

The Lassie Who Loves But Me - song lyrics

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The Lassie Who Loves But Me.
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The lassie who loves but me.
High up on the craggy shore,
Is far away many a mile.
Tho' absent, my heart loves her more;
To India's shores I went,
But victory brings her home;
A letter of love I sent.
With promise no more I'd roam.

Chorus.
Then blow, ye fair winds. I pray, and hurry me o'er the sea.
To bring me safe home to May. the lassie who loves but me.

The sight of fair Scotia's shore,
Soon back to my own dear love,
I'll clasp to my fond heart once more
My own dear, my sweet darling dove,
For the plow I'll exchange the sword.
And ne'er leave the Scot's noble land.
But give her my heart's best love.
With the ring that shall grace her band.-Chorus