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Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet

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(Percy Wenrich and Stanley Murphy)

On the old farm house veranda there sat Silas and Miranda,
Thinking of the days gone by;
Said he, "Dearie don't be weary, you were always bright and cheery
But a tear, dear, dims your eye."
Said she, they're tears of gladness, Silas, they're not tears of sadness;
It is fifty years today since we were wed."
Then the old man's dim eyes brighten'd and his stern old heart it ligh ten'd
As he turned to her and said:

cho: "Put on your old grey bonnet
With the blue ribbon on it
While I hitch old Dobbin to the shay;
Through the fields of clover
On the way to Dover
On our Golden Wedding Day."

It was in the same old bonnet with the same blue ribbon on it
In the old shay by his side,
That he drove her up to Dover thro' the same old fields of clover
To become his happy bride.
The birds were sweetly singing and the same old bells were ringing
As they passed the quaint old church where they were wed,
And that night when stars were gleaming the old couple law a-dreaming
Dreaming of the words he said.

note: this is the original. The chorus has survived. RG

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