

Robert Burns, The Banks O Doon

The Banks O' Doon

(Robert Burns)

Ye flowery banks o'bonie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair;
How can ye chant, ye 1ittle birds,
And I sae fu'o'care!
Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o'the happy days
When my fause luve was true.
Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o'my fate.
Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
To see the wood-bine twine,
And ilka bird sang o'its love,
And sae did I o'mine.
Wi'1ightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Frae aff its thorny tree,
And my fause luvver staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi'me.
Wi'1ightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Upon a mom in June:
And sae I flourish'd on the morn,
And sae was pu'd or noon!
Note: Tune is Cambdelmore (328A)
filename[BANKBRA2
play.exe BANKBRA2
ARB
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