

CAW THE YOWES by Robert Burns

Caw the yowes tae the knowes,
Caw them whaur the heather growes,
Caw them whaur the burnie rowes,
Ma bonnie Dearie.

Hark the mavis' evenin sang,
Soundin Clooden's widds amang;
Then a-fauldin let us gang,
Ma bonnie Dearie.

We'll gae doon by Clooden side,
Thro the hazels, spreidin wide,
Ower the waves that sweetly glide,
Tae the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Clooden's silent tooers,
Whaur, at moonshine's midnight oors,
Ower the dewy-bendin flooers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.

Caw the yowes tae the knowes,
Caw them whaur the heather growes,
Caw them whaur the burnie rowes,
Ma bonnie Dearie.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear,
Thou'rt tae Love and Heaven sae dear,
Nocht o ill may come thee near,
Ma bonnie Dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou airt,
Thou hast stown ma very hairt;
I can dee - but canna pairt,
Ma bonnie Dearie.

Caw the yowes tae the knowes,
Caw them whaur the heather growes,
Caw them whaur the burnie rowes,
Ma bonnie Dearie.