

Dumbarton's Drums

Dumb - bar - ton's drums___ beat bon - ny___ O, When they mind___ me of___ my dear

John - ny___ O, How___ hap - py am I___ when my sold - ier is by, While he

kiss - es and bless - es his An - nie___ O. 'Tis a sold - ier a - lone___ can de-

light me___ O, For his grace - ful looks___ do in - vite me___ O: Whilst___

guard - ed in his arms,___ I'll fear no war's a - larms, Neith - er

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

2. My love is a handsome laddie, O,
 Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy, O:
 Tho' commissions are dear,
 Yet I'll buy him one this year;
 For he shall 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 ev'ry other care is but slavery, O.

3. 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 where'er that beats, I'll be ready, O.
 Dumbarton's drums sound bonny, O;
 They are sprightly like my dear Jonny, O.
 How happy shall I be,
 When on my soldier's knee,
 And he kisses and blesses his Annie, O.