



The Highlanders Farewell

O where shall I gae seek my bread?
Or where shall I gae wander?
O where shall I gae hide my head?
For here I'll bide nae langer.
The seas may row, the winds may blow,
And swathe me round in danger,
but Scotland I must now forego,
And roam a lonely stranger.

The Glen that was my father's own,
Thy hills must be forsaken,
the house that was my father's home
his land go tae the bracken.
Ochon ochon, the glory's gone,
Stole by a ruthless reiver,
Our hands are on the broad claymore,
But might is gone forever.

And thou my prince, my injured prince,
Thy people have disowned thee,
Have hunted and have driven thee hence
With ruined chiefs around thee.
Though hard beset, when I forget
Thy fate, young helpless rover,
This broken heart shall cease to beat
And all its griefs be over.

Farewell, farewell, dear Caledon
Land of Gael no longer!
A stranger fills thy ancient throne,
In guile and treachery stronger.
The brave and just, lie in the dust,
On ruin's brink they quiver,
Heaven's pitying eye is closed on thee,
Adieu, adieu forever.