

# Thou Bonnie Wood o' Craigielea

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Thou Bonnie Wood o' Craigielea'. It consists of eight staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff begins with 'Thou bon - - - nie wood o'' and ends with a double bar line. The second staff continues with 'Craig - ie - lea, Thou bon - nie wood o' Craig - ie - lea;'. The third staff has 'Near thee I pass'd life's'. The fourth staff has 'ear - ly day, And won my Ma - ry's heart in \_\_\_ thee.'. The fifth staff has 'The broom, the briar, the'. The sixth staff has 'birk - en bush, Bloom bon - nie o'er thy flow - 'ry lea,'. The seventh staff has 'And a' the sweets that'. The eighth staff has 'ane can wish Frae Na - ture's hand are strew'd on thee.' and ends with a double bar line.

Thou bon - - - nie wood o'

Craig - ie - lea, Thou bon - nie wood o' Craig - ie - lea;

Near thee I pass'd life's

ear - ly day, And won my Ma - ry's heart in \_\_\_ thee.

The broom, the briar, the

birk - en bush, Bloom bon - nie o'er thy flow - 'ry lea,

And a' the sweets that

ane can wish Frae Na - ture's hand are strew'd on thee.

Thou bonnie wood o' Craigielea,  
Thou bonnie wood o' Craigielea;  
Neer thee I pass'd life's early day,  
And won my Mary's heart in thee.

The broom, the briar, the birken bush,  
Bloom bonnie oe'r thy flowry lea,  
And a' the sweets that ane can wish  
Frae natures hand are strew'd on thee.  
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Far ben thy dark green plantin's shade,  
The cushat croodles am'rously;  
The mavis, down thy bughted glade,  
Gars echo ring frae ev'ry tree.  
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Awa, ye thoughtless, murd'ring gang,  
Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee!  
They'll sing you yet a canty sang,  
Then, O, in pity, let them be!  
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

When winter blaws in sleety show'rs,  
Frae aff the Norlan' hills sae high,  
He lightly skiffs thy bonnie bow'rs,  
As laith to harm a flow'r in thee.  
Thou bonnie wood, &c.

Though fate should drag me south the line,  
Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,  
The happy hours I'll ever min',  
That I in youth hae spent in thee.  
Thou bonnie wood, &c.