

# Loch Lomond

www.franzdorfer.com

G C G

4 Em D C G Am G C

8 D7 G G C G D7 G

12 Em D C G Am

15 G C D7 G

By yon bon-nie banks and by yon bon-nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond. Oh! Ye'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road, And I'll be in Scot-land a-fore ye, But me and my true love will ne-ver meet a-gain, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lomond.

Tw'as then that we parted, In yon shady glen,  
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,  
Where, in purple hue, The highland hills we view,  
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.

The wee birdies sing, And the wild flowers spring,  
And in sunshine the waters sleeping.  
But the broken heart it kens, Nae second spring again,  
Though the wae'ful may cease frae their greeting.