

## Scarborough Settler's Lament

Stan Rogers

Away wi' Canada's muddy creeks  
And Canada's fields of pine  
Your land of wheat is a goodly land,  
But oh, it is not mine  
The heathy hill, the grassy dale.  
The daisy spangled lea, the purling burn and craggy linn, auld  
Scotland's glens give me.

Oh, I would like to hear again the lark on Tinny's hill  
And see the wee bit gowany that blooms beside the rill.  
Like banished Swiss who views afar his Alps with longing e'e.  
I gaze upon the morning star that shines on my country.

No more I'll win by Eskdale glen or Pentland's craggy comb.  
The days can ne'er come back again of thirty years that's gone,  
But fancy oft at midnight hour will steal across the sea.  
And yestereve, in a pleasant dream, I saw the old country.  
Each well-  
known scene that met my view brought childhood's joys to mind.  
The blackbird sang on Tushey linn the song he sang, 'lang syne.  
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But like a dream time flies away, again, the morning came.  
And I awoke in Canada, three thousand miles frae hame.