

Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon

Robert Burns

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, fu' o' care.

Ye'll break ma heart, ye warblin' birds
That wantons through the flowery thorn,
Ye mind me o' departed joys,
Departed, never to return.

Aft 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,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree
But my fause lover stole my rose,
And, Ah! he left the thorn wi' me.