

I'm a Rover

I'm a rover and seldom sober
 I'm a rover, o' high degree;
 It's when I'm drinking, I'm always thinking
 How to gain my love's company.

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.

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

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

"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."

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

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.

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