

# In Bonny Scotland

As sung by Sara Cleveland

Moderately  $\text{♩} = 88$

Dm C F C Am Dm C

1. In bright and bon - ny Scot - land, where the blue - bells, they do grow, There  
 2. 'Til an of - fic - er from Pais - ley town rode in to town one day, And he  
 3. At last he came to vis - it her and his face was dark with woe, Say - ing,  
 4. "O Hen - ry, dear - est Hen - ry, you know you've won my heart, So  
 5. He dressed her up in sold - ier's clothes, cut off her gold - en hair; And

Dm C F C Am G Dm

lived a fair young maid - en all in the val - ley low. And  
 wan - dered to that lone - ly spot where Mar - y's cot - tage lay. Our  
 "Mar - y, dear - est Mar - y, far from you I must go. Though  
 take me as your wed - ded wife for from you I can't part. He  
 who would think a sold - ier's coat could hide a form so rare.

C F Dm C Am Dm C

All day long a - herd - ing sheep up - on the banks of Clyde, And  
 man - y's the time he came that way and did he vis - it pay, Un - til  
 reg - i - ment re - ceived the route and I to du - ty yield; I  
 high - land glens and low - land fields be my own heart's de - sire, It's  
 took her un - to Pais - ley town, and much they won - dered there, At the

Dm C F C Am G Dm

all her lot and life was low, she was the vil - lage pride.  
 his fond heart and flat - t'ring tongue soon won her heart a - way.  
 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."  
 beau - ti - ful and young re - cruit that looked so sweet and fair.

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.  
 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.

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.