
"Now, who be ye would cross Loch-gyle This dark and stor-my wa - ter?" "O $\boldsymbol{p}$ His horse-men hard be - hind us ride; Should they our steps dis - co - ver, Then And by my word! the bon - ny bird In dan-ger shall not tar - ry; So



A



B


T

shriek-ing; And in the scowl of heaven each face Grew dark as they were speak-ing. ga - ther, I'll meet the ra-ging of the skies, But not an an-gry fa-ther.



A


T


B

down the glen rode arm - ed men, $\boldsymbol{p}^{\text {Their }}$ tramp-ling sound - ed near - er.
oh! too strong for hu - man hand,




For sore dis-mayed, through storm and shade, His child he did dis - co-_ ver; One
$\boldsymbol{p}_{\text {'Twas }}$ vain: the loud waves lashed the shore, Re - turn or aid pre - vent- ing: The

A



For sore dis-mayed, through storm and shade, His child he did dis - co-_ ver; One
$\boldsymbol{p}_{\text {'Twas }}^{\text {vain: the loud waves }}$ lashed the shore, Re - turn or aid pre - vent-_ ing: The

$\boldsymbol{p}_{\boldsymbol{p}}$ For sore dis-mayed, through storm and shade, His child he did dis - co - ver; One $\boldsymbol{p}_{\text {'Twas }}$ vain: the loud waves lashed the shore, Re - turn or aid pre - vent - ing: The


