Bonnie Little Grace

by
Clay Riness

D A D G A
Late one day in the bright month of May when the hawthorn was blooming new,
D A D G
I rode in by the song of the wren and the skies were a dusky blue.
D A D G A
I thought back but a few years before when a daughter was born to me.
D (+F#) G D G A D
And a prettier child you'll never know and likely never see.

All made up in her best Sunday dress with her thin, yellow hair pulled back,
Pink cheeks bloomed like a rose in the room as she climbed into my old lap.
(In her) youthful way she would curl up and stay with her head laid upon my chest,
(And I'd) hold her there so close to me, the girl that I loved best.

CHORUS:
G D G D
[Will she grow too fast? Will she be bright? Will she sail the sea?
G D G D G A
Will her love last? Will she win the good fight and a lifelong victor be?
G D G D A
Will she stay brave? Will she bear a son and keep that smile on her face?
D (+F#) G D G A D
She's the one true daughter born to me, my bonnie little Grace.]

(No) father can hide the stern sense of pride as he watches his daughter grow.
(From a) babe to a child, a child to a girl, then a young woman courting her beau.
Years fade away as the laughter and play turn to work and to study and toil
(And a) strong young woman she'll become, this bonnie little girl. [ ]

(When I'm) laid to rest and I've failed the last test and the cold ground is covering me
I'll rest long for I know she's been strong since the days she sat on my knee.
On she'll go with her memories in tow of the days in our humble place.
(And she'll) know of me, I loved her so, my bonnie little Grace. [ ]

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Tuning DADGBE

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