

Loch Lomond.

(THE BONNIE BANKS OF LOCH LOMOND.)

Old Scotch Song.

1. By yon bonnie banks, And by yon bonnie braes, Where the
 2. 'Twas then that we part-ed In yon sha-dy glen, On the
 3. The wee bird-ie sang And the wild flowers spring, And in

sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond, Where me and my true love Were ev - er want to gae,
 steep, steep side of Ben Lo - mond, Where in pur - ple hue The Highland hills we view,
 sun - shine the wa - ters are sleep - ing, But the bro - ken heart it kens Nae sec - ond Spring a - gain,

Brisker.

On the bon - nie, bon - nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.
 And the moon com - ing out in the gloam - ing. Oh! ye'll take the high - road and
 Tho' the wae - ful may cease frae their greet - ing.

I'll take the low - road, And I'll be in Scot - land a - fore ye; But me and my true

Loch Lomond.

love will nev - er meet a - gain On the bon - nie, bonnie banks of Loch Lo - mond. . .

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Auld Lang Syne.

Robert Burns.

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Scotch Folk Song
Arr by J. S. Fearis.

1. Should auld ac - quaint - ance be for - got, And nev - er brought to mind? Should
2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow - ans fine; But we've
3. We twa ha'e sport - ed i' the burn Frae morn - in' sun till dine; But
4. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll

REFRAIN.

ould ac - quaint - ance be for - got, And days of auld lang syne?
wan - dered mony a wea - ry foot Sin' auld lang syne. For auld lang
seas be - tween us braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet For auld lang syne.

syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet For auld lang syne.

If your work is only good enough, all other questions answer themselves. —George Eliot.