

Kris Drever**"Braw Sailin' on the Sea"**

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There cam a letter yestreen
Oor ship mon sail the morn
'Alas', cried the bonnie lass
That ever I was born

And it's braw sailin on the sea
When wind and weather's fair
It's better tae be in my love's airms
O gin that I were there

He's cam tae her fairm hoose
At twelve o'clock at noon
The lassie being proud-hearted
She would not let him in

And it's braw sailin on the sea
When wind and weather's fair
It's better tae be in my love's airms
O gin that I were there

He's taen the ring from his pocket
It cost him guineas three
Sayin, 'Tak ye that my bonnie lass
And aye think weel o' me'

And she's taen the ring from her pocket
It cost her shillings nine
Sayin, 'Tak ye that my bonnie lad
For I hae changed my mind'

And it's braw sailin on the sea
When wind and weather's fair
It's better tae be in my love's airms
O gin that I were there

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