

6

BONNIE DOON.

Ye banks and braes of Bonnie Doon, how can ye bloom sae fresh and fair
How can ye chaunt ye little birds, and I sae weary full of care ?
You'll break my heart ye little birds, that wanton through the flowing thorn
Ye mind me of departed joys, departed never to return.

Oft have I strayed by bonny doon, to see the rose and woodbine twine
Where ilka sang o' his love, and fondly sae did I of mine.
With lightsome heart I pulled a rose, full sweet upon its throny tree
But my false lover stole the rose, and left the thorn behind for me.