

# THOU DEAR NATIVE LAND

THE

Poetry by

JOHN STEWART, Esq.

COMPOSED BY

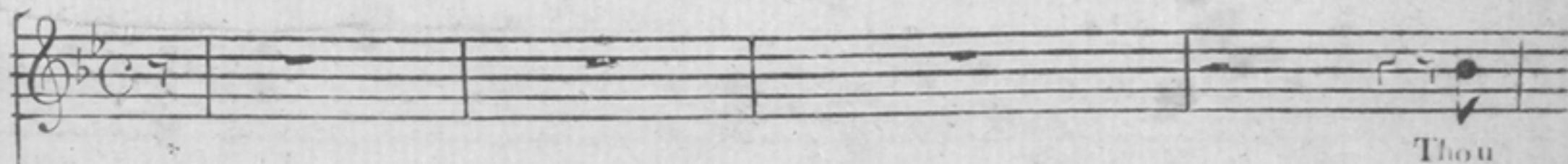
Dr. J. CLARKE.

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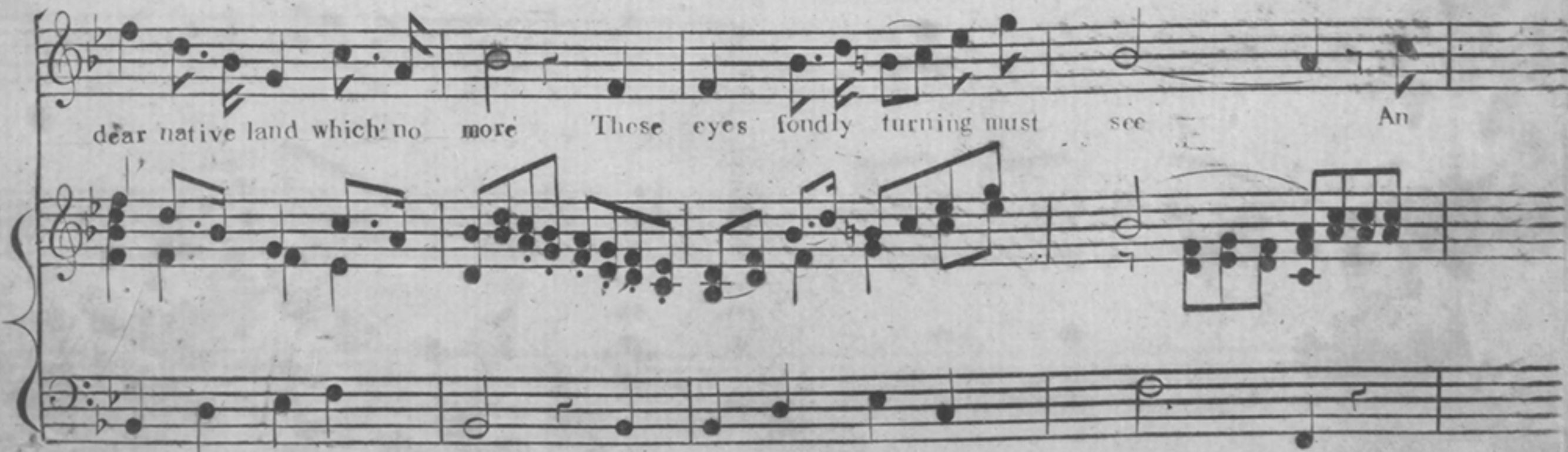
Engraved by HILL, No. 8 Fair St.

VOCE.



MODERATO.

PIANO-FORTE.



(Thou dear native land.)

ex...ile I go from the shore Where Ro...sa oft wander'd with

ANDANTE.

me! Yet still how sad to part love How very sad is it for

*p*

me to sigh and to listen "fare...well love" And be torn for e-ver from

*dolce* *lento esp.* *f*

thee To sigh and to listen "fare...well love" And be , tom for ever from

*dolce* *lento espress.* *f*

*ad libitum* *Tempo*

(Thou dear native land.)

2.  
 You sun that with glorious beams,  
 Bids the fields of my fore-fathers smile,  
 Shall guide me no more to their streams,  
 Sweet streams of the emerald isle!  
 Yet still how sad to part, love,  
 How very sad is it for me  
 To sigh and to listen "farewell love,"  
 And be torn for ever from thee!  
 To sigh and to listen "farewell love,"  
 And be torn for ever from thee!

3.  
 The cot of my childhood is there,  
 Its lattice all hung with wild flowers;  
 O! to it perchance thou'd't repair,  
 And think on happier hours,  
 Yet still how sad to part, love,  
 How very sad is it for me  
 To sigh and to listen "farewell love,"  
 And be torn for ever from thee!  
 To sigh and to listen "farewell love,"  
 And be torn for ever from thee!

4.  
 In madness I'll court thee my fair,  
 And carve thee on every rind;  
 And sing my own native wild air,  
 And weep for those left far behind,  
 Yet still how sad to part, love,  
 How very sad is it for me  
 To sigh and to listen "farewel love,"  
 And be torn for ever from thee!  
 To sigh and to listen "farewel love,"  
 And be torn for ever from thee!

