

MO NIGHEAN DONN BHOIDHEACH.—Continued.

A Pheigi dhonn nam blath-shuil,
Gur trom a thug mi gradh dhuit,
Tha d' iomhaigh, ghaoil, is d' ailleachd
A ghnath tigh'n fo m'uidh.

Cha cheil mi air an t-saoghal
Gu bheil mo mhiann's mo ghaol ort,
'S ged chaidh mi uat air faondradh
Cha chaochail mo run.

Nuair bha ann ad lathair
Bu shona bha mo laithean,
A sealbhachadh do mhanrain
Is aille do ghnais.

Gnuis aoidheil, bhanail, mhalda,
Na h-oigh is caomha nadur,
I suaice, ceanail baigheil,
Lan grais agus muir.

'S ann tha mo run 's na beanntaibh,
Far bheil mo ribhinn ghreannar,
Mar ros am fasach shamhraidh,
An gleann fad o shuil.

O maid whose face is fairest,
The beauty that thou bearest,
Thy witching smile the rarest,
Are ever with me.

Though far from thee I'm ranging
My love is not estranging,
My heart is still unchanging
And aye true to thee.

Oh, blest was I when near thee,
To see thee and to hear thee,
These memories still endear thee,
For ever to me.

Thy smile is brightest, purest,
Best, kindest, demurest,
With which thou still allurest
My heart's love to thee.

Where Highland hills are swelling
My darling has her dwelling;
A fair wild rose excelling
In sweetness is she.

YE BANKS AND BRAES.

Andante cantabile.

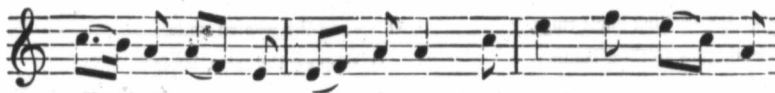
BURNS.



1. Ye banks and braes o' bon-nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae
2. Oft hae I rov'd by bon-nie Doon, By morn-ing and by



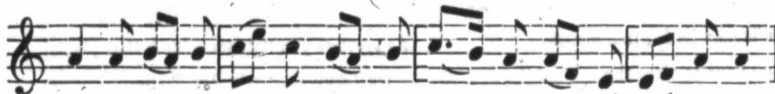
fresh and fair? How can ye chaunt, ye lit-tle birds, And
eve-ning shine To hear the birds sing o' their loves As



I'm sae wea-ry fu' o' care? Ye'll break my heart, ye
fond-ly once I sang o' mine. Wi' light-some heart I



warb-ling bird, That war-bles on the flow'-ry thorn, Ye
stretch'd my hand And pu'd a rose-bud from the tree; But



mind me o' de-part-ed joys, De-part-ed ne-ver to re-turn.
my fause ro-ver stole the rose, And, ah, he left the thorn wi' me.