

Loch Lomond

traditional

F *Dm* *Gm7* *C7*
By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
F *Dm(½)* *Am(½)* *Bb* *F*
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond
Dm *Am* *Gm* *C7*
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
F *Bb(½)* *F(½)* *Gm7(½)* *C7(½)* *F(½)* *C7(½)*
On the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lo mond. Oh

F *Dm* *Gm7* *C7*
Ye'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road,
F *Dm(½)* *Am(½)* *Bb* *F*
And I'll be in Scot land afore ye,
Dm(½) *C(½)* *F(½)* *D7(½)* *Gm* *C7*
But me and my true love will never meet again,
F(½) *Dm(½)* *Bb(½)* *F(½)* *Gm7(½)* *C7(½)* *F*
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lo mond.

'Twas 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.

O braw Charlie Stewart, dear true, true heart
Wha could refuse thee protection?
Like the weeping birk on the wild hillside,
How graceful he looked in dejection.

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 world does not know how we're grievin'.

The common interpretation of this song is that two of Bonnie Prince Charlie's men were captured and left behind in Carlisle after the failed rising of 1745. One of the young soldiers was to be executed, the other released. The Spirit of the dead soldier travelling by the 'low road' would reach Scotland before his comrade, who would be struggling along the actual road over high, rugged country.

Loch Lomond traditional

D *Bm* *Em7* *A7*
By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes, where the
D *Bm(½)* *G* *F#m7*
sun shines bright on Loch Lo-mond
G(½) *A(½)* *D(½)* *D7(½)* *G(½)* *Em(½)* *Em7(½)* *A7(½)*
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae, on the
Bm(½) *D(½)* *G(½)* *F#m7(½)* *Em7(½)* *A7(½)* *D(½)* *A7(½)*
bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lo mond. Oh

D *Bm* *Em7* *A7*
Ye'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road, and
Bm *Bm7(½)* *G* *F#m7*
I'll be in Scotland afore ye, but
Em7(½) *A7(½)* *D(½)* *Bm7(½)* *Em(½)* *Em7(½)* *G(½)* *A7(½)*
me and my true love will never meet again, on the
Bm(½) *D(½)* *G(½)* *F#m7(½)* *Em7(½)* *A7(½)* *D(½)* *A7(½)*
bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lo mond. 'Twas

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