In Bonny Scotland

As sung by Sara Cleveland

Moderately \( \frac{q}{4} = 88 \)

1. In bright and bonny Scotland, where the blue-bells they do grow, There lived a fair young maiden all in the valley low.

2. 'Til an officer from Paisley town rode in to town one day, And he wandered to that lonely spot where Mary's cottage lay.

3. At last he came to visit her and his face was dark with woe, Say-ing, "Mary, dear est Mar y, far from you I must go."

4. "O Henry, dearest Henry, you know you've won my heart, So take me as your wed ded wife for from you I can't part."

5. He dressed her up in soldier's clothes, cut off her golden hair; And who would think a soldier's coat could hide a form so rare.

6. The ladies all admired her as they stood on parade, But little they thought a soldier's coat could conceal so fair a maid. All day long a herding sheep upon the banks of Clyde, And man-y's the time he came that way and did he visit pay.

7. But when the day of trial came on upon the battlefield, She saw the English troops give way and to the Indians yield. He came that way and did he visit pay. Un-till reg-i-ment re ceived the route and I to du ty yield; I took her unto Paisley town, and much they won dered there, At the high-land glens and low-land fields be my own heart's de sire, It's all her lot and life was low, she was the village pride.

8. She raised him from the bloody ground and in her arms did press, And 'ere she strove to close his wound, a ball passed through her breast. His fond heart and flat-tring tongue soon won her heart away. Must for get these low-land glens for In di a's burn ing field. As your ser vant I will go dressed up in man's at tire. As your ser vant I will go dressed up in man's at tire. As your ser vant I will go dressed up in man's at tire. As your ser vant I will go dressed up in man's at tire. As your ser vant I will go dressed up in man's at tire.

The ladies all admired her as they stood on parade, But little they thought a soldier's coat could conceal so fair a maid. They soon crossed o'er the raging seas and o'er the burning sand. No tongue could tell what Mary dured through India's trackless land.

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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, but when he stood he died.

8. She raised him from the bloody ground and in her arms did press, And 'ere she strove to close his wound, a ball passed through her breast. But 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.