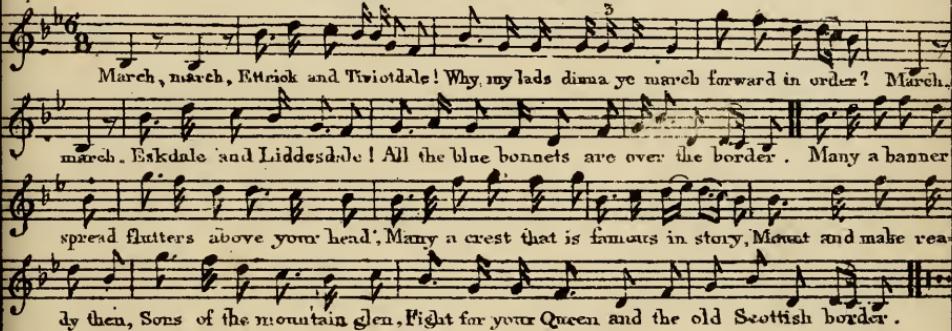


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BLUE BONNETS.



2.
Come from the hills where your kinsels are grazing.
Come from the glen of the buck and the rce,
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
Come with the buckler, the lance and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding, war-steeds are bounding,
Stand to your arms, and march in good order;
England shall many a day, tell of the bloody fray,
When the blue bonnets came over the border.



WHERE THE BEE SUCKS.

