

The Road To Dundee

The Corries

Cauld winter was howlin' o'er moor and o'er mountain
Wild was the surge on the dark rolling sea,
When I met about daybreak a bonnie young lassie,
Wha asked me the road and the miles to Dundee.

Says I, "My young lassie, I canna' weel tell ye
The road and the distance I canna' weel gie.
But if you'll permit me tae gang a wee bittie,
I'll show ye the road and the miles to Dundee".

At once she consented and gave me her arm,
Ne'er a word did I speir wha the lassie might be,
She appeared like an angel in feature and form,
As she walked by my side on the road to Dundee.

At length wi' the Howe o' Strathmartine behind us,
The spires o' the toon in full view we could see,
She said "Gentle Sir, I'll never forget ye
For showing me so far on the road to Dundee".

So I took the gowd pin from the scarf on my bosom
-And said "Keep ye this in remembrance o' me
Then bravely I kissed the sweet lips o' the lassie,
E'er I parted wi' her on the road to Dundee.

So here's to the lassie, I ne'er forget her,
And lika young laddie that's listening to me,
O never be sweer to convoy a young lassie
Though it's only to show her the road to Dundee.