

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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