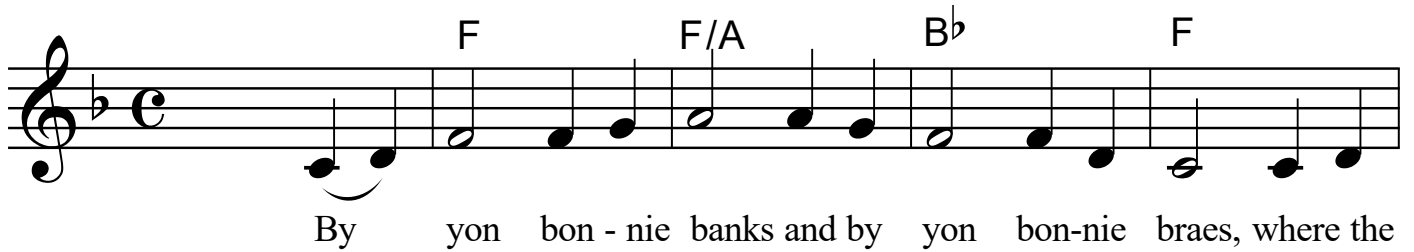


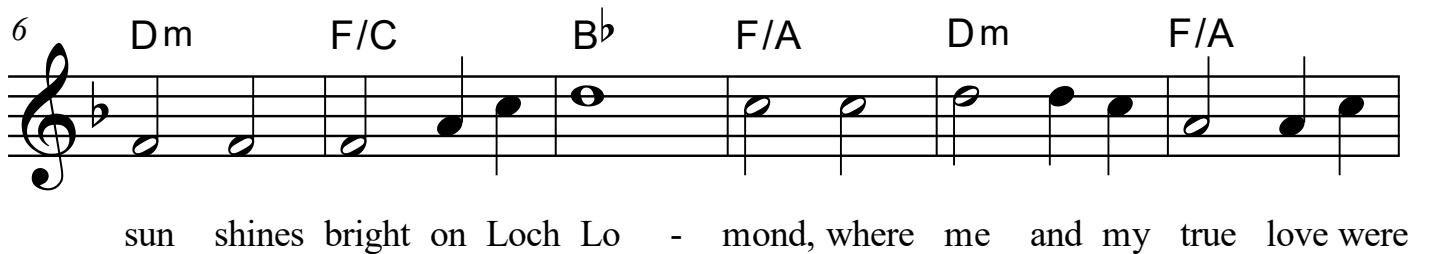
# Loch Lomond

Scotland



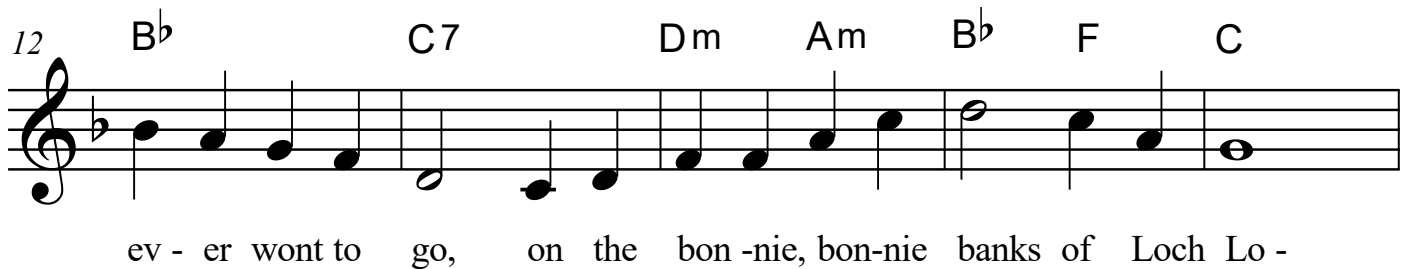
F F/A B<sup>b</sup> F

By yon bon - nie banks and by yon bon-nie braes, where the



6 Dm F/C B<sup>b</sup> F/A Dm F/A

sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond, where me and my true love were



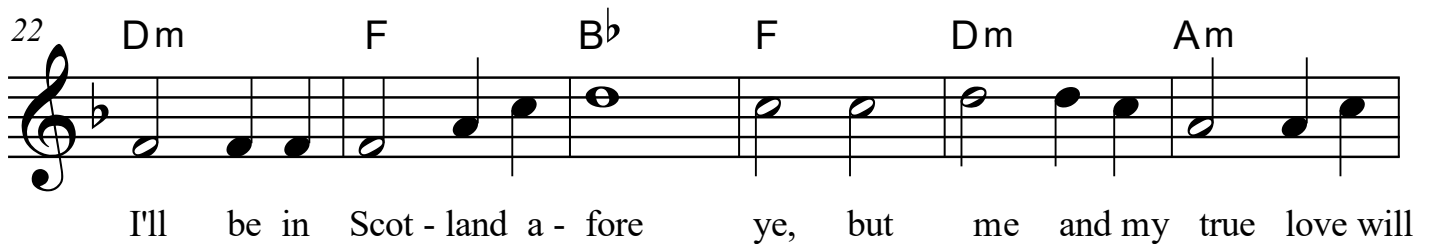
12 B<sup>b</sup> C7 Dm Am B<sup>b</sup> F C

ev - er wont to go, on the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo -



17 F B<sup>b</sup> C7

mond. O, ye'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road, and



22 Dm F B<sup>b</sup> F Dm Am

I'll be in Scot - land a - fore ye, but me and my true love will

28

B $\flat$  C7 Dm Am B $\flat$  F C7 F

nev-er meet a - gain, on the bon-nie,bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.

O wither away my bonnie May sae late an' sae far in the gloamin'  
The mist gathers grey o'er moorland and brae, O wither sae far are ye roamin'?

(Chorus): O ye'll tak the high road an' I'll tak the low, and I'll be in Scotland afore ye  
For me and my true love will never meet again, by the bonnie bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

O well may I weep for yestreen in my sleep we stood bride and bridegroom together.  
But his arms and his breath were as cold as the death and his heart's blood ran red in the  
heather.

I trusted my own love last night in the broom, my Donald who loves me sae dearly,  
For the morrow he will march for Edinburgh town, to fight for his King and Prince Charlie.  
(Chorus)

As dauntless in battle, as tender in love, he'd yield ne'er a foot to the foeman,  
But never again from the field o' the slain to his Moira will he come by Loch Lomond

The thistle may bloom, the King have his own, and fond lovers may meet in the gloamin'  
And me and my true love will yet meet again, far above the bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.  
(Chorus)