

Robert Burns,
Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon
How ye can bloom so fresh and fair
How can ye chant ye little birds
And I sae weary fu' o' care

Ye'll break my heart ye warbling birds
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn
Ye mind me o' departed joys
Departed never to return

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie 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
But my false lover stole my rose
But ah! She left the thorn wi' me

Verkinto de tiu ĉi Scottish poemo estas ROBERT BURNS (*1759-01-25 – †1796-07-21).

Arg-1024-2075 (2014-05-24 14:23:26)

*La teksto de la poemo troviĝas en <http://www.darachweb.net/SongLyrics/YeBanksAndBraes.html>.
Pri la poeto Robert Burns vidu la vikipediejon http://eo.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Burns.*