

BONNIE DOON

Robert Burns (1759–1796)

Scotch Air, *The Caledonian Hunt's Delight*

1. Ye banks and braes o' bon-nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
 2. Oft hae I rov'd by bon-nie Doon, To see the rose and wood-bine twine;

How can ye chaunt, ye lit-tle birds, And I sae wea-ry, fu' of care?
 When il-ka bird sang o' its love, And fond-ly sae did I o' mine.

Thou'lt break my heart, thou warb-ling bird, That won-tons through the flow-'ry thorn,
 Wi' light-some heart I pu'd a rose, Fu' sweet up-on its thorn-y tree;

Thou mindst me o' de-part-ed joys, De-part-ed nev-er to re-turn.
 But my fause lov-er stole my rose, And, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.