

A. C. Swinburne (1837-1909)

29 *The Wind*

O weary fa' the east wind,  
And weary fa' the west;  
And gin I were under the wan waves wide  
I wot weel wad I rest.

O weary fa' the north wind, 5  
And weary fa' the south:  
The sea went ower my good lord's head  
Or ever he kissed my mouth.

Weary fa' the windward rocks, 10  
And weary fa' the lee:  
They might hae sunken sevenscore ships,  
And let my love's gang free.

And weary fa' ye, mariners a',  
And weary fa' the sea:  
It might hae taken an hundred men, 15  
And let my ae love be.

1877

(From *Ballads of the English Border*. Ed. with Introduction,  
Glossary and Notes by William A. MacInnes. London:  
William Heinemann, 1925)