

Eddi Reader, Ye Banks And Braes O' Bonnie Doon

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' lithsome heart I pulled a rose
Full sweet upon its flowerin' tree
And my false lover he stole my rose
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me

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