

The Land o' the Leal.

Words by Baroness NAIRNE.

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1. I'm wear - in' a - wa', Jean, Like snaw wreaths in thaw, Jean, I'm wear - in' a - wa' To the
2. Ye aye were leal and true, Jean, Your task's end - ed noo, Jean, And I'll welcome you To the
3. Then dry that tear - fu' e'e, Jean, My soul lang's to be free, Jean, And an - gels wait on me To the

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land o' the leal. There's nae sor - row there, Jean, There's neither could nor care, Jean, The
land o' the leal. Our bon-nie bairn's there, Jean, She was baith guid and fair, Jean, And
land o' the leal. Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean, This world's care is vain, Jean, We'll

D.S.

day is aye fair In the land o' the leal.
we grudged her sair To the land o' the leal.
meet and aye be fain In the land o' the leal.

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