

Ye Banks and Braes O' Bonny Doon

Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu o' care?
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird
That wantons through the flow'r-ing thorn;
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Aft hae I strayed by bonny Doon
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine;
Wi lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Fu sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause lover staw my rose
But ah! he left the thorn wi me.

I'll ay ca in by yon toun.

Chorus

I'll ay ca in by yon toun
And by yon garden green again,
I'll ay ca in by yon toun.
And see my bonny Jean again.

There's nane shall ken and nane can guess
What brings me back the gate again,
But she, my fairest faithfu' lass,
And stowlins we shall meet again.

Chorus

She'll wander by the aiken tree
When trysting time draws near again:
And when her lovely form I see,
O haith! She's doubly dear again.

Chorus

I'll ay ca in by yon toun
And by yon garden green again,
I'll ay ca in by yon toun.
And see my bonny, bonny, bonny Jean,
And see my bonny Jean again.