

Ye Bank and Braes o' Bonnie Doon

(Tune: The Caledonian Hunt's Delight)

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon, (slopes)
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair; (so)
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.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon (often have)
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its luvie, (every)
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose, (plucked)
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree!
And my fause luvie staw my rose (stole)
But ah! He left the thorn wi' me.