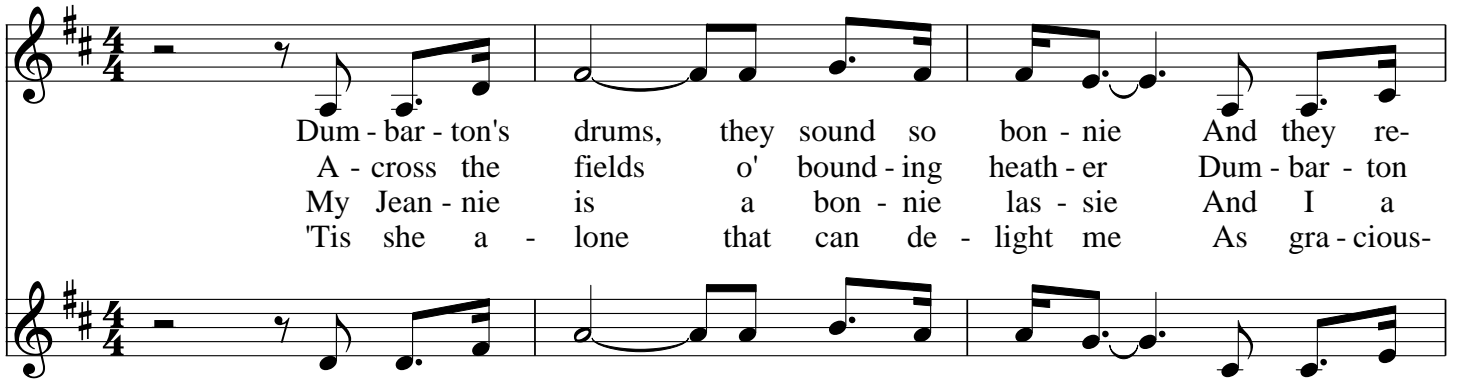
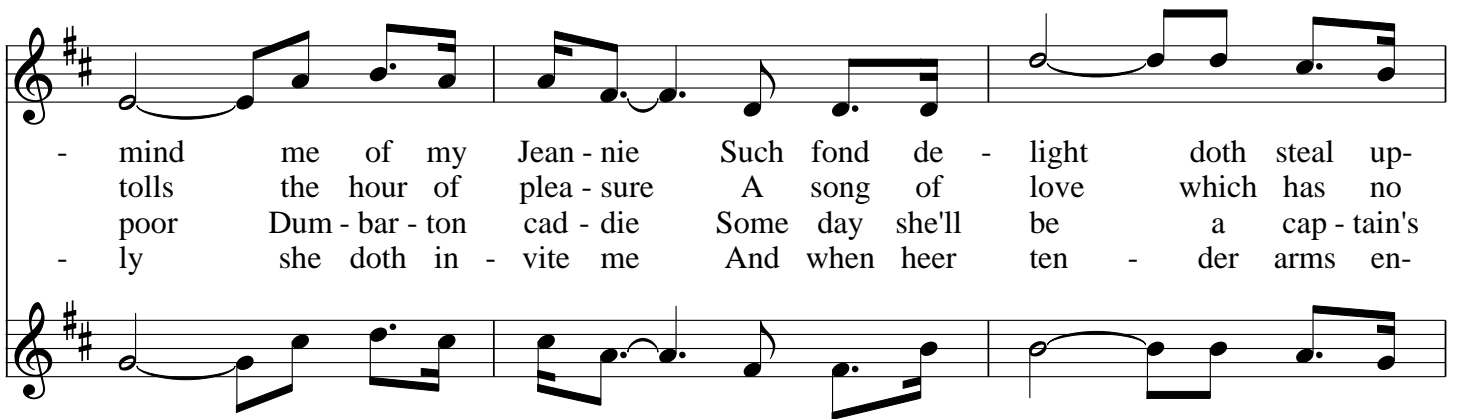


Dumbarton's Drums

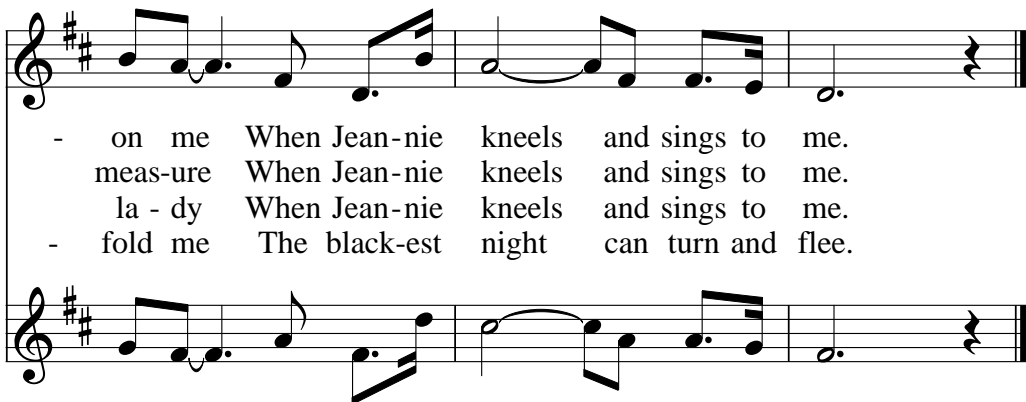
version by Jim Brannigan



Dum - bar - ton's drums, they sound so bon - nie And they re-
A - cross the fields o' bound - ing heath - er Dum - bar - ton
My Jean - nie is a bon - nie las - sie And I a
'Tis she a - lone that can de - light me As gra - cious-



- mind me of my Jean - nie Such fond de - light doth steal up-
tolls the hour of plea - sure A song of love which has no
poor Dum - bar - ton cad - die Some day she'll be a cap - tain's
- ly she doth in - vite me And when heer ten - der arms en-



- on me When Jean - nie kneels and sings to me.
meas - ure When Jean - nie kneels and sings to me.
la - dy When Jean - nie kneels and sings to me.
- fold me The black - est night can turn and flee.