

Craig Herbertson

"Mormond Braes"

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As I gaed doon tae Strichen toon
I met a fair maid mourning
She was makin sair complaint
For her true love ne'r returning
Mormond Braes where heather grows
Where aft times I've been cheery
Mormond Braes where heather grows
It's there that I lost my dearie.

So fare thee weel ye Mormond Braes
Where aft times I've been cheery
Fare ye weel ye Mormond Braes
It was there that I lost my dearie.

But I'll pit on my goon o green
It's a forsaken token
That will let the other lads know
That the bands of love are broken.
There's mony a horse has snapper't and fa'en
Risen again fu rarely
Many's the lass has lost her lad
And gotten anither richt early

There's as guid fish intil the sea
As ever yet were taken
I'll cast my line and try again
For I'm only aince forsaken
And I'll ging doon tae Strichen toon
Far I was bred and born
And there I'll get anither sweetheart
That'll marry me the morn.

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