

Farewell to Angus

Angus is gone back up to the hills
The hands that we shook now are cold
He sits among friends as the evening ends
And he calls for the very last tune

The hands that you shook were warm with good luck
And I'd lend them to help any friend
The fellowship of song, no night over long
With comrades and time for to spend

No sad bitter tear do I long to hear
No dirge as I journey away
But good songs and cheer, good whisky and beer
And a piper to play o'er my grave

But now as I go my friends you will know
Tis my lassie I'll miss most of all
For one more earthly hour with my bonny flower
I'd lie in the arms I adore

So when sunsets are golden over hillside or moorland
Or a lone blackbird sings in the rain
Or Sunday bells ringing I'm in paradise singing
Where, I know we will all meet again

Newcastleton, oh Newcastleton
A heart like the ocean so wide
Its my turn to go, he reaps as he sows
And he calls me to sail on the tide

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