TRANSCRIPTION
Jane Turriff sings "Mormond Braes"
ScottishVoicesProj.0574

[This recording was made in the summer of 1984 when John Niles called on Jane Turriff at her home in Mintlaw, Aberdeen. Not transcribed here are a few preliminary words and a few concluding words in which Turriff speaks about the song as one that she plans to sing at the next Auchtermuchty Festival, and she identifies the place as one "not far from here." She sings the song spontaneously and unaccompanied. After singing it, she remarks that she usually sings it in a higher key.]

[*Jane Turriff sings:*]

1 As I gaed doon by Strichen toon
I haird a fair maid mournin;
She was makin aafu sair
Of her true love ne'er returnin.

Chorus: *Mormond Braes whaur the heather grows,*
Where ofttimes I've been cheery,
Mormond Braes whaur the heather grows,
It's there I lost my dearie.

2 Ah but I'll pit on ma goun o green,
For it's a forsaken token,
An that will let the young men ken
That the bands o love they're broken.

Chorus

3 Oh there's mony's a horse has snappert and fa'en [stumbled and fallen
And risen licht fu rarely;
And mony a lass wha's lost her lad
And gotten anither ane richt early.

Chorus

4 There's as guid fish intae the sea
As ever yet was taken,
I'll cast ma line and I'll try again
For I'm only eence forsaken.

Chorus

5 Aye but I'll gae hame by Strichen toon

Where I was bred an born,
And there I'll get anither sweethairt
That will marry me the morn.

So fare ye well sweet Mormond Braes,
Fare ye well ma dearie,
Fare ye well ye Mormond Braes,
For it's there I lost my dearie.