

Chad Mitchell Trio

"The Bonnie Streets of Fyvie-o"

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There once was a troop of Irish dragoons
come marching down through Fyvie-o;
and the captain fell in love with a very bonny lass,
as we marched through the bonny streets of Fyvie-o.

The captain's name was Ned; He was the pride of the
regiment,
the bonniest lad in all of the army-o.
A very handsome sight, he was the lady's own delight,
as we marched through the bonny streets of Fyvie-o.

Well, it's I'll give you ribbons and I'll give you rings;
I'll give you a necklace of amber-o,
if you'll come on down the stair, and comb back your
yellow hair,
and we'll march through the bonny streets of Fyvie-o.

There's many a bonny lass in the town of Auchterless.
Aye there's many a bonny lassie in the Geerie-o;
there's many a bonny Jean in the streets of Aberdeen,
but the flower of all lives in Fyvie-o.

"Mount up," the colonel cried, "and it's to the brae we'll
ride,
down from the Gight unto Bonairi-o."
Well it's tarry another day we heard the captain say,
as we marched through the bonny streets of Fyvie-o.

The colonel in a rage drew his pistol and took aim
at the bonniest lad in all of the army-o.
He fired a deadly ball and our captain he did fall,
as we marched through the bonny streets of Fyvie-o.

It's langer we left, the town of Auchterlass,
we had our young captain to carry-o,
and langer we came into bonny Aberdeen,
that we had our young captain there to bury-o.

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