

Mormond Braes

Traditional

*Fare thee well ye Mormon Braes,
Where oft times I been cheery
Fare thee well ye Mormon Braes
For it's there I lost my dearie*

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As I went in by Strichen toon
I heard a fair maid mournin'
She was makin' sair complaint
For her true love ne'er returnin'

Refr

There's many a horse has slipped an' fell
And risen again right early
There's many a lass has lost her lad
An' gotten another right rarely

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Solo 1-2-3-4

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There's as guid fish intae the sea
As ever yet were taken
I'll cast my nets an' try again
For I'm only once forsaken

Refr

So I'll put on my gown o' green,
It's a forsaken token
An' that will let the young lads know
That the bonds of love are broken

Solo 1-2-3-4

So I'll gang back to Strichen toon,
Where I was bred an' born in
And I will get me another young lad
To marry me in the mornin'

|: *Refr* :|