

The Birks O' Aberfeldie

Bon - nie las - sie, will ye go, — Will ye go, — will — ye go, —

Bon - nie las - sie will ye go To the birks o' Ab - er - fel - die?

Now sim - - mer blinks on flow - - 'ry braes, And

o'er the cry - - stal stream - - - let — Come

let us spend the light-some days In the birks o' Ab - er - fel - die.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the birks o' Aberfeldie?

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
And oe'r the crystal streamlet plays.
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldie.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blythely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing,
In the briks o' Aberfeldie.
Bonnie lassie &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foam' stream deep roarin' fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreadin' shaws,
The birks o' Aberfeldie.
Bonnie lassie &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And, rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks o' Aberfeldie.
Bonnie lassie &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the birks o' Aberfeldie.
Bonnie lassie &c.