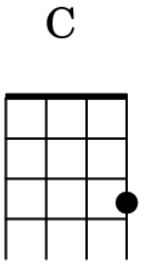




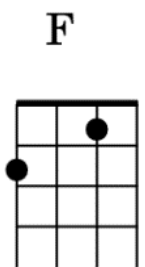
## Dumbarton's Drums (in C)

C F G7 <C>

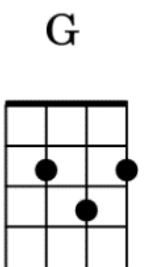
Dumbarton's [C] drums they sound sae [G] bonnie  
When they remind me of my [C] Johnnie  
Such fond de[F]light can steal up[C]on me  
When Johnnie [G7] kneels and sings tae [C] me [F] [C]



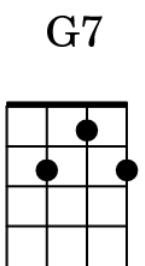
Across the [C] hills o' burning [G] heather  
Dumbarton tolls the hour of [C] pleasure  
A song of [F] love that has no [C] measure  
When Johnnie [G7] kneels and sings tae [C] me [F] [C]



Dumbarton's [C] drums they sound sae [G] bonnie  
When they remind me of my [C] Johnnie  
Such fond de[F]light can steal up[C]on me  
When Johnnie [G7] kneels and sings tae [C] me [F] [C]



It's he a[C]lone who can de[G]light me  
As gracefully he doth in[C]vite me  
And when his [F] tender arms en[C]fold me  
The blackest [G7] night can turn and [C] flee [F] [C]



Dumbarton's [C] drums they sound sae [G] bonnie  
When they remind me of my [C] Johnnie  
Such fond de[F]light can steal up[C]on me  
When Johnnie [G7] kneels and sings tae [C] me [F] [C]  
*Slow down* When Johnnie [G7] kneels and kisses [C] me [F] <C>