

# Bonny Dundee

Scottish Folk

Tae the Lords o' Con - ven - tion 'twas Cla - ver - house spoke, 'E're the  
King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke, So let each ca - va - lier who loves  
hon - our and me, Let him fol - low the bon - nets o' Bon - nie Dun - dee Come  
fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come sad - dle my hors - es and  
call out my men, Un - hook the West Port and let us gae  
free For it's up with the bon - nets o' Bon - ny Dun - dee

Dundee he is mounted and he rides up the street  
The bells tae ring backward and the drums tae are beat  
But the provost douce man says just let it be  
For the toon is well rid o' that devil Dundee

So awa tae the hills, tae the lee and the rocks  
Ere I own a userper I'll couch with the fox  
So a tremble false whigs in the mid'st o' yer glee  
For ye've no see the last o' my bonnets and me

There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond Forth  
Be there lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north  
There are brave downie wassles three thousand times three  
Cry hey for the bonnets o' Bonny Dundee