

# Isobel Campbell, Hori Horo

Hori horo, my bonnie young man  
Hori horo, my rare one  
And won't you come with me my love?  
To me my own - my fair one

Smiling the land, smiling the sea  
Sweet as a wind in the heather  
Would we lay yonder, just you and me?  
The two of us together

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Hori horo, my rare one  
And won't you come with me my love?  
To be my own - my fair one