

# 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 luv 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'lightsome heart I pu'd a rose  
Frae aff its thorny tree,  
And my fause luv staw the rose,  
But left the thorn wi'me.  
Wi'lightsome 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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