

SONG.

BIRD soaring high, cloud in the sky,
Where go ye? O where go ye?
Where the smoke from the gipsy's fire is veering,
And our gay little boat, o'er the blue frith steering,
Will soon bear me.

My thoughts before, on yonder shore,
Are free as wind, are free as wind,
While this body of mine on its palfrey riding,
Right lazy of pace, or on smooth wave gliding,
Is far behind.

But see I not, yon distant spot?
O now I see, O now I see!
Where the mist up the distant hill is creeping,
And woods through the morning cloud are peeping,
There dwelleth she.

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Doth gentle sleep her senses steep

Or does she wake ? or does she wake ?

Even now perhaps, her dark hair raising,

At her casement she stands, o'er the waters she's
gazing,

All for my sake.

Her face is gay as the joyous day,

And O how sweet ! and O how sweet !

Her voice as she utters her modest greeting,

While my heart at the sound is so quickly beating,

Whene'er we meet !

When time runs on, and weeks are gone,

Then on that shore, then on that shore,

I'll meet her with all my gay bridesmen bounding,

In light-hearted glee to the minstrel's sounding,

And part no more.

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