

The Sun Rises Bright in France

The sun rises bright in France
And fair sets he
But he has lost the look he had
In my ain countrie

The gladness comes to many
So sorrow comes tome
As I look ower the ocean wide
To my ain countrie

It's nae my ain ruin
That saddens aye my ee
But I love I left wi Gallowa
Wi bonny bairnies three

My hamely hearth burns bonnie
And smiles my sweet Marie
I left my hert behind me
In my ain countrie

The bird wins back tae summer time
The blossom tae the tree
But I'll never win back nae never
Tae my ain countrie

I'm leal tae high heaven
That will prove leal tae me
And I will meet ye there richt soon
Frae my ain countrie