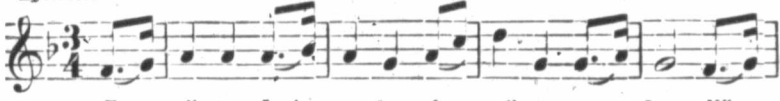


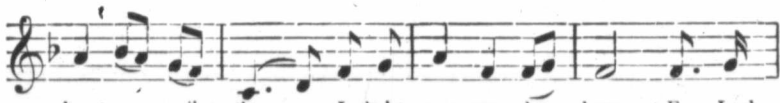
# FAREWELL TO LOCHABER.

*Affetuoso.*

ALLAN RAMSAY.



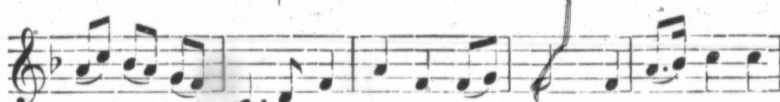
1. Fare - well to Loch - a - ber, fare - well to my Jean, Where



heart - some wi' thee I ha'e mo - ny days been; For Loch



a - ber no more, Loch - a - ber no more, We'll



may be re - turn to Loch - a - ber no more. These tears that I



shed they are a' for my dear, And no' for the da'ngers at -



tend - ing on weir; Tho' borne on rough seas to a far dis - tant



shore, May - be to re - turn to Loch a - ber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,  
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my  
 mind;  
 Tho' loudest of thunders on louder waves  
 roar,  
 There's naething like leaving my love on the  
 shore.  
 To leave thee behind me, my heart is sair  
 pain'd;  
 But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be  
 gain'd;  
 And beauty and love's the reward of the  
 brave:  
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Their glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my  
 excuse:  
 Since honor commands me, how can I  
 refuse?  
 Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee;  
 And losing thy favor, I'd better not be.  
 I gae, then, my lass, to win honor and  
 fame;  
 And if I should chance to come gloriously  
 hame,  
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running  
 o'er,  
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no  
 more.