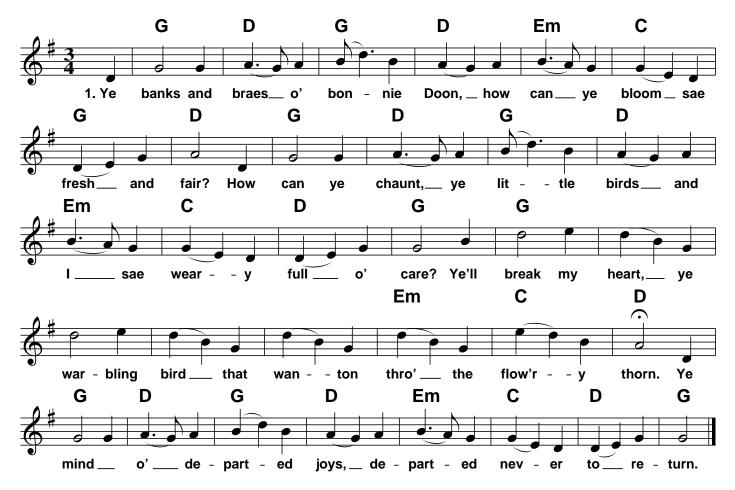
YE BANKS AND BRAES OF BONNIE DOON



- Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How can ye 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