PUT ON YOUR OLD GREY BONNET

Words by
STANLEY-MURPHY

Music by
PERCY WENRICH

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NEW YORK - DETROIT
Put on your old grey Bonnet

Words by
STANLEY MURPHY

Moderato.

Music by
PERCY WENRICH

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, Thinks- ing of the days gone by
Said he
on it, In the old shay, by his side
That he
"Dear- ie don't be wea- ry, you were al- ways bright and cheer- y, But a
drove her up to Dov- er thro' the same old fields of clov- er, To be-
tear, dear, dims your eye:____ S aid 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

Put on you old etc.
stern old heart it light-en'd, As he turnd to her and said,
con- ple lay a dream-ing Dream-ing of the words he said,

CHORUS.

"Put on your old grey bon-net with the blue rib-bon on it, While I hitch old

Dob-bin to the shay. And through the fields of clo-ver, We'll drive up to

Do-ver on our gold-en Wed-ding day." "Put on your

Put on you old etc. 3