The Rowan Tree

O row- an tree, O row- an tree, thou'lt aye be dear to me, En-

twin'd thou art wi' mo- ny ties o' hame and in- fan- cy. Thy

leaves were aye the first of spring thy flow'rs the sim- mer's pride, There

was nae sic a bon- nie tree, in all the coun- try side. Oh row- an tree!