

**Scarborough Settlers Lament**  
**Stan Rogers**

Scarborough Settler s Lament

Words: Sandy Glendenning, c.1870.

Tune: William Marshall, c.1781

**C** **F** **C** **F**  
Away wi Canada s muddy creeks  
**C** **Dm7** **G7**  
And Canada s fields of pine!  
**C** **F** **C** **F**  
Your land of wheat is a goodly land,  
**C** **D7** **G7**  
But ah! it isna mine!  
**C** **F** **C** **Am**  
The heathy hill, the grassy dale  
**F** **G**  
The daisy-spangled lea,  
**C** **F** **C** **F**  
The purling burn and craggy linn,  
**C** **G7** **C**  
auld Scotia s glens gie me.

Oh, I wad 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 countie.

Nae mair I ll win by Eskdale Pen  
or Pentland s craggy cone;  
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.  
Yestreen, in a pleasant dream  
I saw the auld 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.  
But like a dream time flies away,  
again the morning came.  
And I awoke in Canada,

Three thousand miles ã€˜frae hameã€™™