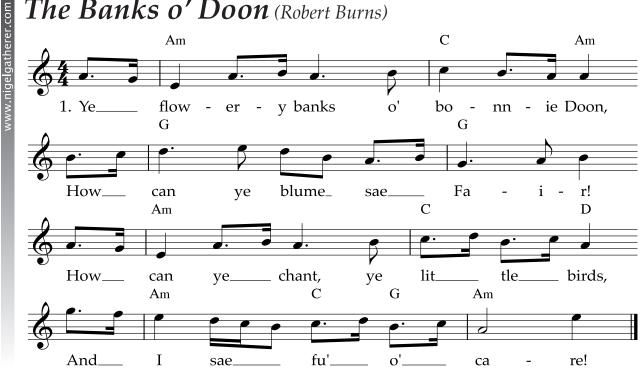
The Banks o' Doon (Robert Burns)



- 2. Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird, That sings upon the bough; Thou minds me o' the happy days When my fause luve was true.
- 3. Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird, That sings beside thy mate; For sae I sat, and sae I sang, And wist na o' my fate.
- 4. Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon, To see the woodbine twine, And ilka bird sang o' its love, And sae did I o' mine.
- 5. Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose, Frae aff its thorny tree, And my fause luver staw the rose, But left the thorn wi' me.

Banks o' Doon