

MY AIN COUNTRIE

The sun rises bright in France, and fair sets he,
But he has lost the look he had, in my ain countrie
Though gladness comes to many, a sorrow comes to me
As I look o'er the ocean wide tae my ain countrie

It's no my ain ruin that saddens aye my ee
But the love I left in Gallowa wi bonnie bairnies three
My hamely hearth burns bonnie an smiles my sweet Marie
I left my heart behind me, in my ain countrie

The bird wins back tae summertime, and the blossom tae the tree
But I'll win back, no never, tae my ain countrie
I'm leal tae high heaven, that will prove leal tae me
An I will meet ye aa richt soon, frae my ain countrie