

Hame, Hame, Hame - Tha Mi Sgith (Slow Air)

Silly Wizard

HAME, hame, hame, O hame fain wad I be--
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree! When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf is on the tree,
The larks shall sing me hame in my ain countree;
Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain wad I be--
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree! The green leaf o' loyaltie 's beginning for to fa',
The bonnie White Rose it is withering an' a';
But I'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will graw in my ain countree. O, there 's nocht now frae ruin my country can save,
But the keys o' kind heaven, to open the grave;
That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyaltie
May rise again an' fight for their ain countree. The great now are gane, a' wha ventured to save,
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave;
But the sun through the mirk blinks blythe in my e'e,
'Tll shine on ye yet in your ain countree. Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain wad I be--
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

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