The Rolling Hills of the Border

The Rolling Hills of the Border
(Matt McGinn)

Chorus:
When I die, bury me low
Where I can hear the bonny Tweed flow;
A sweeter place I never did know,
The rolling hills of the border.

1. I've traveled far, wandered wide,
I've seen the Hudson and the Clyde,
I've courted by Loch Lomond's side,
But I dearly love the border.

2. Well do I have mind of the day,
With my lassie I strolled by the Tay,
But all these beauties fade away,
Among the hills of the border.

3. There's a certain peace of mind
Bonnie lassies there you'll find
Men so sturdy, yet so kind,
Among the hills of the border.

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