



Scottish Songs



Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care?
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn;
Thou 'minds me o' departed joys,
Departed — never to return!

Oft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart, I pu'd a rose,
Fu sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause lover stole my rose,
But ah! He left the thorn wi' me.

