

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

Andantino.

1. Busk ye, busk ye, my bon-nie, bon-nie bride,



Busk ye, busk ye, my win - - some mar - row,



Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride, And think nae mair o' the



braes of Yar-row. Where got ye that bon-nie, bon-nie bride?



Where got ye that win - some mar-row? I got her where I



dare-na well be seen, Pu' - - - ing the birks on the braes of Yar-row.

"Weip not, weip not, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sor-row!

Weip not, weip not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
And why yon melancholious weids,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow!"
Hung on the bonnie birks of Yarrow!

"Why does she weip, thy bonnie, bonnie bride!
What's yonder floats on the rueful flude?
Why does she weip, thy winsome marrow!
What's yonder floats!—Oh, dule and sorrow!

And why daur ye nae mair weel be seen,
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow!"
Upon the dulefu' braes of Yarrow!

"Lang maun she weip, lang, lang maun she weip,
Wash, oh, wash his wounds in tears,
Lang maun she weip wi' dule and sorrow;
His wounds in tears o' dule and sorrow;
And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.
And lay him on the banks of Yarrow.

"For she has tint her luvver deir,
Then build, then build, ye sisters sad,
Her luvver deir, the cause of sorrow;
Ye sisters sad, his tomb wi' sorrow;
And I ha'e slain the comliest swain
And weip around, in waefu' wise,
That e'er pu'd birks on the braes of Yarrow.
His hapless fate on the braes of Yarrow!

"Curse ye, cur
The arm tha
The fatal spea
His comely!

"Did I not wi
And warn fr
Too rashly bol
Thoumet'st,

"Sweet smells
Yellow on
Fair hangs th
Sweet the v

"Flows Yarr
As green it
As sweet smel
The apple!

"Fair was
love!
In flowery
Though he w
Than me h

"Busk, ye,
bride
Busk ye, t
Busk ye, and
And think

"How can
How can
How can I
That slew

"Oh, Yarr
Nor dew
For there w
My love,

"The boy
His purp
Ah, wretch
He was i

"The boy
Unmind
But, ere th
He lay s