

113- I'm a Rover

Scottish Folk

Violin

I'm a rov - er and sel - dom so - ber

I'm a rov - er of high deg - ree;

It's when I'm drink - ing I'm al - ways think - ing,

How to gain my love's com - pa - ny

Though the night be dark as dungeon
No' a star to be seen above,
I will be guided without a stumble
Into the airms o' my ain true love.

"It's only me, your ain true lover,
Open the door and let me in.
For I hae come on a lang journey,
And I'm near drenched to the skin."

He steppit up to her bedroom window,
Kneelin' gently upon a stone;
He rappit at her bedroom-window
"Darlin' dear, do you lie alone?"

She opened the door wi' the greatest pleasure,
She opened the door and let him in,
They baith shook hands and embraced each other
Until the mornin' they lay as one.

She raised her heid on her snaw-white pillow
Wi' her arms about her breast,
"Wha' is that at my bedroom window
Disturbin' me at my lang night's rest?"

The cocks were crawin', the birds were whistlin'
The burns they ran free abune the brae;
"Remember, lass, I'm a ploughman laddie
And the fairmer I must obey."

"Noo, my lass, I must gang and leave thee
And though the hills they are high above,
I will climb them wi' greater pleasure
Since I been in the airms o' my love.