

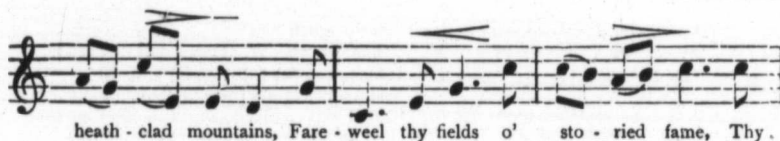
## MY DEAR HIGHLAND LADDIE, O!—Continued.

But, Ah! wae me! wi' their sodgering sae He pu'd me the crawberry, ripe frae the boggy  
 gaudy, O, fen,  
 The Laird's wys'd away my braw Highland He pu'd me the strawberry, red frae the foggy  
 laddie, O! glen,  
 Misty are the glens and the dark hills sae He pu'd me the row'n frae the wild steep sae  
 cloudy, O! giddy, O,  
 That aye seem'd sae blithe wi' my dear High- Sae loving and kind was my dear Highland  
 land laddie, O. laddie, O.

The bla-berry banks noo are lanesome and Fareweel, my ewes, and farewell, my doggie, O,  
 dreary, O, Fareweel, ye knowes, noo sae cheerless and  
 Muddy are the streams that gush'd down sae scroggie, O,  
 clearly, O, Fareweel, Glenfioch, my mammy and my  
 Silent are the rocks that echoed sae gladly, O, daddie, O;  
 The wild melting strains o' my dear High- I will leave ye a' for my dear Highland lad-  
 land laddie, O. die, O.

## THE SCOTCH EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

Written and Composed by Alexander Hume.



Thou land wi' love and freedom crown'd,  
 In ilk wee cot an' lordly dwellin',  
 May manly-hearted youths be found,  
 And maids in ev'ry grace excellin'.  
 The land where Bruce and Wallace wight,  
 For Freedom fought in days o' danger,  
 Ne'er crouch'd to proud usurpin' right,  
 But foremost stood, wrong's stern avenger.

Tho' far frae thee, my native shore,  
 An' toss'd on life's tempestuous ocean;  
 My heart, aye Scottish to the core,  
 Shall cling to thee wi' warm devotion.  
 An' while the wavin' heather grows,  
 And onward rows the windin' river,  
 The toast be "Scotland's broomy knowes,  
 Her mountains, rocks, an' glens forever."