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on my record

In Bonnie Scotland

In bright + bonny Scot-land, where the bluebells they do grow, there
 lived a fair young maid-en, all in the valley low.
 All day long a' herding sheep, upon the banks of Clyde And though her lot in
 life was low, she was the village pride.

2) Till an officer from Paisley town,
 Rode out to fowl one day.
 And he wandered to that lowly spot
 Where Mary's cottage lay.
 And many's a time he came that way,
 And did he visit pay.
 Until his fond heart and flattering tongue
 Soon won her heart away.

3) At length he came to visit her,
 And his face was dark with woe.
 Saying, "Mary, dearest Mary,
 Far from you I must go.
 The regiment received the route,
 And I to duty yield.
 I must forsake these lowland glens
 For India's burning fields."

4) "Oh, Henry, dearest Henry,
 You know you have won my heart.
 So take me as your wedded wife,
 For from you I can't part.
 Though highland glens and lowland fields,
 They are my heart's desire,
 But as your servant I will go,
 Dressed up in man's attire."

5) He dressed her up in soldier's clothes,
 Cut off her golden hair,
 And who would think a soldier's cloak
 Could hide a form so XXXXX rare.
 He took her on to Paisley town,
 And much they wondered there,
 At the beautiful and young recruit
 Who looked so sweet and fair.

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283
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- 6) The ladies all admired her
As she stood on parade,
~~But little they thought a soldier's coat~~
~~Could conceal so fair a maid.~~
They soon crossed o'er the raging sea,
And o'er the burning sand.
No tongue could tell what Mary 'dured
~~Through India's trackless land.~~
- 7) But when the day of trial came on
Upon the battlefield,
She saw the English troops give way,
~~And to the Indians yield.~~
~~She saw her true love was cut down,~~
A sword had pierced his side.
But from his post he never flinched,
And where he stood he died.
- 8) She raised him from the bloody ground
And in her arms did press,
And as she strove to close his wound,
~~A ball passed through her breast.~~
~~And as this couple loved in life,~~
In death they loved the same.
And as their fond hearts' blood ran cold,
It mixed in one red stream.