By Yon Bonnie Banks

John McDermott

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes, Where the sun shines bright on loch lomon' Where me and my true love will never meet again On the bonnie, bonnie banks of loch lomon' Oh, ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low, And I'll be in scotland afore ye; For me and my true love will never meet again On the bonnie, bonnie banks of loch lomon' 'twas there that we parted in yon shady glen, On the steep, steep sides o' ben lomon' Where in a purple hue the heilan' hills we view, An the moon comin' out in the gloamin'. Oh, ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road, And I'll be in scotland afore ye; But me and my true love will never meet again On the bonnie, bonnie banks of loch lomon' The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers spring And in sunshine the waters are sleepin' But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again Tho' the waefu' may cease frae their greetin'. Oh, ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road, And I'll be in scotland afore ye; But me and my true love will never meet again. On the bonnie, bonnie banks of loch lomon'

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