

Mormon Braes

The Dubliners

Fare thee well, ye Mormon Braes,
for oft times A've been cheery.
Fare thee well, ye Mormon Braes,
for it's there A've lost ma dearie.

As A went in by Strachen Toon
A heard a fair maid mournin.
She was makin sair complaint
For her true love ne'er returnin.

Fare thee well, ye Mormon Braes,
for oft times A've been cheery.
Fare thee well, ye Mormon Braes,
for it's there A've lost ma dearie.

Thar's mony a horse haes slipped an fell
And risen again richt early.
Thar's mony a lass has lost her lad
An got anither richt rarely.

Fare thee well, ye Mormon Braes,
for oft times A've been cheery.
Fare thee well, ye Mormon Braes,
for it's there A've lost ma dearie.

Thar's as guid fish in tae the sea
As ever yet were taken.
A cast ma nets and try again,
For I am anely ance forsaken.

Fare thee well, ye Mormon Braes,
for oft times A've been cheery.
Fare thee well, ye Mormon Braes,
for it's there A've lost ma dearie.

Sae A will put on my gown o green,
As A forsaken told him.
And we'll let the young lad know
that the bonds of love are broken.

Fare thee well, ye Mormon Braes,
for oft times A've been cheery.
Fare thee well, ye Mormon Braes,
for it's there A've lost ma dearie.

Sae A'll gang back to Strachen Toon
Whaur A wis bred an born in,
An A will get another young lad
Tae marry me in the mornin.