

Loch Lomond

for TTBB choir, piccolo (or C instrument), and snare drum

Based on a poem by Andrew Lang*

Traditional Scottish Tune
arr. Elysia Arntzen

Piccolo
(or C instrument)

mp

Solemn ♩ = 72

Picc.

T 2

mf

There's an end-ing of the dance, and fair Mor-ag's safe in France, And the Clans they have paid — the

Picc.

mf

T 1

T 2

mf

law - ing, And the *wood-y has her own, and we two are left a lone, Free of Carl - isle — jail in the

B

mf

And the *wood-y has her own, and we two are left a lone, Free of Carl - isle jail in the

B

*Some words have been changed to a more orthodox spelling

*m. 8 - woody (wuddy) is slang for gallows

Loch Lomond

2
12

Picc.

T 1 *mf*

T 2 *mf*

B *mf*

B *mf*

S.Dr.

*m. 12 - dawning, the 'n' most likely omitted for rhyme.

17

T 1 *f*

T 2 *f*

B *f*

B *f*

S.Dr.

Loch Lomond

21

Picc. *mf*

T 1 *mf*

T 2 *mf*

B *mf*

B *mf*

S.Dr. *mp*

ah. _____

bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lom - ond. _____

bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lom - ond. _____

ah. _____

25

Picc.

T 1 *mp* *mp*

T 2 *mp* *mp*

B *mp* *mp*

B *mp* *mp*

S.Dr.

For my love's heart break in twa, when she *kenned the Caus-e's fa', And she

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For my love's heart break in twa, when she *kenned the Caus-e's fa', And she

*m. 28 - she sensed the cause had failed.

Loch Lomond

4

29

T 1
8
sleeps where there's ne-ver nane shall wa - ken, Where the glen lies all in wrack, with the

T 2
8
sleeps where there's ne-ver nane shall wa - ken, Where the glen lies all in wrack, with the

B
sleeps where there's ne-ver nane shall wa - ken, Where the glen lies all in wrack, with the

B
sleeps where there's ne-ver nane shall wa - ken, Where the glen lies all in wrack, with the

S.Dr.
29

32

Picc.
32
f

T 1
8
hous - es toom and black, While there's

T 2
8
hous - es toom and black, And her fath - er's halls ___ for - sak - en.

B
hous - es toom and black, And her fath - er's halls ___ for - sak - en.

B
hous - es toom and black, And her fath - er's halls ___ for - sak - en.

S.Dr.
32

Loch Lomond

35

Picc.

T 1 8
heath-er on the hill shall my venge-ence ne'er be still, While a bush hides the glint of a

T 2 *f*
heath-er on the hill shall my venge-ence ne'er be still, While a bush hides the glint of a

B *f*
heath-er on the hill shall my venge-ence ne'er be still, While a bush hides the glint of a

B *f*
heath-er on the hill shall my venge-ence ne'er be still, While a bush hides the glint of a

S.Dr. *f*

38

Picc.

T 1 8
gun, lad; With the men of Ser - geant Mor shall I work to pay the score, Till I

T 2 8
gun, lad; With the men of Ser - geant Mor shall I work to pay the score, Till I

B 8
gun, lad; With the men of Ser - geant Mor shall I work to pay the score, Till I

B 8
gun, lad; With the men of Ser - geant Mor shall I work to pay the score, Till I

S.Dr.

Loch Lomond

6
41

Picc.

T 1 *mf*

T 2 *mf*

B *mf*

B *mf*

S.Dr.

45

Picc.

T 1 *ff*

T 2 *ff*

B *ff*

B *ff*

S.Dr.


Loch Lomond

49

Picc. 

T 1 
 8 ne - ver meet a - gain, By the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lom - ond. _____

T 2 
 8 ne - ver meet a - gain, By the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lom - ond. _____

B 
 ne - ver meet a - gain, By the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lom - ond. _____

B 
 ne - ver meet a - gain, By the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lom - ond. _____

S.Dr. 

52

Picc. 
mp

T 1 
 8 *mp* Mm. _____

T 2 
 8 *mp* Mm. _____

B 
mp Mm. _____

B 
mp Mm. _____

S.Dr. 

The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond

Andrew Lang (1844-1912)

There's an ending o' the dance, and fair Morag's safe in France,
And the Clans they hae paid the lawing,
And the wuddy has her ain, and we twa are left alane,
Free o' Carlisle gaol in the dawning.

So ye'll tak the high road, and I'll tak the laigh road,
An' I'll be in Scotland before ye:
But me and my true love will never meet again,
By the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

For my love's heart brake in twa, when she kened the Cause's fa',
And she sleeps where there's never nane shall waken,
Where the glen lies a' in wrack, wi' the houses toom and black,
And her father's ha's forsaken.

While there's heather on the hill shall my vengeance ne'er be still,
While a bush hides the glint o' a gun, lad;
Wi' the men o' Sergeant Môr shall I work to pay the score,
Till I wither on the wuddy in the sun, lad!

So ye'll tak the high road, and I'll tak the laigh road,
An' I'll be in Scotland before ye:
But me and my true love will never meet again,
By the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.