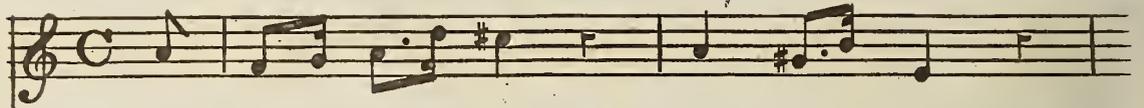


The Young Highland Rover.

Violin



Slow

Loud blow the frosty breezes The snaws the mountains cover Like

winter on me seizes Since my young Highland Rover, Far wanders nations o - - er.

Chorus

Where-èr he go where'er he stray May Heaven be his warden: Re -

-turn him safe to fair Strathspey, and bonie Castle Gordon.

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.



LOUD blaw the frosty breezes,
 The fnows the mountains cover,
 Like winter on me feizes,
 Since my young Highland rover
 Far wanders nations over.

CHO. *Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
 May Heaven be his warden;
 Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
 And bonnie castle Gordon.*

The trees now naked groaning,
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
 The birdies dowie moaning,
 Shall a' be blythly singing,
 And ev'ry flow'r be springing.

CHO. *Sae I'll rejoice the lee lang day,
 When, by his mighty warden;
 My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
 And bonnie castle Gordon.*