

Corpus Christi

"Mormond Braes"

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As I went doon to Strichen toon,
I heard a fair maid mourning,
And she was making sair complaint
For her true love ne'er returning.

So fare ye weel, ye Mormond Braes,
Where often I've been cheery;
Fare ye weel ye Mormond Braes,
For it's there I lost my dearie.

There's many a horse has snappert an' fa'en
And risen again fu' rarely.
There's many a lass has lost her lad
And gotten another right early.

So fare ye weel, ye Mormond Braes,
Where often I've been cheery;
Fare ye weel ye Mormond Braes,
For it's there I lost my dearie.

There's as good fish into the sea
As ever hae been taken.
I'll cast my line and I'll try again
For I'm only ainst forsaken.

So fare ye weel, ye Mormond Braes,
Where often I've been cheery;
Fare ye weel ye Mormond Braes,
For it's there I lost my dearie.

So I'll go doon to Strichen toon,
Where I was bred and born in,
And there I'll find another sweetheart
Will marry me in the mornin'

So fare ye weel, ye Mormond Braes,
Where often I've been cheery;
Fare ye weel ye Mormond Braes,
For it's there I lost my dearie.

