

# Andy M. Stewart, Ca' The Yowes To The Knowes

Chorus.-Ca' the yowes to the knowes,  
Ca' them where the heather grows,  
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,  
My bonie dearie

As I gaed down the water-side,  
There I met my shepherd lad:  
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,  
And he ca'd me his dearie.  
Ca' the yowes, &c.

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 yowes, &c.

Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,  
Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet,  
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,  
An' ye sall be my dearie.  
Ca' the yowes, &c.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,  
I'se gang wi' thee, my shepherd lad,  
And ye may row me in your plaid,  
And I sall be your dearie.  
Ca' the yowes, &c.

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.  
Ca' the yowes, &c.