

## **Battlefield Band**

# **"Jenny O' The Braes"**

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The people \*cried\* her Jenny O' the Braes  
And she was weal came tae us all  
Her ganglin' body, hangin neath her claes  
Made her stand out when she strode down the braes

Two days a week, she'd come visitin' the town  
She'd tack the braes rain, hail or shine  
Her silver hair would be fleein' in the wind  
And folk thocht her a creature mad or wild

When ice and snow gripped o'er the country  
You'd see the smoke rise frae her chimney  
The world ablow could then rest easy, for Jenny O' the  
Braes

The wind blew always round the muir  
It rattled on her cottage windae  
She sat inside close by the fire  
She was content in her een company

And if you asked her if she was weal  
She'd say I'm grand sir, how's yoursel'

And then she'd trudge on up the hill, Jenny O' the Braes

She was nee bother', how'e'r much we ga'e'er  
She look down cheese, breed, oats and barley  
She was nee farscht with trouble or care  
She'd spurn the knock that grocht a helpin' hand

Sometimes she'd wander o'er the muir  
Collectin' heather, plants and flowers  
And singin' softly tae hersel', Jenny O' the Braes

Last year she baeded mare at haem  
Her cottage door was seldom open  
And when the spring flowers come tae bloom  
She hardly ever ventured down the braes

One day when someone was out walkin'  
They saw her chimney was nae smokin'  
They found her sittin' in the kitchen, a smile upon her

face, Jenny O' the  
Braes

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