

## My Ain Countrie

MARY LEE DEMAREST

I. { 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  
D.C. But these sights an' these soun's will as naeth-ing be to me, When I

langed-for hame-bring-in', an' my Fai-ther's wel-come smiles, }  
gow-den gates o' heav'n an' my { Omit . . . . . } ain coun - trie.  
hear the an - gels sing-in' in my { Omit . . . . . } ain coun - trie.

{ The earth is fleck'd wi' flow - ers, mon - y tint - ed, fresh an' gay. }  
{ The bird - ies war - ble blithe - ly, for my Fai-ther made them sae: }

D.C.

- 2 I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day, the King  
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring;  
Wi' een an' wi' hert rinnin' ower, we shall see  
The King in His beauty, in oor ain countrie.  
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,  
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair,  
For His bluid has made me white, and His han' shall dry my e'e,  
When He brings me hame at last, to my ain countrie.
- 3 Sae little noo I ken o' yon blessed, bonnie place,  
I only ken it's Hame, whaur we shall see His face;  
It wad surely be enouch forever mair to be  
In the glory o' His presence, in oor ain countrie.  
Like a bairn to his mither, a wee birdie to its nest,  
I wad fain be gangin' noo unto my Saviour's breast,  
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,  
An' carries them Himsel', to His ain countrie.
- 4 He is faithfu' that hath promised, an' He'll surely come again,  
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;  
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,  
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.  
Sae I'm watching aye, and singin' o' my hame, as I wait  
For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side the gowden gate.  
God gie His grace to ilka ane wha' listens noo to me,  
That we a' may gang in gladness to oor ain countrie.