From Thee Eliza

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(Robert Burns)

From thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore:
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar.
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul rom thee.

Farewell, farewell Eliza dear
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
But the latest throb that leaves my heart,
While Death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

tune: Gilderoy