

Bonnie Doon

ROBERT BURNS

Moderato

p

1. Ye banks and braes — of Bon - nie Doon, How can — ye bloom — sae
 2. Oft have I roamed by Bon - nie Doon, To see — the rose — and

fresh — and fair; How can ye chant, — ye lit - tle birds, — And
 wood - bine twine; And Il - ka bird — sang o' — its love, — And

mf

I — sae wea - ry fu' — of care! Thou'lt break my heart, — thou
 fond - ly sae — did I — o' mine; Wi' light - some heart I

war - bling bird — That wan - tons thro' — the flow'r - ing thorn, Thou
 pu'd a rose — Fu' sweet — up - on — its thorn - y tree, And

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