

Derwentwater's Farewell

The Corries

Farewell to pleasant Dilston,
My father's ancient seat,
A stranger must now call thee his,
Which gars my heart to greet;
Farewell each friendly well known face
My heart has held so dear,
My tenants now must leave their lands,
Or hold their lives in fear.

No more along the banks of Tyne
I'll rove in autumn grey,
No more I'll hear at early dawn
The lav'rocks wake the day;
And who shall deck the hawthorn bower
Where my fond children strayed?
And who, when spring shall bid it flower,
Shall sit beneath the shade?

And fare thee well, George Collingwood,
Since fate has put us down,
If thou and I have lost our lives,
Our King has lost his crown;
But when the head that wears the crown
Shall be laid low like mine,
Some honest hearts may then lament
For Radcliffe's fallen line.

Farewell, farewell, my lady dear,
Ill, ill, thou counsell'dst me,
I never more may see the babe
That smiles at your knee;
Then fare ye well brave Widdrington
And Foster ever true;
Dear Shaftsbury and Errington
Receive my last adieu.

And fare thee well my bonny grey steed
That carried me aye so free,
I wish I'd been asleep in my bed
Last time I mounted thee;
The warning bell now bids me cease,
My trouble's nearly oer,
Yon sun that rises from the sea
Shall rise on me no more.

And when the head that wears a crown
Shall be laid low like mine,
Some honest hearts may then lament
For Radcliffe's fallen line
Farewell to pleasant Dilston hall
My father's ancient seat
A stranger now must call thee his,
Which gars my heart to greet.