III. Englische Gedichte.

Dritte Klaffe.

1. My Heart's in the Highlands.

Rob. Burns.

- 1. My heart's in the Highlands, my hearts is not here; My heart's in the Highlands, a chasing the deer: Chasing the wild deer and following the roe, My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go. Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North, The birth-place of valour, the country of worth; Wherever I wander, wherever I rove, The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.
- 2. Farewell to the mountains, high cover'd with snow; Farewell to the straths and green valleys below; Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods; Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods. My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here; My heart's in the Highlands, a chasing the deer; Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe, My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

2. The Sailor's Song.

1. Our home is the ocean, Our grave is the deep; We feel no emotion, As on it we sleep; The waves are our pillow, Our cradle the sea,