

The Scottish Emigrant's Farewell - song lyrics

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The Scottish Emigrant's Farewell.

Farewell, farewell, my native home, thy lonely glens and heath-clad mountains;
Farewell, thy fields o' storied fame, thy leafy shaws And sparklin' fountains;
Nae mair I'll climb the Pentland's steep, nor wander by the Esk's clear river;
I seek a home far o'er the deep, my native land, farewell forever.

Thou land wi' love and freedom crowned-la ilk wee cot, an' lordly dwellin'
Many manly-hearted youths be found, and maids in ev'ry grace excellin';
The land where Bruce and Wallace wight for freedom fought in days o' danger,
Ne'er crouch'd to proud usurper's might, but foremost stood, wrong's stern avenger,

Though far frae thee, my native shore, an' toss'd on life's tempestuous ocean,
My heart, aye, Scottish to the core, shall cling to thee wi' warm devotion;
An' while the wavin' heather grows, and onward rows the windin' river.
The toast be, Scotland's broomy knowes, her mountains, rocks and glens forever.