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BLUE BONNETS.

March, march, Rattrick and Tiviotdale! Why, my lads dinna ye march forward in order? March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale! All the blue bonnets are over the border. Many a banner spread flutters above your head, Many a crest that is famous in story, Mawat and make ready then, Sons of the mountain Glen, Fight for your Queen and the old Scottish border.

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Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe,
 Come to the Craig where the beacon is blazing,
 Come with the brookler, 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.

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I, In a cowslip bell I lie, There I couch when owls do cry, when owls do cry, when owls do cry, On a bee's back do I fly.

After sunset merrily, merrily,
 After sunset merrily merrily, merrily shall I live
 now, Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now, Under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

