

Ca' The Ewes

The Corries

Ca' the ewes to the Knowes,
Ca' the whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rows,
My bonie dearie

As I gaed down the water-side
There I met my shepherd-lad,
He rowd me sweetly in his plaid,
And he ca'd me his dearie

Ca' the ewes ...

Will ye gang down the water-side
And see the waves sae sweetly glide
Beneath the hazels spreading wide,
The moon it shines fu' clearly

Ca' the ewes

While waters wimple to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sae hie,
Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e,
Ye sall be my dearie.