Put on your old grey Bonnet

Words by
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Music by
PERCY WENRICH

Moderato.

On the old farm house veranda There sat Silas and Mike,
It was in the same old bonnet With the same blue ribbon

ran-da, Thinking of the days gone by._ Said he
on it, In the old shay, by his side. That he

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"Dear ie don't be wea-ry, you were al-ways bright and cheer-y. But a
drove her up to Dover thro' the same old fields of clov-er. To be-

tear, dear, dims your eye." Said she "they're tears of
come his hap-py bride. The birds were sweet-ly
glad-ness, Si-las, they're not tears of sad-ness, It is fif-ty years to-
sing-ing And the same old bells were ring-ing, As they pass'd the quaint old
day since we were wed." Then the old man's dim eyes bright-en'd, And his
church where they were wed. And that night when stars were gleam-ing, The old
couple lay a dreaming Dreaming of the words he said,

CHORUS.

"Put on your old grey bonnet with the blue ribbon on it, While I hitch old

Dobbin to the shay. And through the fields of clover, We'll drive up to

Dover on our golden Wedding day." "Put on your

Put on you old e to