

## **Awa Wi Canada's Muddy Creeks**

Awa wi Canada's muddy creeks and Canada's fields o pine;  
Your land o wheat's a goodly land, but oh, it isna mine.  
The heathy hill, the grassie dale, the daisie-spangled lea,  
The purlin burn and craggie lin, Auld Scotia's glens gie me.

O, I wad like tae hear again the lark on Tinnis Hill  
And see the wee bit gowanie that blooms aside the rill.  
Like banished Swiss, who views afar his Alps wi langin ee  
I gaze upon the mornin star that shines on my countrie

Nae mair I'll win by Eskdale Pen, or Pentland's craggy cone;  
The days can ne'er come back again of thirty years that's gone.  
But fancy oft, at midnight hour, will steal across the sea;  
Yestreen amid a pleasin dream I saw the auld countrie.

Each well-known scene that met my view brocht childhood's joys to mind  
The blackbird sang in Fushie Lin the sang he sang langsyne.  
But like a dream, time flees away; again the morning came,  
And I awoke in Canada, three thousand miles frae hame.