

Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes (song)

Second Version

Chorus.—Ca'the yowes to the knowes,
 Ca' them where the heather grows,
 Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
 My bonie Dearie.

HARK the mavis' e'ening sang,
 Sounding Clouden's woods amang;
 Then a-faulding let us gang,
 My bonie Dearie.
 Ca' the yowes, &c.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
 Thro' the hazels, spreading wide,
 O'er the waves that sweetly glide,
 To the moon sae clearly.
 Ca' the yowes, &c.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers, 1
 Where, at moonshine's midnight hours,
 O'er the dewy-bending flowers,
 Fairies dance sae cheery.
 Ca' the yowes, &c.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear,
 Thou'rt to Love and Heav'n sae dear,
 Nocht of ill may come thee near;
 My bonie Dearie.
 Ca' the yowes, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
 Thou hast stown my very heart;
 I can die—but canna part,
 My bonie Dearie.
 Ca' the yowes, &c.

Robert Burns