

The American Tragedy

"My Bonnie Lassie"

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Somewhere, a ship and crew
Sails o'er the ocean blue
Bringing, oh, bringing
My bonnie back to me

That's why the
Drums are drumming
That's why the
Pipes are humming
My Bonnie Lassie's coming
Coming to me

Drums in my heart are drumming
I hear the bagpipes humming
My Bonnie Lassie's
Coming over the sea

My heart with her, she's bringing
I hear the blue bells ringing
Soon we'll be highland flinging
My love and me

I'll meet her at the shore
Playing the pipes for her
Dressed in a kilt and
A tam o'shanter too

Drums in my heart are drumming
I hear the bagpipes humming
My Bonnie Lassie's coming
Coming to me

Sad are the lads she's leaving
Many a sigh they're heaving
Even the heaven's grieving
Crying with dew

She's left her native island
To come and live in my land
She'll love the folks who smile
And say, howdy do

I'll meet her at the shore
Playing the pipes for her
Dressed in a kilt and
A tam o'shanter too

Drums in my heart are drumming
I hear the bagpipes humming
My Bonnie Lassie's coming
Coming to me, coming to me

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