

# Robert Burns, Frae The Friends And Land I Love

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE

(Robert Burns)

Frae the friends and land I love

Driv'n by Fortune's felly spite,

Frae my best belov'd I rove,

Never mair to taste delight

Never mair maun hope to find

Ease frae toil, relief frae care.

When remembrance wracks the mind,

Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,

Desert ilka blooming shore,

Till the Fates, nae mair severe,

Friendship, love, and peace restore;

Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head,

Bring our banish'd hame again,

And ilk loyal, bonie lad

Cross the seas, and win his ain!

Tune: Carron Side (341)

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