15. The Caledonian Hunt's delight

Andante con espressione

Violin

Voice I

Voice II

Piano

Violoncello

Ye banks and braes of Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair; How can ye chant, ye

bo-nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair; How can ye chant, ye

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lit-tle birds, and I sae wea-ry fu' of care! Thou'lt
break my heart, thou war-bling bird. That wan-tons thro' the flow'-ry thorn: Thou
mind'st me of de-part-ed joys. De-part-ed, ne-ver to re-turn.

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YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNY DOON.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - THE CALEDONIAN HUNT'S DELIGHT, - COMPOSED BY MR. JAMES MILLER, EDINBURGH.

Yea banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' of care!
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowery thorn:
Thou mind'st me of departed joys,
Departed, never to return.

Oft have I rov'd by bonie Doon,
To 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 false lover staw my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

UNLESS WITH MY AMANDA BLEST.

BY THOMSON.

THE SAME AIR.

UNLESS with my Amanda blest,
In vain I twine the woodbine bower;
Unless to deck her sweeter breast,
In vain I rear the breathing flower.
Awaken'd by the genial year,
In vain the birds around me sing;
In vain the fresh'ning fields appear;
Without my Love there is no spring.