

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Ye Banks and Braes

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.