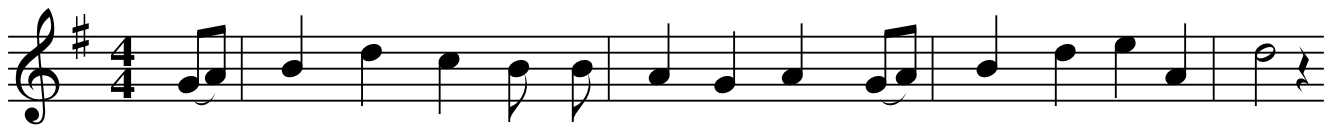


Derwentwater



Oh! Der-went-wa-ter's a bon-ny lord, And_ gool-den is his hair



And_ glint-in' is his hawk-ing e'e Wi'_ kind-love dwell-ing there

Oh! Derwentwater's a bonny lord,
And golden is his hair,
And glintin' is his hawkin' e'e
Wi' kind love dwelling there.

Yestreen he cam to out lord's yett,
And loud, loud, did he ca',
"Rise up, rise up, for good King James,
And buckle and come awa'."

Our ladie held by our good lord,
Wi' weel love-locket hands,
But when young Derwentwater came,
She loos'd the snawy bands.

And when young Derwentwater kneeled -
"My gentle, fair ladie,"
The tears gave way to the glow o' love
In our gude ladie's e'e.

"I will think," he said, "on those e'en o' blue,
And on this snawy hand,
When on the helmy ridge o' war
Comes down my burly brand."

O never a word our ladie spake,
And he pressed her snawy hand,
"But O, my Derwentwater!" she sighed,
When his glowing lips she fand.

He has drapp'd frae his hand his tassel o' gowd,
Which knots his gude weir-glove,
And he has drapp'd a spark frae his e'en,
Which gars our ladie love.

"Come down, come down," our gude lord says,
"Come down, my fair ladie,
O dinna young Derwentwater stop,
The morning sun is hie."

And hie, hie, rose the morning sun,
Wi' front o' ruddie blude -
The harlot front, frae the white curtain,
Betokens naething gude.

Our ladie look'd frae the turret top,
As long as she could see,
And for every sigh for her gude lord,
For Derwent there were three.