

Loch Lomond

Peter Hollens

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
Where me and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond. O you take the high road, and I'll take 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 Lomond. 'Twas there that we parted, in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,
Where in soft purple hue, the hieland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.
O you take the high road, and I'll take 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 Lomond. The wee birdies sing and the wildflowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping.
But the broken heart it kens, nae second spring again,
Though the woeful may cease from their grieving.
O you take the high road, and I'll take 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 Lomond.

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