

Ye Banks and Braes O'bonnie Doon

Eddi Reader

Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon How can ye bloom so fresh and
fair? How can ye chant ye little birds While I sae weary, fu'
o' care? Oh ye'll break my heart, ye warbling birds That wanton
o'er the flowerin' thorn Ye mind me o' departed joys Departed
never to return Oft hae I been by bonnie Doon, To see the rose
and woodbine twine And ilka bird sang o' all its joy And fondly
so did I wi mine Wi' lithesome heart I pulled a rose Full swee
t upon its flowerin' tree And my false lover stole my rose But
ah! he left the thorn wi' me