

# 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  
Along 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