

THE BONNIE LASS O FYVIE

There once wis a troop o Irish dragoons
Cam merchin doon through Fyvie-o
And the captain's faan in love wi a very bonnie quine
And the name that she had wis Pretty Peggy-o

There's mony a bonnie lass in the Howe o Auchterless
There's mony a bonnie lass in the Garioch-o
There's mony a bonnie Jean in the toun o Aiberdeen
But the floer o them aa bides in Fyvie-o

Cam doon the stair, Pretty Peggy, my dear
Cam doon the stair, Pretty Peggy-o
Cam doon the stair, kaim back yer yella hair
Tak a last fareweel o your daddy-o

It's braw, it's braw, a captain's lady for tae be
It's braw tae be a captain's lady-o
It's braw tae ride and rant and tae folla the camp
And tae ride when your captain he is ready-o

But up cries the colonel, mount, boys, mount
Tarry, says oor captain, O tarry-o
Tarry for a while, for anither day or twaa
Till I'll see if this bonnie lass will mairry-o

I never did intend a sodger's lady for tae be
I never will mairry a sodger-o
I never did intend tae gang tae a foreign land
I never will mairry a sodger-o

It wis the early mornin, when we merched awa
O but oor captain wis sorry-o
The drums they did beat ower the bonnie braes o Gicht
The pipes played the Lawlands o Fyvie-o

Lang ere we cam tae Old Meldrum toun
We had oor captain tae cairry-o
And lang ere we cam tae bonnie Aiberdeen
We had oor captain tae bury-o

Green growe the birks on bonnie Ythanside
And law lie the Lawlands o Fyvie-o
Oor captain's name wis Ned and he died for a maid
He died for the bonnie lass o Fyvie-o

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