

BONNIE LASS OF FIFE-O

Scottish

Fife-O: Pronounced as three syllables... Fife-EE-O. Long E. Long O. And a Fife out in front. Just like should be.

Whistle



There once was a troop of I-rish drag - oons Come mar - ching - down through

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Fif - e - O The cap-tain fell in love with a bon-nie I-rish lass and her name she was called pret-ty

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Peg - gy - O.

There's many a bonnie lass in the glen of Auchterlass.
There's many a bonnie lass in Gairioch-O.
There's many a bonnie Jean in the streets of Aberdeen,
But the flower of them all lives in Fife-O.

O come down the stairs, Pretty Peggy, my dear;
Come down the stairs, Pretty Peggy-O.
Come down the stairs, comb back your yellow hair;
Bid a long farewell to your mammy-O.

What would your mother think if she heard the guineas clink
And saw the haut-boys marching all before you O?
O little would she think gin she heard the guineas clink
If I followed a soldier laddie-O.

I never did intend a soldier's lady for to be.
A soldier shall never enjoy me-O;
I never did intend to gae tae a foreign land,
And I will never marry a soldier-O

I'll drink nae more o your claret wine;
I'll drink nae more o your glasses-O.
Tomorrow is the day when we must ride away
So farewell tae your Fife lasses-O.

The colonel he cried, mount, boys, mount, boys, mount;
The captain, he cried, tarry-O.
O tarry yet a while, just another day or two
Til I see if the bonnie lass will marry-O.

Twas in the early morning, when we marched awa
And O but the captain he was sorry-O.
The drums they did beat on the merry braes o' Gight
And the band played the bonnie lass of Fife-O.

Long ere we came to the glen of Auchterlass,
We had our captain to carry-O.
And long ere we won into the streets of Aberdeen
We had our captain to bury-O.

Green grow the birks on bonnie Ethanside
And low lie the lowlands of Fife-O.
The captain's name was Ned and he died for a maid
He died for the bonny lass of Fife-O.