

GOOD NIGHT AND JOY

The weary sun's gaen down the west,
The birds sit nodding on the tree;
All nature now prepares for rest,
But rest prepared there's none for me.
The trumpet sounds to war's alarms,
The drums they beat, the fifes they play:
Come, Mary, cheer me wi' thy charms,
For the morn I will be far away.

Good night, and joy - good night, and joy,
Good night, and joy be wi' you a';
For since it's so that I must go,
Good night, and joy be wi' you a'!

I grieve to leave my comrades dear,
I mourn to leave my native shore--
To leave my aged parents here,
And the bonnie lass whom I adore.
But tender thoughts maun now be hush'd,
When danger calls I must obey;
The transport waits us on the coast,
And the morn I will be far away.

Adieu, dear Scotia's sea-beat coast!
Though bleak and drear thy mountains be,
When on the heaving ocean cast,
I'll cast a wishful look to thee!
And now, dear Mary, fare thee well,
May Providence thy guardian be!
Or in the camp, or on the field,
I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee!