LAND O THE LEAL

I'm wearin awa Jean,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean,
I'm wearin awa tae the land o the leal
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair in the land o the leal

Tae me ye hae been true, Jean,
Your task has ended noo, Jean,
For near kythes my view o the land o the leal
Oor bonnie bairn is there, Jean,
She was baith guid and fair, Jean,
And, o, we grudged her sair tae the land o the leal

But dry that tearfu ee, Jean,
Grieve na for her and me, Jean,
Frae sin and sorrow free is the land o the leal
Noo fair ye weel, ma ain Jean,
This warld's cares are vain, Jean,
We'll meet and aye be fain in the land o the leal

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by Carolina Oliphant, Lady Nairne