

BONNIE DUNDEE.—Continued.

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper I'll couch with the fox,
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of
your glee,
Ye have not seen the last of my bonnet and me."
Come, fill up, etc.

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets
were blown,
The kettledrums clash'd, and the horsemen
rode on,

Till on Ravelston cliffs and on Clermiston's
lea,
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonnie
Dundee.

Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can,
Come, saddle my horses and call out men,
Come, open your gates, and let me gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonnie
Dundee.

MY NANNIE, O.

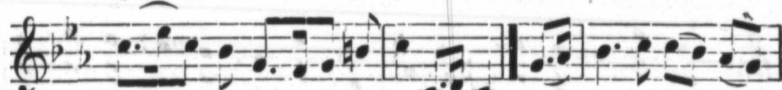
Words by Burns.



Be - hind yon hills where Lu - gar flows, 'Mang muirs and mos - ses



mo - ny, O, ' The win - try sun the day has clos'd, And



I'll a - wa' - - to Nan - nie, O. The west - lin' wind blows



loud and shrill, The night's baith mirk and rain - y, O, But I'll



get my plaid, and out I'll steal, And owre - - the hills - - to Nan - nie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young,
Nae artless wiles to win ye, O ;
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O,

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O ;
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that kens me, O ;
But what care I how few there be,
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

My riches a's my penny-ice,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O ;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O ;
But I'm as blithe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O,

Come weal, come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak' what Heav'n will send me, O ;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live and love my Nannie, O.