

Bards in the Bog



CALLUM O' MY HEART

Resting, bairn o' my delight.
Callum o' the corrie, taken from my sight.
Now the braes lie empty, softly falls the night;
Callum o' my heart, rest still.

Sleeping, gillie o' the glen.
Callum o' the mountain, taken from the ben.
Now the braes lie silent, lonely once again;
Callum o' my heart, sleep now.

Waiting, laddie o' the loch.
Callum o' the bealach, taken from the broch.
Now the braes lie lanesome, skailt is the flock;
Callum o' my heart, wait on.

Andrew Lane

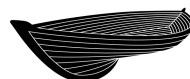
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