The Star o' Banchory's Lands (2)

(alternate:)

BANCHRY1.1.gif"

The Star o' Banchory's Lands (2)

Banchory's land is bonnie, when spring brings in the year
Wi' lasses sweet and mony, but nane sae sweet's my dear.
There's nane sae sweet's my dearest dear, to lee wad be a sin,
For she in troth may weel be styled the star o' Banchory's land.

For love o' her my hert is sair and grieved is my mind,
My aching hert within my breast nae comfort there can find.
My aching hert within my breast nae comfort finds ava,
It's a' for Bell o' Banchory's land, she's the flower among them a'.

'Twas in mid Lentren's Evening, as I gaed to thr fair,
And gazing all around me I spied my true love there.
And gazing round and round about my love she came in view
But I could ne'er get words o' her for a' that I could do.

But curst that cruel fortune which does our nerves so try,
Which in a moment sinks oor views, or lifts them to the sky;
Which in a moment sinks oor views, an' lays them in the deep
And disappoints that faithful swain an' leaves young maids to weep!

But He who rules the universe, by His almighty skill,
And makes the roaring raging waves submissive to His will,
And makes the roaring raging waves obey His high command,
Grant me my wish--it's all I crave, the star o' Blanchory's land.

From Grieg-Duncan Folk Song Collection
Collected from Miss Littlejohn, 1907