The Donside Emigrant's Farewell

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Come all my old comrades, once more let us join,
And raise your sweet voices in chorus with mine;
Let us drink and be merry, from sorrow refrain,
For we may and may never meet all here again.

The time's fast approaching that I must away,
I bid you adieu for many's the long day;
With you, my dear comrades, so happy we've been here,
But away to Virginia my course I must steer.

May Heaven protect us with a prosperous gale,
And be our safeguard while we are under sail,
Lead us safe to the harbor across the proud wave,
We will trust to His mercy Who can sink or can save.

Ye hills and low valleys of Donside, farewell,
For if ever I return there is none here can tell;
Farewell to your lasses of every degree,
Long in vain will I wish for your sweet company.

Farewell to the jewel, to you I love best,
For you and your beauty excels all the rest;
But if you prove constant as constant can be,
Wherever I go, love, my heart is with thee.

Many hearts will be happy, but mine will be sad,
When I think on the joys that me and my love had;
When I mind on the time that you sat on my knee,
There was none in this world more happy than we.

Farewell to my joys, they are gone for a while,
Cold winter's away and the sweet summer smiles,
I have heard an old proverb, found it to he true
That true love is better than gold from Peru.

Come all my dear comrades, let's drink up our glass,
Each lad drink a health to his darling sweet lass:
Drink a health to each lover whose sweetheart is true;
Here's a health, peace, and plenty; so farewell and adieu.

From Bonnie Bunch of Roses, Milner

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