

All the Blue Bonnets over the Border.

An original National Air

Sung by

Mr. Braham?

arranged for the

Piano Forte.

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MAJESTIC.

March, March, Etrick and Ti-vi-ot-dale, Why my lads dinna ye March forward in or-der.

March, March, Eckdale and Liddesdale, All the Blue Bonnets are o-ver the Border.

PROPERTY OF
S. U. PIERCE

Ma - ny a Ban - ner spread flut - ters a - bove your head, Ma - ny a

crest that is fa - mous in Sto - ry, Mount and make ready then,

Sons of the Mountain glen, Fight for your King And the Old Scot - ish Bor - der.

D.C. from

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Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
 Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
 Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow;
 Trumpets are sounding, War Steeds are bounding,
 Stand to your arms and March in good Order;
 England shall many a day, Tell of the bloody fray,
 When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.