

Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon

ROBERT BURNS

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1. Ye banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How
 2. Oft hae I rov'd by bon - nie Doon, To see the rose and wood - bine twine. And

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can ye chaunt, ye lit - tle birds, And I sae wea - ry fu' o' care? Ye'll
 il - ka bird sang o' its love And fond - ly sae did I o' mine. Wi'

break my heart, ye warb - ling bird, That wan - tons thro' the flow -'ry thorn, Ye
 light - some heart I pu'd a rose Fu' sweet up - on its thorn - y tree; And

p dolce

mind me o' de-part-ed joys, De - part-ed nev - er to re-turn.
my fause lov-er stole my rose, But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

Shining Shore

G. F. Root

1. My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran-ger, Would not de-tain them
2. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing-ing; That per-fect rest naught
3. Let sorrow's rud-est tem-pest blow, Each chord on earth to sev-er, Our King says, Come, and

CHORUS

as they fly,—Those hours of toil and dan-ger. For now we stand on Jor-dan's strand, Our
can mo-lest Where gold-en harps are ring-ing.
there's our home, For - ev - er! Oh, for - ev - er!

friends are pass-ing o - ver; And just be-fore the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis-cov - er.