

Robert Burns "The Banks O Doon"

Visit "[The Banks O Doon](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The Banks O' Doon
(Robert Burns)
Ye flowery banks o'bonie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair;
How can ye chant, ye little 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 luvie 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 luvie 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
===DOCUMENT BOUNDARY===

Visit [Robert Burns](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.