

## Ian Bruce

### "Ye Banks And Braes"

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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' it's love,  
And fondly sae did I o' mine.  
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose

Fu' sweet upon it's thorny tree  
But my fause lover stole my rose,  
And Ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

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