

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