

The sun is on the sea, where sits, our tall ship on the stream ;  
 And up our native hills in beauty, sends his dancing beam ;  
 But dark as is the outlaw's den, or warlock's cavern deep,  
 Across our gloomy breasts no ray, of happy light can sweep.

The sun is on the sea, but when his gentle evening hour,  
 Looks mildly on our lonely cot, and our deserted bower,  
 Where then will be those gloomy breasts which now prepare to roam ?—  
 Upon the cold blue deep, away,—for ever from their home !

The sun is on the sea in light, but would his rays were dim—  
 Our stubborn hearts refuse to greet his glance with morning hymn.  
 And melancholy seems to smile, our native shore to day ;  
 That rising beam but calls her sons, to exile far away.

The sun is on the sea and oft in boyhood's happy morn,  
 We hail'd his beam from yonder knowe with sweetly echoed horn ;  
 Secure at night, upon our brae, to lay us down to rest,  
 Not dreaming then our native land would fling us from her breast.

The sun is on the sea, and oft, we hail'd his rays before,  
 When peaceful bells proclaim'd the day, for Christians to adore :  
 And we could sit beneath our shade, with happy thankful heart,  
 Nor thought that kirk, and bower, and cot, should see us thus depart.

Farewell, farewell, our mountain scenes, but oh where'er we rove,  
 Your ties shall twine about our breast, which still tho' wrong'd must love.  
 And when we tread a distant strand beyond a stranger sea,  
 We'll think upon thy glassy lough, and bless thy bonny brae.

Farewell, farewell, when stranger voices mingle in our ear,  
 And we will seem so coldly stern, tho' struggles hard the tear ;  
 Then will thy native songs return, in many a magic tone,  
 And walls they echoed once, we'll deem, deserted now and lone.

Farewell, farewell, our rocky shore is smiling on our woe,  
 And wives and babes are grouping sad upon the beach below ;  
 The streamer floats, the gun is fir'd, our sails are flutt'ring high,  
 Now bosoms break, and foreheads burn, but yet no weeping eye.

Farewell, farewell, our bonny shore is from our bold deck seen,  
 In all its beauteous pageantry of ever varied green !  
 And groups upon its fairy cliffs waive one sad, long adieu,  
 And one long rending cheer is sent from our departing crew.