

The Rolling Hills Of The Borders

D G D
I've travelled far, I've wandered wide
A
I've seen the Hudson, I've seen the Clyde
Hm G D
Courtied by Loch Lomondside
A D
But I dearly love the borders

D G D
When I die, bury me low
A
Where I can hear the bonnie Tweed flow
Hm G D
A fairer place I never did know
A D
Than the rolling hills o' the borders

Often I hae mind o' the day
Wi' my lass I strolled by the Tay
But all its beauty fades away
Among the hills o' the borders

When I die...

There's a certain peace of mind
And bonnie lassies there you will find
Men so sturdy but men so kind
Among the hills o' the borders

When I die...



The Scottish Borders

En af de få skotske sange der berømmer og besynger lavlandet. Dette adskiller sig historisk, geografisk og kulturelt fra højlandet. Allerede i middelalderen var området langt mere orienteret mod omverdenen end klanerne var og folk levede et liv der ikke nævneværdigt adskilte sig fra de omkringliggende lande. Tekst og musik af Matt McGinn.