

Fare ye weel ye Mormond Braes

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Fare ye well ye Mormond Braes,

G D

For oft times I've been cheery.

Fare ye well ye Mormond Braes,

G A D

For it's there I've lost my dearie.

As I come into Strichen toon,
I heard a fair maid mourning,
and she was making sore complaint
for her true love never returnin'.

Fare ye well...

Well, there's many a the horse has slipped,
and risen again richt early.
There's many's a lad has lost his lass,
And found another richt early.

Fare ye well...

There's aye good fish into the sea,
As ever yet's been taken.
I'll cast my line into the sea,
For I'm only once forsaken.

Fare ye well...

Well I'll put on my dress o'green,
It's forsaken token,
And that's tae let the young lads ken,
That the bonds o' love are broken.

Fare ye well...

Well I'll go back to Strichen toon,
Where I was bred and born,
And there I'll get another lass,
Will marry me ere the morn.

||: *Fare ye well...* :||

En afskeds/hyldestsang til 'The Hill of Mormond' i Strichen Parish i Aberdeenshire. Mormond er gælisk og betyder big hill.