

# Nigel Gatherer's Scottish Collection

## The Rolling Hills of the Borders (Matt McGinn)

1. I've travelled 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,  
Courted 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]**