

Andy M. Stewart, The Land O' The Leal

I'm wearin' awa', Jean
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean,
I'm wearin' awa'
To 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.
Ye, aye, were leal and true, Jean,
Yer task is ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you, Tae the lan' o'the Leal
Our bonnie bairn 's there, Jean,
She was baith gude and fair, Jean;
And O! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.
SO, dry that tearfull e'e, Jean!
My saul lang's to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare-ye-weel, my ain John,
This world's cares are vain, John,
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
In the land o' the leal.