

YE BANKS AND BRAES OF BONNIE DOON



1. Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon, how can ye bloom sae
 fresh and fair? How can ye chaunt, ye lit - - tle birds and
 I sae wear - - y full o' care? Ye'll break my heart, ye
 war - bling bird that wan - - ton thro' the flow'r - - y thorn. Ye
 mind o' de - part - ed joys, de - part - ed nev - er to re - turn.

1. Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
 How can ye chaunt, ye little birds
 And I sae weary full o' care?
 Ye'll break my heart, ye warbling bird
 That wanton thro' the flow'ry thorn
 Ye mind o' departed joys
 Departed never to return

2. Of hae I roved by bonnie Doon
 To see the rose and woodbine twine
 And ilka bird sang o' its love
 And fondly sae did I o' mine
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
 Full sweet upon its thorny tree
 And my fause lover stole my rose
 But ah he left the thorn wi' me