae green,
In rustic weed befitting;
I've found ye buskit like a queen,
In painted chaumers sitting.

I left ye like the wanton lamb
That plays 'mang hadyeds heather;
I've found ye noo a sober dame,
A wife and eke a mither.

Ye're fairer, statelier, I can see,
Ye're wiser, nae dou't, Jeanie;
But ah, I'd rather meet wi' thee
'Mang the bourocks o' Bargeny.