

# Robin Williamson, These Islands Green

by Robin Williamson

Scotland O where I was born  
And happy I have been  
It is days come months come long years  
Since my home I have seen  
All over North America  
From shore to shore I roamed  
It's thinking often all the while  
And how would I get home

And all good friends what may betide  
So dear so far away  
And the green and pleasant countryside  
Where erst I spent my days  
And when the road is hard and long  
I oftimes call to mind  
Old Scotland's vales and Scotland's dales  
And the love I left behind

But this rolling world's no poet's home  
Nor has been since Man's fall  
Through hollow lands and hilly lands  
Where the lonesome sparrow calls  
His notes evokes a broken key  
As you can understand  
Which makes us roving strangers all  
From our native land

So treat me kindly as I go  
As heaven doth require  
A safe rest and a friendly word  
Are all that I desire  
And a glass of your good whiskey bring  
In the height of my good cheer  
And I'll think on it kindly many a mile  
When I am gone from here

I'll take the good times with the bad  
Times are nothing sure  
I've learned the while that fortune smiles  
On them that can endure  
Ah but I will trust in Providence  
No matter where I roam  
And honest ways and honest days  
Will lead us all safe home