


The banks o' Doon

(Ye banks and braes)

words: Robert Burns
tune: traditional

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Voice




Ye banks and braes, o' bonie Doon, how can ye bloom, sae fresh and
Aft hae I rov'd, by bonie Doon, to see the rose and wood-bine

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fair? How can ye chant, ye little birds, and I sae wea-ry, fu' o' care! Thou'll
twine, and il-ka bird, it sang o' its luve, and fond-ly sae, did I o' mine. Wi'

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break my heart, thou warb-ling bird, that wan-tons thro' the flower-ing thorn! Thou minds me
light-some heart, I pu'd a rose, fu' sweet, up-on its thorn-y tree! And my fause

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o' de-part-ed joys, de-part-ed nev-er to ret-urn.
luv-er staw my rose, but ah! he left the thorn wi' me.