The bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond

By yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie braes
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond
There me and my true love spent many happy days

Oh, ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road
And I'll be in Scotland before ye
But me and my true love will never meet again

'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,
An' the moon comin' out in the gloamin'.

The wee birdies sing and the wild flow'rs spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleepin';
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring,
Tho' the waefu' may cease frae their greetin'

Oh, ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road
And I'll be in Scotland before ye
But me and my true love will never meet again

On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.