

# Gloomy Night

scotland

$\text{♩} = 100$

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The gloomy night is gath'ring fast,  
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast;  
Yon murky cloud is filled with rain,  
I see it driving o'er the plain;  
The hunter now has left the moor,  
The scatt'ered coveys meet secure;  
While I here wander, prest with care,  
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn  
By early Winter's ravage torn;  
Across her placid, azure sky,  
She sees the scowling tempest fly;  
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave;  
I think upon the stormy wave,  
Where many a danger I must dare,  
Far from the bonie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billows' roar,  
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;  
'tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,  
The wretched have no more to fear:  
But round my heart the ties are bound;  
The heart transpierc'd with many a wound;  
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,  
To leave the bonie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coilia's hills and dales,  
Her heathy moors and winding vales;  
The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,  
Pursuing past unhappy loves  
Farewell my friends farewell my foes  
My peace with these, my love with those—  
The bursting tears my heart declare,  
Farewell, the bonie banks of Ayr