"I'm Wearing awa' to the Land o' the Leal"

The Poem by LADY NAIRN

Expressively and slowly, but rhythmically (\( \cdot \))

(from sordino ad libitum)

VIOLIN

VOICE

Expressively and slowly, but rhythmically (\( \cdot \))
dolce

ARTHUR FOOTE

Op.13, No. 2

PIANO

wear-ing a-wa', Jean, Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean, I'm

wear-ing a-wa' to the land o' the leal. There's

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nae sorrow there, Jean, There's neither cauld nor care, Jean, The
day is aye fair. In the land o' the leal. Then

dry that tearful e'e, Jean, My soul lange to be free, Jean, And
An-ge ls wait on me, To the land o' the leal. Now

fare ye weel, my ain Jean, This world's care is vain, Jean, We'll

meet and aye be fain, In the land o' the leal.