

The Rovers Song
~~My home is on the sea~~
No other

My home is on the sea
No other do I crave
The storms that over me sweep
Though wildly they do rave
Bring music to the ears
Of the stern of heart and brave

Let it those who prize the land
Enjoy the good it yields
Peace of its zephyrs bland
Its meadows and its fields
And that security
Which the coward bosom shields

Give me the storm that heaves
The bosom of the main
While through the cordage grieves
The wind in hollow strain
As from our vessels proud
The waves drop brilliant rain

Oh how sublime the sea
When from the clouded skies
The vivid lightnings leap
And the waves in mountains rise
Whilst to the tumult grand
The thunder hoarse replies

There is naught like it ashore
Not when the frowning heavens
Dropt all its deluge pour
And the mighty oaks are riven
To Nature's inland scenes
Such majesty's not given

As my home is on the wave
So would I when I die
In its bosom find a grave
Far from reach of mortal eye
With nought to sound my dirge
But the sea birds plaintive cry

Mary's Cot

The morn was clear the moon serene
Not a breath came over the sea
When Mary left her Highland cot
To wander forth with me

Come change your rings with me my love
Come change your ring with me
And that will be a token
Whilst I am on the sea
Whilst I am on the sea my love
Not knowing where I am
I'll write to you in letters
From a far & distant land

For I have journeyed o'er many lands
I have sailed on every sea
Whilst Egypt's parching burning ^{sun}
And no strangers are to me