

My Ain Countrie
Mary Demarest, 1861.
lone Hanna, 1864.

I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aftenwhiles,
For the langed for hame bringin', an' my Father's welcome smiles;
An' I'll ne'er be fu' content, until mine een do see
The gowden gates o' Heav'n an' my ain countrie.

Refrain

The earth is fleck'd wi' flowers, mony tinted, fresh an' gay
The birdies warble blithely, for my Faither made them sae:
But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me,
When I hear the angels singin' in my ain countrie.

I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day, the King
To His ain royal palace his banished hame will bring;
Wi'een an' wi' hert rinnin' owre, we shall see
The King in His beauty, in oor ain countrie.

Refrain

Sae little noo I ken, o' yon blessed, bonnie place
I only ken it's Hame, whaur we shall see His face,
It wad surely be eneuch for ever mair to be
In the glory o' His presence, in oor ain countrie.

Refrain

He is faithfu' that hath promised, an' He'll surely come again,
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what oor I dinnna ken;
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.

Refrain