By yon bonny banks and by yon bonny braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
There me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
On the bonny, bonny banks of Loch Lomond.

O, ye'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye;
But me and my true love will never meet again
By the bonny, bonny banks of Loch Lomond.

"O whither away, my bonny Donald lad,
So late and so dark in the gloaming?
The mist gathers gray o'er the moorland and the brae -
O whither so far are ye roaming?"

"O braw Charlie Stewart, dear true, true heart -
How graceful he looked in dejection.
Just like the weeping birk on the wild hillside!
Say wha could refuse him protection?"

Chorus

I met with my own love last night in the wood,
My Donald, who loves me so dearly.
Tomorrow he will march for Edinburgh town,
To fight for his king and Prince Charlie.

'Twas there that we parted, in yon shady glen,
By the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,
Where, deep in purple hues, the Highland hills we viewed,
With the moon coming out in the gloaming.

Chorus

As dauntless in battle as tender in love,
He'd yield ne'er a foot to the foe-man;
But never again from the fields of the slain
To his Moira will he come by Loch Lomond.

O well may I weep, for last night, in my sleep,
We lay bride and bridegroom together;
But his touch and his breath, they were as cold as death,
And his heart's blood ran red in the heather.

Chorus

The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping,
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again,
Though the woeful may cease from their greeting.

Chorus