Bonnie Lass of Ballochmyle

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May And
O had she been a country maid, And

sweet is night in Autumn
I a happy country

mild When roving thro' the garden gay Or
swain; Tho, shelt' red in the lowest shed That

wand'ring in the lonely
ever rose on Scotland

wild, But woman natures darling child! There
plain, Tho' wea-ry winter's wind and rain With
all her charms she does com-
joy with rap - ture I would

pile E’en there her o - ther works are foil’d, E’en
toil And night - ly to my bos - om strain And

there her o - ther works are
Night - ly to my bos - om

foil’d By the bon - nie lass o’ Ba - loch - myle, The
strain. The

bon - nie lass o’ Bal - loch -

myle, The bon-nie lass The bon-nie, bon-nie lass The
Bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle

Mylé, The bonnie lass The bonnie bonnie lass The

Bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle