

# The Bonnie Banks O' Loch Lomond

The Corries version  
Loch Lomond



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'?

*O ye'll tak the high road an' I'll tak the low  
I'll be in Scotland before ye  
For me and my true love will never meet again  
By the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond*

O will 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 on the heather

I trusted my ain love last night in the broom  
My Donald wha' loves me sae dearly  
For the morrow he will march for Edinburgh toon  
Tae fecht for his King and Prince Charlie

*(chorus)*

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

The thistle may bloom, the King hae his ain  
And fond lovers will meet in the gloamin'  
And me and my true love will yet meet again  
Far above the bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond

*O ye'll tak the high road an' I'll tak the low  
I'll be in Scotland before ye  
For me and my true love will never meet again  
By the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond*

- Andrew Lang (1876) -