

Ho ro, My Nut-Brown Maiden

Ho - - ro my nut - brown maid - en, Hi - ri my nut - brown maid - en,
Ho ro ___ ro, ___ maid - - en! Oh she's the maid for me.
Her ___ eyes so mild - ly beam - ing, Her look so frank and free,
In ___ wak - ing and in dream - - ing is ev - er - more with me

(Chorus)

Ho ro my nut-brown maiden,
Hi ri my nut-brown maiden,
Ho ro, ro, maiden!
Oh she's the maid for me.

Her eyes so mildly beaming,
Her look so frank and free,
In waking and in dreaming
Is evermore with me.

O Mary, mild-eyed Mary,
By land, or on the sea,
Though time and tide may vary,
My heart beats true to thee.

In Glasgow or Dunedin
Were maidens fair to see;
But ne'er a Lowland maiden
Could lure mine eyes from thee.

Mine eyes that never vary
From looking to the glen,
Where dwells my Highland Mary
Like wild-rose 'neath the Ben.

And when with blossom laden,
Bright summer comes again,
I'll fetch my nut-brown maiden
Down frae the bonnie glen.