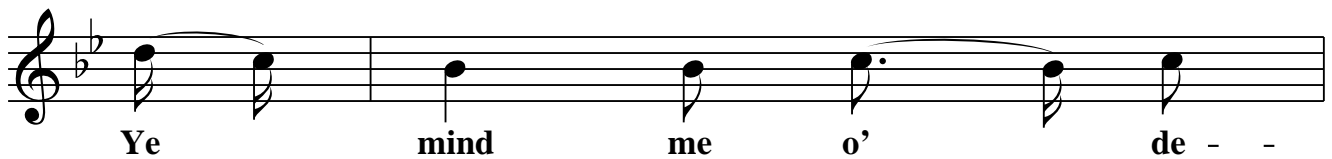
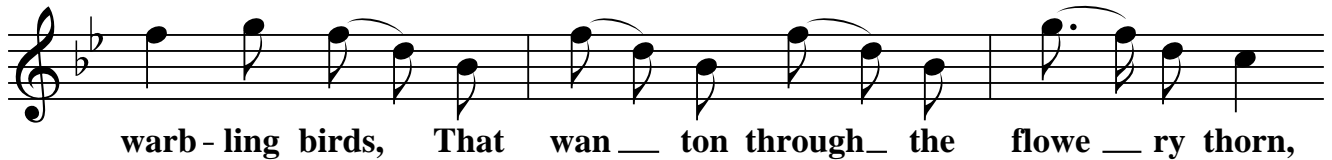
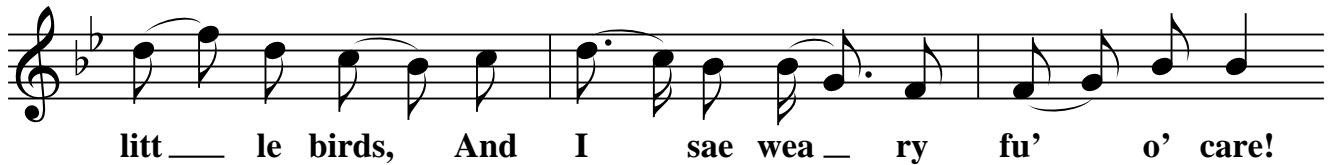
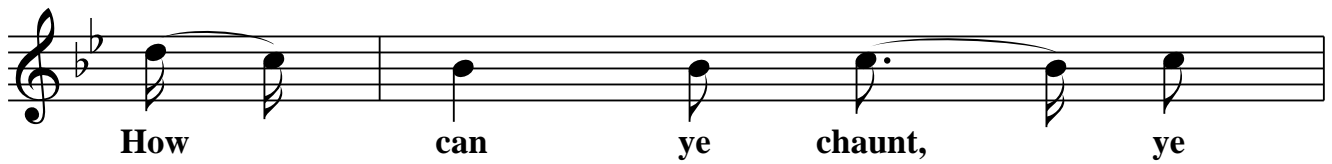
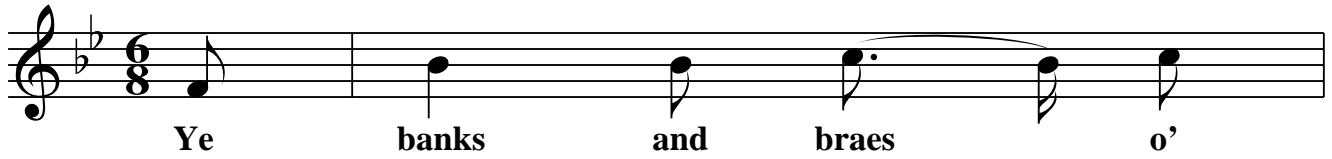
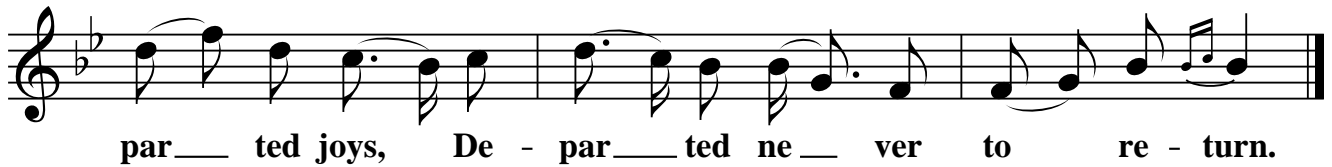


Ye Banks And Braes

♩. = 100





Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon
How can ye bloom so fresh and fair?
How can ye chaunt, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' 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.

Of't ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and the woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lighsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upont its thorny tree,
But my fause lover stole my rose,
And ah! he left the thorn with me.