

## The Birks of Aberfeldy (song)

Tune—"The Birks of Abergeldie."

Chorus.—Bonie lassie, will ye go,  
Will ye go, will ye go,  
Bonie lassie, will ye go  
To the birks of Aberfeldy!

NOW Simmer blinks on flowery braes,  
And o'er the crystal streamlets plays;  
Come let us spend the lightsome days,  
In the birks of Aberfeldy.  
Bonie lassie, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,  
The little birdies blythely sing,  
Or lightly flit on wanton wing,  
In the birks of Aberfeldy.  
Bonie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,  
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,  
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws—  
The birks of Aberfeldy.  
Bonie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,  
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,  
And rising, weets wi' misty showers  
The birks of Aberfeldy.  
Bonie lassie, &c.

Let Fortune's gifts at randoe flee,  
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me;  
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,  
In the birks of Aberfeldy.  
Bonie lassie, &c.

Robert Burns