

YE BANKS AND BRAES
by Robert Burns

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?

Ye'll brak my hert, ye warblin bird,
That wantons through the floery thorn
Ye mind me o departed joys
Departed never tae return

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
Tae see the rose and woodbine twine
And ilka bird sang o its love
And fondly sae did I o mine

Wi lichtsome hert I pu'd a rose
Fu sweet upon its thorny tree
And my fause lover stole my rose
But ach! he left the thorn wi me.