

For we hae routh o' warl's gear,
And bairn's bairns sit on your knee,
Then what can ail my husband dear?
My ain guidman come tell to me."

"My dear gudewife, I'm growing auld,
My years are noo three score and ten,
And I would like, before I die,
To wander roon the banks o' Ken.

And pu' a posy on the Fleet,
And tread the hills o' crystal Cree,
And see the primrose glens so sweet,
Upon the bonny banks o' Dee.

And, ere the rising o' the sun,
And when the heather is in bloom,
To pu' a sprig, and fetch it here,
O' heather frae the braes o' Doon.

Fu' weel I ken this canna be,
But I will send a letter soon,
To ane that ance was dear to me,
And dwells upon the braes o' Doon.

And he will pu' a sprig o' heath,
The blooming heather fair to see,
And send it here, across the sea,
To glad ance more an old man's ee."

His friend stands on the braes o' Ayr,
And noo the heather is in bloom,
And near him stands his daughter fair,
The bonniest maid upon the Doon.

"Come here to me, my daughter dear,
My daughter dear, come here to me,
For I hae got a kind letter,
Frae Sandy Broadfoot o'er the sea.

Noo, Sandy was my comrade, dear,
In happy days that's lang gaen by,
And roamed amang the heather here,
When we were callants herding kye.