

How can my poor heart be glad
On The Seas And Far Away
Melody - "O'er the hills and far away"
Robert Burns, 1794

How can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad;
How can I the thought forego-
He's on the seas to meet the foe?
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love;
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day,
Are aye with him that's far away.

2. When in summer noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun,
My sailor's thund'ring at his gun;
Bullets, spare my only joy!
Bullets, spare my darling boy!
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away,
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away.

3. At the starless, midnight hour
When Winter rules with boundless power,
As the storms the forests tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can-I weep and pray
For his weal that's far away,
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
All I can-I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.

4. Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild War his ravage end,
Man with brother Man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet;
Then may heav'n with prosperous gales,
Fill my sailor's welcome sails;
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.