

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

The Poem by LADY NAIRN

ARTHUR FOOTE

Op.13, N<sup>o</sup> 2

Expressively and slowly, but rhythmically (♩.)  
(Con sordino ad libitum)

VIOLIN

VOICE

PIANO

*p* *rit.*

*dolce*

I'm

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

*p*

*Red.* \*

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

*p*

*dim.*

*cresc.* *f* *dim. molto*

*cresc.* *4* *dim. molto*

nae sor - row there, Jean, There's nei - ther cauld nor care, Jean, The

*cresc.* *4* *dim. molto*

*p* *ppp* *pp*

day is aye fair — In the land o' the leal. — Then

*una corda*

*p* *1* *dolciss. pp*

dry that tear - fu' e'e, Jean, My soul lang's to be free, Jean, And

*p*

*pp*

an - gels wait on me, — To the land o' the leal. — Now

*ppp*

*p*

*p* *f* *dim. molto*

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

*cresc.* *dim. molto*

*p* *cresc.* *dim. molto*

*2*

*ped.*

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

*ppp*

*una corda*