

Braes O' Balquidder

I will build my love a bower
By yon clear siller fountain
An aroon it I will build
All the floers o the mountain

Chorus
Will ye go lassie go
Tae the Braes o Balquidder
Whaur the blaeberries grow
Amang the bonnie purple heather

I will roam o'er glens
And bens sae eerie
An I'll bring back the spoils
Tae the airms o my dearie

Noo it's high Simmertime
An the floers are a bloomin
An the wild mountain thyme
On the breezes perfumin
Whaur the deer and the roe
Lichtly bound a thegither
Sport the lang simmer days
On the Braes o Balquidder