

John Mcdermott

"Ye Banks And Braes Of Bonnie Doon"

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Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I'm sae weary, fu' o' care!
Ye'll break my heart, ye warbling birds,
That wanton through the flow'ring thorn
Ye mind me o' departed joys,
Departed, never to return.

Oft I have rove by bonnie doon,
To see the rose of woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang of its love,

And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I put a rose,
Full sweet upon the thorny tree.
But my false lover stole my rose,
And ah, she left the thorn wi' me.

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