

## The Flowers Of The Forest

I've heard the liltin at oor yowe-milkin,  
Lassies a-liltin before break o day  
Now there's a moanin on ilka green loanin -  
The Flooers o the Forest are a' wede awa

At buchts, in the mornin, nae blythe lads are scornin,  
Lassies are lanely and dowie and wae  
Nae daffin, nae gabbin, but sighin and sabbin,  
The Flooers o the Forest are a' wede awa

In hairst at the shearin, nae youths now are jeerin,  
Bandsters are lyart and runkled and gray  
At fair or at preachin, nae woin, nae fleechin -  
The Flooers of the Forest are a' wede awa

At e'en at the gloamin, nae swankies are roamin  
'Bout stacks wi the lassies at bogle tae play  
But ilk ane sits dreary, lamentin her deary -  
The Flooers of the Forest are a' wede awa

Dule and wae for the order, sent oor lads to the Border  
The English, for aince, by guile wan the day  
The Flooers of the Forest, that focht aye the foremost,  
The prime o our land, lie cauld in the clay

We hear nae mair liltin at oor yowe-milkin  
Women and bairnies are heartless and wae  
Sighin and moanin on ilka green loanin -  
The Flooers of the Forest are a' wede awa