##  CA’ THE YOWES Robert Burns

Ca’ the yowes to the knowes,
Ca’ them where the heather grows,
Ca’ them where the burnie rowes,
My bonny dearie.

Hark the mavis’ evening sang,
Sounding Cluden’s woods amang,
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonny dearie.

We’ll gae down by Cluden side,
Through the hazels spreading wide,
O’er the waves that sweetly glide,
To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Cluden’s silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O’er the dewy bending glowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear,
Thou’rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonny dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart,
I can die, but canna part,
My bonny dearie.