# The Echo Mocks The Corncrake

**Andy M. Stewart**

The lass that I loo'ed first of all
Was handsome young and fair
Wi' her I spent some happy nichts
Alang the banks o' Ayr
Wi' her I spent some happy nichts
Whaur yon wee burnie rows
Whaur the echo mocks the corncrake
Amongst the Whinny Knowes

We loved each other dearly
Disputes we seldom had
As constant as the pendulum
Her heart beat always glad
We sought for love and found it
Whaur yon wee burnie rows
Whaur the echo mocks the corncrake
Amongst the Whinny Knowes

Ye maidens fair and pleasure dames
Come fae the banks o' Doon
Ye dearly pay for every scent
To the barbers for perfume
But rural joy is free for a'
Whaur the scented clover grows
Whaur the echo mocks the corncrake
Amongst the Whinny Knowes

The corncrake is noo awa'
The burn is tae the brim
The Whinny Knowes are cled 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 joy

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