

RURAL POEMS
AND
SONGS.

BY

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BRIDGEND, CABRACH.

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FAREWELL TO DEVERON-SIDE

(To the Air of The Emigrant's Farewell)

In eighteen hundred and sixty,
As this song will tell,
Three lads from the Cabrach,
To Australia set sail.
They did sail to that country,
That far distant shore,
They may or may never
Return no more.
Ye hills and low valleys
Of sweet Deveron-side.
I am sorry for leaving,
But no longer can bide.
So farewell to my sweethearts
That I once loved so true.
So may all good attend them,
So farewell, adieu.
That night being dark
On which we left home,
Away to Australia
Intending to roam,
way to that country
For to push our lot;
We may return from that country,
Or perhaps we may not.
But farewell to Glenlivat
And all Livat side,
I am sorry for leaving,
But no longer can bide.
So farewell to Glenann,
And ye wild hills all roond,
For the storm lies upon you
In the lang days o' June.
Farewell to Cairngorm,
Where the moon shines so bright,
Off times have I gathered stones
By the pales of her light,
So farewell to all country,
Farewell to all town,
Adieu, ye lands of Mortlach,

Farewell Auchendoun.
So farewell to Benrines,
Adieu to the Buck,
And to every good ploughman
I wish them good luck,
Whether they plough in Scotland
Or in yon country
These are my wishes to them,
I hope they wish good to me.
The snail does get even
As soon as the swallow that fly,
But do not live in that notion,
Nor no sluggish life try;
But push and keep steady,
Your condition to better,
And when I reach yon country
I will write you a letter.
I will write you a letter
Sae Frank and sae free;
You are my loving comrades,
You have all been kind to me
But let us drink and be merry, Let a parting glass spull,
That there may be mair between us
Aye the best of all good will.
So farewell to Black Water,
Where I've roved many a night,
Embracing the sweet charms
Of my whole heart's delight.
When I live in yon country,
Off times I will repine,
When I think upon the former joys
I spent there in lang syne.
But where'er I chance to wander
Upon this world wide,
My heart shall mind on my true love
Upon sweet Deveron-side.
I'm grieved for leaving,
But longer I cannot bide;
So fare ye well, ye people all,
Upon sweet Deveron-side.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWEEL.

Air-Nansie's Farewell.

Come all my old comrades,
As I sit amongst you;
Let us join our sweet voices
To sing farewell, adieu!

As we are sitting in this room
With a glass in our hand,
You are wishing me a safe sail
To see yon new land.

But fill up your glasses
And send them all round,
I must trust by His mercies
Who can sink, save, or drown.

I am bound for New Zealand,
Without dread or fear,
To leave you, my comrades,
And the girl I love dear.

Oft have I been among you,
By night and by day,
So may all good attend you,
For I must away.

I am bound for yon country
To try fortune's wheel,
Where the land's free and promising,
For many there's done weel.

I am grieved to the heart, my love,
That I from you must part;
But the thoughts of you, my charmer,
Shall never leave my heart.

When I shall hear yon foreign birds
All in their morning cheer,
They will mind me on sweet Deveron-side,
And the charms of my dear

As I am leaving old Scotland,
My heart does rest on one;
For she is the pride of Deveron-side,
And the beauty of our land.

I am sorry for to go on board
And leave you, love, behind,
But though absent in the body,
Still present in the mind.

But if you keep constant,
My loving girl;
I'm sure I will keep true,
Should I be absent from this my heart will be on you.

Any man will get a sweetheart,
Of them they'll get anew,
But there is not one among a thousand
To a lover will keep true.

But I will pledge no line at the present time,
For fear that love may yield;
For love and hatred, time and rue
Shines down on nature's field.

But wherever I chance to wander
Upon this world wide,
I will leave my heart in Scotland,
Upon sweet Deveron-side.

So far ye well, my comrades dear,
All in my native plain,
Oft times I will long to see you
When I sail on the main.

When I am far ayont the sea,
With thoughts I will repine,
As I think upon the former joys
I spent there in lang syne.

When I look back to the gone past time
It makes me for to mourn,
When I think on the former joys
That never will return.

So if my love keep constant,
And mind no other one but me,
If I return to Scotland
She my loving wife shall be.

O may the highest powers protect you, love,
O choose Him for your guide,
Till I return to Scotland,
And back to Deveron-side.

To think and see it must be so,
It makes me sigh and moan;
So far ye well, my comrades dear,
My time is almost gone.

When I am on the raging seas,
And distant far from thee,
Upon the banks of Deveron-side
Some one will mind on me.

When I will be in New Zealand,
This song will be sung by you;
So fare ye well, my comrades dear,
A long and last adieu!