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Sae Far Awa

Sae Far Awa (Robert Burns)

O, sad and heavy should I part But for her sake sae far awa,Unknowing what my way may thwart-My native land sae far awa,

Thou that of a' things Maker art, That formed this Fair sae far awa Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start At this my way sae Far awa!

How true is love to pure desert! So love to her sae far awa, And nocht shall heal my bosom's smart While, Oh, she is sae far awa!

Nane other love, nane other dart I feel, but hers sae far awa; But fairer never touch'd a heart Than hers, the fair sae far awa

Tune: Sae far awa (572) ARB