

The Bonie Lad That's Far Awa

O how can I be blythe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
When the bonie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa!

It's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift and snaw;
But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that's far awa.

My father pat me frae his door,
My friends they hae disown'd me a';
But I hae ane will tak my part,
The bonie lad that's far awa.

A pair o' glooves he bought to me,
And silken snoods he gae me twa;
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonie lad that's far awa.

O weary Winter soon will pass,
And Spring will cleed the birken shaw;
And my young babie will be born,
And he'll be hame that's far awa.