

**The Banks O' Doon: Second Version**

Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon,  
How can ye blume sae fair?  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I sae fu' o care!  
Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,  
That sings upon the bough!  
Thou minds me o' the happy days  
When my fause Luve was true.  
Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,  
That sings beside thy mate;  
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,  
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,  
To see the woodbine twine;  
And ilka bird sang o' its Luve,  
And sae did I o' mine.  
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
Upon its thorny tree;  
But my fause Luver staw my rose,  
And left the thorn wi' me.  
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
Upon a morn in June;  
And sae I flourished on the morn,  
And sae was pu'd or noon.