

The Farewell – Robert Burns

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Robert Burns

Adieu ! a heart-warm fond adieu !
Dear brothers of the mystic tie !
Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
Companions of my social joy !
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing fortune's slidd'ry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

Oft, have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful festive night ;
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the sons of light :
And by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsman ever saw !
Strong memory on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa' !

May freedom, harmony and love
Unite you in the grand design,
Beneath th' Omniscient eye above,
The glorious Architect Divine !
That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till Order bright completely shine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

And You, farewell ! whose merits claim,
Justly, that highest badge to wear !
Heav'n bless your honour'd noble name,
To Masonry and Scotia dear !
A last request permit me here :

When yearly ye assemble a', -
One round, I ask it with a tear,
To him, the Bard that's far awa'.