**BANKS AND BRAES O’ BONNY DOON**

**Ye banks and braes o’ bonny doon**

**How can ye bloom, sae fresh and fair**

**How can ye chant, ye little birds**

**And I sae weary, full o’ care**

**You’ll break my heart, you warbling birds**

**That wanton through the flowery thorn**

**Ye mind me o’ departed joys**

**Departed, never to return**

**Oft hae I roved by bonny doon,**

**Tae see the rose and woodbine twine**

**And ilka bird sang o’ it’s love**

**And fondly sae did I o’ mine**

**Wi lightsome heart I pulled a rose,**

**Full sweet upon it’s thorny tree**

**But my false lover stole my rose**

**And o’ he left the thorn wi’ me**

**Ye banks and braes o’ bonny doon**

**How can ye bloom, sae fresh and fair**

**How can ye chant, ye little birds**

**And I sae weary, full o’ care**

**You’ll break my heart, you warbling birds**

**That wanton through the flowery thorn**

**Ye mind me o’ departed joys**

**Departed, never to return**