The Birks of Aberfeldie

The Birks of Aberfeldie
(Robert Burns)

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come, let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldie!.

Chorus:
Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldie?

The little birdies blithely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing;
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldie!

Chorus

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream, deep-roaring, fa's,
O'er-hung wi'fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldie.

Chorus

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 Aberfeldie.

Chorus

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee
In the birks of Aberfeldie.
Note: Tune is Birks of Abergeldie (170)
ARB