

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May
Bonnie Lass O'Ballochmyle
Robert Burns

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,
And sweet is night in autumn mild,
When roving thro' the garden gay,
Or wand'ring in the lonely wild;
But woman nature's darling child
There all her charms she does compile;
|: E'en there her other works are foil'd :|
By the bonnie lass O' Ballochmyle.

Chorus:

The bonnie lass O' Ballochmyle
The bonnie lass!
The bonnie, bonnie lass!
The bonnie lasso' Ballochmyle.

2. O had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain!
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
|: And nightly to my bosom strain, :|
The bonnie lass O' Ballochmyle.

Chorus: