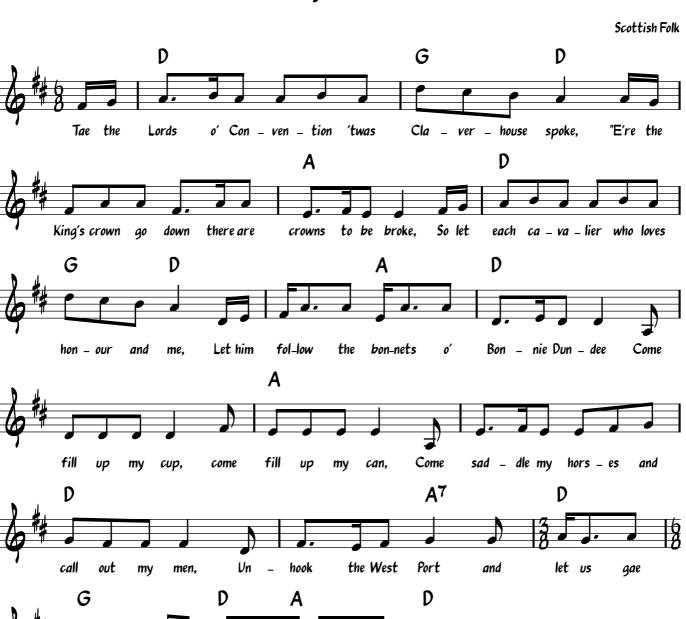
Bonny Dundee



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

with

the bon-nets

For it's

free

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 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

Bon - ny Dun - dee