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,

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,
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,
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)