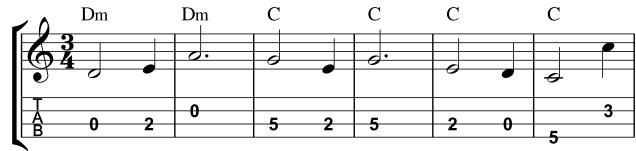
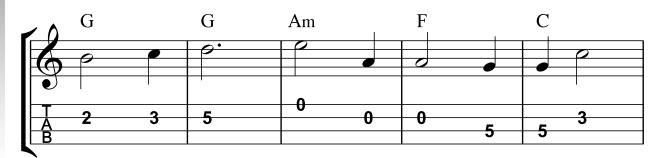
Latest edit: 12/04/18 © Nigel Gatherer 2018

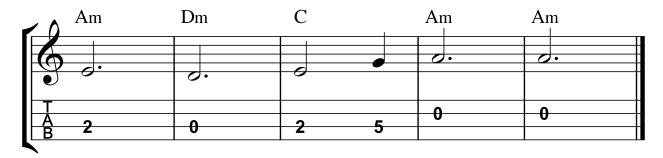
The Burns Collection

Ca' the Yowes (traditional/Robert Burns)









Ca' the Yowes

Ca' the yowes to the knowes, ca' them where the heather grows, Ca' them where the burnie rowes, my bonie dearie.

As I gaed down the water-side, there I met my shepherd lad: He row'd me sweetly in his plaid, and he ca'd me his dearie.

Will ye gang down the water-side, and see the waves sae sweetly glide Beneath the hazels spreading wide, the moon it shines fu' clearly.

Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet, cauf-leather shoon upon your feet, And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep, an' ye sall be my dearie.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said, I'se gang wi' thee, my shepherd lad, And ye may row me in your plaid, and I sall be your dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea, while day blinks in the lift sae hie, Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e, ye sall be my dearie.



Ca' the Yowes