

BY FARCALLADEN MOOR

You'LL travel far and wide, dear, but you'll come
back again,
You'll come back to your father and your mother
in the glen,
Although we should be lyin' 'neath the heather
grasses then—
You'll be comin' back, my darlin' !

You'll see the icebergs sailin' along the wintry
foam,
The white hair of the breakers, and the wild
swans as they roam ;
But you'll not forget the rowan beside your
father's home—
You'll be comin' back, my darlin' !