

Ye Banks and Braes

Robert Burns

G Am⁷ G/B Am⁷ G Em Am⁷ D

G Am⁷ G/B Am⁷ G/B C D G

G G^{Δ7} G⁶ G G Em Am⁷ D

G Am⁷ G/B Am⁷ G/B C D G

*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, fu' o care?
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wanton's thro' the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never tae return.*

*Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
Tae see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree!
And my fause lover stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.*