The Echo Mocks the Corncrake

O the lad that I loo'd best of all

Was handsome young and fair

Wi him I spent some merry nichts

Alang the banks o' Ayr

Wi him I spent some merry nichts

Whaur yon wee burnie rows

And the echo mocks the corncrake

Amang the whinny knowes

We loved each other dearly

And disputes we seldom had

As constant as the pendulum

Our heart beats always gaed

We sought for joy and found it

Whaur the scented clover growes

And the echo mocks the corncrake

Amang the whinny knowes

Ye maidens a’ and pleasure dames

Flock tae the banks o' Doon

Ye’ll dearly pay for every scent

To the barbers for perfume

But rural joy is free tae a'

Whaur the scented clover grows

And the echo mocks the corncrake

Amang the whinny knowes

The Corncrake is noo awa'

The burn is tae the brim

The whinny knowes are clad wi' snaw

That taps the highest whin

But when cauld winter is awa'

And summer clears the sky

We'll welcome back the corncrake

The bird o' rural joys