

Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon – Robert Burns

Intro: (3/4) C G C F C Am C G

C G C F
Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon

C Am C G
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?

C G C Am
How can ye chant ye little birds

C F G C
And I sae weary full o' care?

Am C Am
Thou'll break my hert, thou warbling bird

C Am C G
That wanton thro' the flowering thorn

C Am C Am
Ye 'mind me o' de-parted joys

C F G C
De-parted, never to re-turn

C G C F
Oft hae I rov'd by Bonnie Doon

C Am C G
To see the rose and woodbine twine:

C G C Am
And ilka bird sang o' its luve

C F G C
And fondly sae did I o' mine

Am C Am
Wi' lightsome hert I pu'd a rose

C Am C G
Fu' sweet u-pon its thorny tree!

C Am C Am
And my fause Luv' staw my rose,

C F G C
But ah, she left the thorn wi' me

C G C F C Am C G

C G C F
Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon

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How can ye chant ye little birds

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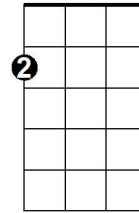
C F G C
De-parted, never to re-turn

C Am C Am
Ye 'mind me o' de-parted joys

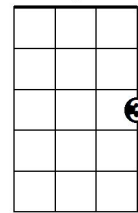
(Slowing)

C F G C
De-parted, never to re-turn

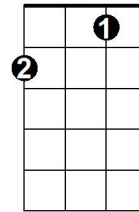
Am



C



F



G

