Bonnie Strathyre





Then there's mirth in the sheiling and love in my breast, When the sun is gane doun and the kye are at rest; For there's mony a prince wad be proud to aspire Tae my winsome wee Maggie, the pride o' Strathyre. Her lips are like rowand in ripe summer seen, And mild as the starlight the glint o' her e'en; Far sweeter her breath than the scent o' the briar, And her voice is sweet music in bonnie Strathyre,

Set Flora by Colin and Maggie by me, And we'll dance to the pipes swellin' loudly and free, Til the moon in the heavens climbing higher and higher Bids us sleep on fresh bracken in bonnie Strathyre. Though some in the touns o' the Lawlan's seek fame And some will gang sodgerin' far frae their hame; Yet I'll aye herd my cattle and bigg my ain byre, And love my ain Maggie in bonnie Strathyre.