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My Last Farewell to Stirling

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No lark in transport mounts the sky Nor leaves with early plaintive cry. But I maun bid my last goodbye My last farewell to Stirling, O.

cho: Tho' far awa', my hairt's wi' youOur youthful hours on wings they flew;But l will bid my last adieu.My last farewell to Stirling, O.

Nae mair I'll meet you in the dark. Nor gang wi` you to the king's park. Nor raise the hare oot frae their flap When I gang far frae Stirling, O.

Nae mair I'll wander through the glen Nor disturb the roost o' the pheasant hen Nor chase the rabbits to their den When I gang far frae Stirling, O.

There's one request before l go, And that is to my comrades all: My dog and gun ye'll keep for me When I gang far frae Stirling, O.

Noo fare ye weel, my Jeannie dear. For you I'll shed a bitter tear. But I hope you'll find some other, dear. When I am far frae Stirling, O.

Then fare ye weel, for I am bound For twenty years to Van Dieman's Land. But speak of me and what I've done When I gang far frae Stirling, O.

From Folk Songs and Ballads of Scotland, MacColl Note: appears to be a variant (structure and tune) of Rothesay-O (or vice versa) RG