

Banks and Braes

Dougie MacLean

ye banks and braes o' bonnie doon
how can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
how can ye chant ye little birds
and i sae weary full o' care?
ye'll break my heart ye warbling birds
that wanton through the flowery thorn
ye 'mind me o' departed joys
departed never to return

oft hae i roved by bonnie 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 pulled a rose
full sweet upon its thorny tree
and my false lover stole my rose
but ah she left the thorn wi' me