**Fine Flooers in the valley**

She lay doon below a thorn,
Fine Flooers in the valley,
And there she has her sweet babe born
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

Smile nae sae sweet, by ain bonnie babe
Fine Flooers in the valley,
Ye smile sae sweet, ye'll smile me deid
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

She's taen oot her wee penknife
Fine Flooers in the valley,
And twinn'd the sweet babe o' its life,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

She's howket a grave by the light o' the moon,
Fine Flooers in the valley,
And there she's buried her sweet babe in,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

As she was going to the church,
Fine Flooers in the valley,
She spied a bonnie babe in the porch,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

O sweet babe and thou were mine,
Fine Flooers in the valley,
It’s I’d clad thee in the silk so fine
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

O mother dear, when I was thine,
Fine Flooers in the valley,
You did na prove to me sae kind,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.