

## **Burns Robert**

### **"Ye Banks And Braes"**

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Ye Banks and Braes

(Robert Burns)

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon

How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?

How can ye chaunt, ye little birds,

And I sae weary, fu' o' care.

Ye'll break my heart, ye warbling birds

That wanton through the flowery thorn,

Ye mind me o' departed joys,

Departed, never to return.

Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon

To see the rose and woodbine twine,

And ilka bird sang o' its love,

And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose

Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree

But my fause lover stole my rose,

And Ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

@love @river @Scots

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