

A. C. Swinburne (1837-1909)

14 *A Jacobite's Farewell*

There's nae mair lands to tyne, my dear,  
And nae mair lives to gie:  
Though a man think sair to live nae mair,  
There's but one day to die.

For a' things come and a' days gane, 5  
What needs ye rend your hair?  
But kiss me till the morn's morrow,  
Then I'll kiss ye nae mair.

O lands are lost and life's losing, 10  
And what were they to gie?  
Fu' mony a man gives all he can,  
But nae man else gives ye.

Our king wons ower the sea's water,  
And I in prison sair:  
But I'll win out the morn's morrow, 15  
And ye'll see me nae mair.

1877

(From *Ballads of the English Border*. Ed. with Introduction,  
Glossary and Notes by William A. MacInnes. London:  
William Heinemann, 1925)