



## Scottish Poets and Poetry

### Land o' the Leal

I'm wearin' awa', John  
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,  
I'm wearin' awa'  
To the land o' the leal.  
There 's nae sorrow there, John,  
There 's neither cauld nor care, John,  
The day is aye fair  
In the land o' the leal.  
Our bonnie bairn 's there, John,  
She was baith gude and fair, John;  
And O! we grudged her sair  
To the land o' the leal.  
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,  
And joy 's a-coming fast, John,  
The joy that 's aye to last  
In the land o' the leal.  
Sae dear 's the joy was bought, John,  
Sae free the battle fought, John,  
That sinfu' man e'er brought  
To the land o' the leal.  
O, dry your glistening e'e, John!  
My saul langs to be free, John,  
And angels beckon me  
To the land o' the leal.  
O, haud ye leal and true, John!  
Your day it 's wearin' through, John,  
And I'll welcome you  
To the land o' the leal.  
Now fare-ye-weel, my ain John,  
This warld's cares are vain, John,  
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,  
In the land o' the leal.

*Meaning of unusual words:*

leal=loyal, faithful; bairn=child; e'e=eye; fain=loving, affectionate