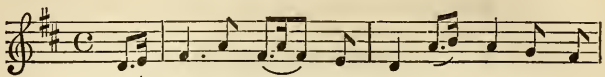


## DUMBARTON'S DRUMS.

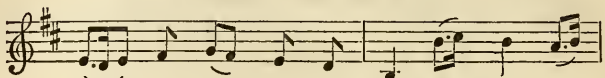
The following song, from the *Tea-table Miscellany*, is not of the first order of merit, but could not well be omitted from the present collection. Burns was under an impression that the song was localised to Dumbarton Castle; but the drums, more probably, were those of Dumbarton's regiment, a corps named from its first commander, Douglas, Earl of Dumbarton, who died in exile in 1692.

<sup>1</sup> As much as to say, Don't stickle with him.

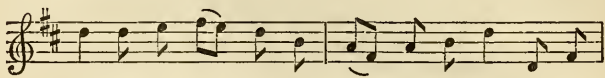
<sup>2</sup> From Herd's Collection, 1776.



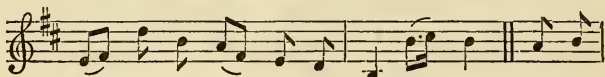
Dum - bar - ton's drums beat bon - nie, O, When they



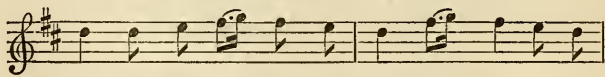
mind me of my dear John - ie, O; How



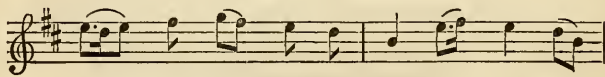
hap - pie am I When my sol - dier is by, While he



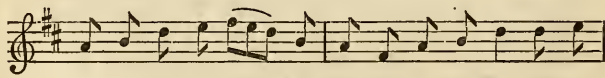
kiss - es and bless - es his An - nie, O! 'Tis a



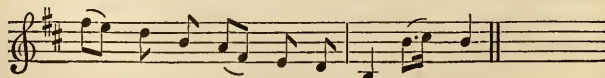
sol - dier a - lone can de - light me, O, For his



grace - ful looks do in - vite me, O; While



guard - ed in his arms, I'll fear no war's alarms, Neither



dan - ger nor death shall e'er fright me, O.

Dumbarton's drums beat bonnie, O,  
 When they mind me of my dear Johnie, O ;  
     How happie am I  
     When my soldier is by,  
 While he kisses and blesses his Annie, O !  
 'Tis a soldier alone can delight me, O,  
 For his graceful looks do invite me, O ;  
     While guarded in his arms,  
     I'll fear no war's alarms,  
 Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me, O.

My love is a handsome laddie, O,  
 Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy, O.  
     Though commissions are dear,  
     Yet I'll buy him one this year,  
 For he'll serve no longer a cadie, O.  
 A soldier has honour and bravery, O ;  
 Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery, O,  
     He minds no other thing  
     But the ladies or the king ;  
 For every other care is but slavery, O.

Then I'll be the captain's lady, O,  
 Farewell all my friends and my daddy, O ;  
     I'll wait no more at home,  
     But I'll follow with the drum,  
 And whene'er that beats I'll be ready, O.  
 Dumbarton's drums sound bonnie, O,  
 They are sprightly like my dear Johnie, O :  
     How happy shall I be  
     When on my soldier's knee,  
 And he kisses and blesses his Annie, O !