

Nigel Gatherer's Scottish Collection

The Rolling Hills of the Borders (Matt McGinn)



1. I've trav - elled far, I've wan - dered wide, Seen the Hud - son,
I've se - en the Clyde; Cour - ted by Loch Lom - ond -
side, But I dear - ly lo'e the Bor - ders.

Ch: When I die, bu - ry me low, Where I can hear the bon - nie Tweed
flow, A swee - ter place I nev - er did know, Than the rol - ling
hills o' the Bor - ders.

1. I've travelled far, I've wandered wide,
Seen the Hudson, I've seen the Clyde,
Courtied by Loch Lomond side,
But I dearly lo'e the Bor - ders.

2. Well, dae I hae mind o' the day,
Wi' my lass I strolled by the Tay;
But a' its beauty fades a-way
Among the hills o' the Bor - ders. **[Chorus]**

Ch: When I die, bury me low,
Where I can hear the bonnie Tweed flow;
A sweeter place I'll never know
Than the rolling hills o' the Bord - ers.

3. There's a certain peace o' mind,
And bonnie lassies there you will find;
Men sae sturdy and yet sae kind
Among the hills o' the Borders. **[Chorus]**