



Scottish Poets and Poetry

Farewell to Scotland

Loved land of my kindred, farewell - and forever!
Oh! what can relief to the bosom impart;
When fated with each fond endearment to sever,
And hope its sweet sunshine withholds from the heart!
Farewell, thou fair land! which, till life's pulse shall perish,
Though doom'd to forego, I shall never forget;
Wherever I wander, for thee will I cherish
The dearest regard and the deepest regret.

Farewell, ye great Grampians, cloud-robed and crested!
Like your mists in the sunbeam ye melt in my sight;
Your peaks are the king-eagle's thrones - where have rested
The snow-falls of ages - eternally white.
Ah! never gain shall the falls of your fountains
Their wild murmur'd music awake on mine ear;
No more the lake's lustre that mirrors your mountains,
I'll pore on with pleasure - deep, lonely, yet dear.

Yet — yet Caledonia! when slumber comes o'er me,
Oh! oft will I dream of thee, far away;
But vain are the visions that rapture restore me,
To waken and weep at the dawn of the day.
Ere gone the last glimpse, faint and far o'er the ocean,
Where yet my heart dwells — where it ever shall dwell,
While tongue, sigh, and tear, speak my spirit's emotion,
My country - my kindred — farewell, oh, farewell!

