

My Ain Countrie

Mary Lee Demarest, 1861

Mrs. Ione T. Hanna, 1864, harmonized by H. P. M

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wea-ry aft-en-whiles, For the
 An' I'll ne'er be fu' con-tent, un-til mine een do see The gow-
 2. I've his gude word o' prom-ise that some glad-some day, the King To
 W-i'-een an' wi' hert rin-nin' ow-re, we shall see Th-e
 3. Sa-e little noo I ken, o' yon bless-ed, bon-nie place I
 It wad surely be e-neuch fo-r ev-er mair to be In the
 4. He is faithfu' that hath promised, an' He'll sure-ly come a-gain, He-'ll
 But He bids me still to wait, a-n' rea-dy aye to be, T-o

D.C. But these sights an' these soun's will as nae-thing be to me, When I

1. langed for hame bring-in', an' my Fa-ther's wel-come smiles
 - den gates o' Heav-'n an' my ain count-rie.
 His ain roy-al pal-ace his ban-ished hame will bring; ain count-rie.
 King in His beau-ty, in oor we shall see His face, The
 on-ly ken it's Hame, wha-ur we shall see His face, The
 glo-ry o' his presence, in oor we shall see His face, The
 keep His tryst wi' me, at what oor I din-na ken; ain count-rie.
 gang at on-y moment to my ain count-rie.

hear the an-gels singin' in my ain count-rie.

D.C. al Fine

earth is fleck'd wi' flow-ers, mo-ny tint-ed, fresh an' gay
 bird-ies war-ble blithe-ly, for my Fai-ther made them sae: