

The Bonnet So Blue



It was down in Green Al - ley in the town of Lock - shire, I
lived at my ease and was free from all care. I — lived in great splen - dor and of
sweet - hearts had two, But was wound - ed by one in his bon-net so blue.

One morning very early I arose from my bed.
I called upon Sally, my own waiting maid,
“Now dress me as good as your two hands can do,
Till I go meet my love in his bonnet so blue.”

My love he passed by with a gun in his hand.
I strove to speak to him, but he would not stand.
I strove to speak to him, but from me he flew,
My bonnie Scotch lad in his bonnet so blue.

“Dear laddie, I love you. I will buy your discharge,
Free you from the army and set you at large,
If you will but love me and to me prove true,
I will ne'er put a stain in your bonnet so blue.”

“I have a fair lassie in my own country,
I will not forsake her nor leave her for thee,
For to me she says she will ever prove true
And will ne'er put a stain in my bonnet so blue.”

I will go unto London, I will go unto Hull,
I will get my love's picture all painted in full,
And in my bed chamber I often will view
My bonnie Scotch lad in his bonnet so blue.