

The Road to Dundee  
By:Alistair Hulett  
a Scottish folk song

Cold winter was howling o'er moor and o'er mountain,  
And wild was the surge of the dark, rolling sea,  
When I met about daybreak a bonnie, young lassie,  
Who asked me the road and the miles to Dundee.

Says I, "My young lassie, I cannae well tell ye.  
The road and the distance, I cannae well gi'e.  
But if you'll permit me to walk a wee bitty,  
I'll show ye the road and the miles to Dundee."

At once, she consented and gave me her arm.  
Ne'er a word did I ask what the lassie might be.  
She appeared like an angel in feature and form,  
As she walked by my side on the road to Dundee.

At length with the Howe of Strathmartine behind us,  
The spires of the town in full view we could see.  
She said, "Gentle sir, I can never forget ye  
For showing me far on the road to Dundee."

I took the gold pin from the scarf on my bosom  
And said, "Keep ye this in remembrance of me."  
Then, bravely I kissed the sweet lips of the lassie  
Ere I parted with her on the road to Dundee.

So, here's to the lassie! I ne'er can forget her.  
And for you young laddies who are list'ning to me:  
Oh, ne'er be slow to help a young lassie,  
Though it's only to show her the road to Dundee.