

# The Rover's Grave - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

THE ROVER'S GRAVE.

They bore him away when the day had fled,  
And the storm was rolling high,  
And they laid him down in his lonely bed,  
By the light of an angry sky;  
The lightning flashed, and the wild sea lash'd  
The shore with its foam'ng wave;  
And the thunder passed on the rushing blast,  
As it bowled o'er the rover's grave.

No longer for him like a fearless bird,  
Yon bark floats under the lee;  
No longer his voice on the gale is heard,  
When its guns appeal o'er the sea.  
But near him the white gull builds on high  
His nest by the gleaming wave,  
And the heaving billows groan and die  
On the sands of the rover's grave.