

TWENTIETH EDITION.

SONGS OF THE NORTH, GATHERED TOGETHER FROM THE HIGHLANDS AND LOWLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

Edited by

A. C. MACLEOD AND
HAROLD BOULTON.

The Music

ARRANGED BY
MALCOLM LAWSON.

AB, M



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*The Bonnie Banks o'
Loch Lomond.*

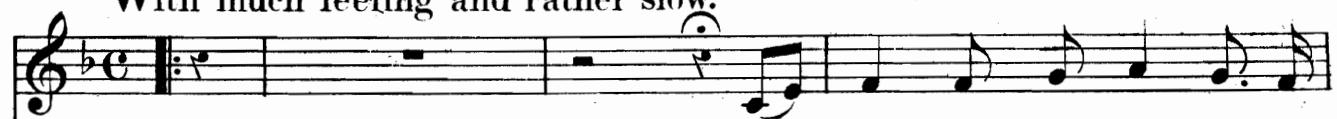
III.

LOCH LOMOND.

*Old Scottish Song.**Traditional Melody arranged by
MALCOLM LAWSON.*

With much feeling and rather slow.

Voice.



Piano.

p and very smooth.'Twas there that we part - ed in
The wee bir - dies sing and the

yon bon_nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mon,' Where
 yon sha_dy glen, On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lo - mon,' Where in
 wild flow_ers spring, And in sunshine the wa - ters are sleep - ing, But the

eres.

me and my true love were ev - er wont to gae, On the
 pur - ple..... hue..... the Hie - land hills we view, And the
 bro - ken heart it kens..... nae se - cond spring a - gain, Though the

REFRAIN.
Brisker.

bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - mon':
moon com-ing out in the gloam-ing, } O ye'll tak' the high road and
wae - fu' may cease frae their greet-ing,

cres.

I'll tak' the low road, And I'll be in Scot-land a - fore ye, But

cres.

me and my true love will nev - er meet a - gain On the

rit.

bon - nie, bon - nie banks of Loch Lo - mon'.....

rit.

THE BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMOND.

BY yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
 Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomon',
 Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

O 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 o' Loch Lomon'.

'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
 On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomon',
 Where in purple hue the Hieland hills we view,
 And the moon coming out in the gloamin'.

O 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 o' 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
 Though the waefu' may cease from their greetin'.

O 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 o' Loch Lomon'.

Old Scottish Song.

