

## Corries "The Heidless Cross"

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Red is the rose that blooms sae braw  
Where yorlins sing sae clearly,  
Grey is the cross that's shorn in twa',  
Where yince we loo'ed sae dearly.

Dark the poor (muir?) by Ninestane Burn  
Where martlets sing sae sweetly.  
Dark are the men wi' pinards nine  
Where laverocks sing sae dearly.

They cut him doon by Ninestane Burn.  
The pinards flash sae deadly!  
They left him lying 'alow the stars.  
The Ninestane Burn rins bloody.

Black the ravens wha' shriek awa'.  
The Heidless Cross stands coldly.  
Yellow the corn the wind will blow

O'er him I loo'ed sae dearly.

She rowed him weel in hodden brown.  
The dew fell cold but softly.  
The aspen grey wa dare not play.  
The mist held her sae gently.

On the morn, she made a bier  
Wi' birch an' hazel greyly.  
The dew did fa' wi' many a tear.  
The dawn found her sae gently.

She laid him low when sma' birds sing.  
The Heidless Cross stands lonely.  
She joined the heather wi' the green.  
The Ninestane Burn rins darkly.

(Repeat first verse.)

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