

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Wee Lass on the Brae

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SOURCE:

Bob Pfeffer

SOURCE'S SOURCE: Merle Shlesinger (1986? FSGW Getaway)

COMMENTS: MerleS learned it from Maggie Pearce, I think. I think MP knows another verse beside these.

A capella

As I was a-walkin' one fine summer's day
Oh, the fields they were in blossom and the meadows were gay
I met a wee lassie trippin' over the green
I took her for Helen, the Grec-i-an queen
The Grecian queen, the Grec-i-an queen
I took her for Helen, the Grec-i-an queen

She's admired by many, I know them right well
Each morning to view the sweet spot where she dwells
Beneath the downs at the brink of yonder hill
May she never marry, but think on me still
But think on me still, but think on me still
May she never marry, but think on me still

Oh, me parents dote on me, and it's all for their sake
And its ofttimes it causes my poor heart to break
But the more I think on them, the more I'm inclined to say
There's no one will be mine but the wee lass on the brae
The wee lass on the brae, the wee lass on the brae
There's no one will be mine but the wee lass on the brae

So it's fare thee well, me darlin', I love you the best
And may you be happy, and may you be blessed
And may you think on me when that I am far away
For there's no one will be mine but the wee lass on the brae
The wee lass on the brae, the wee lass on the brae
There's no one will be mine but the wee lass on the brae
In faith there is a decline(?) under yond forest sky
And straightway to my true love I surely will fly
And
And no one will be mine but the wee lass on the brae
The wee lass on the brae, the wee lass on the brae
There's no one will be mine but the wee lass on the brae

RPf

