As I went doon to Strichen toon, I heard a fair maid mourning, And she was making sair complaint For her true love ne'er returning.

So fare ye weel, ye Mormond Braes, Where often I've been cheery; Fare ye weel ye Mormond Braes, For it's there I lost my dearie.

There's many a horse has snappert an' fa'en And risen again fu' rarely. There's many a lass has lost her lad And gotten another right early.

So fare ye weel, ye Mormond Braes, Where often I've been cheery; Fare ye weel ye Mormond Braes, For it's there I lost my dearie.

There's as good fish into the sea As ever hae been taken. I'll cast my line and I'll try again For I'm only ainst forsaken.

So fare ye weel, ye Mormond Braes, Where often I've been cheery; Fare ye weel ye Mormond Braes, For it's there I lost my dearie.

So I'll go doon to Strichen toon, Where I was bred and born in, And there I'll find another sweetheart Will marry me in the mornin'

So fare ye weel, ye Mormond Braes, Where often I've been cheery; Fare ye weel ye Mormond Braes, For it's there I lost my dearie.