CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES

Joanna Newsom/Trad.

arr. doublewuzzy

Ca’ the yowes to the knowes
Ca’ them where the heath-

er grows Ca’ them where the bur- nie rowes my

bon-nie dear- rie When I went down the wa-

side ’Twas there I met my shep-

Harp
sweetly in his plaid and called me, aye, his dear

When I went down the water side, to

see the fishes sweetly glide beneath the hazel

spreading wide and the moon that shines so clearly If
you'll but stand to what you've said I will come with you my bonnie lad And you may row me in your plaid and (pno: A-flats in opposite hands) I will be your dear-sie As waters wimple to the sea While day breaks in the