

Corries "Bonnie Dundee"

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Tae the Lords o' convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke
E'er the King's Crown go down there are crowns to be
Broke
So each caviler who loves honor and me
Let him follow the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee

Chorus:

Come fill up my cup, come fill up can
Come saddle my horses and call out my men
Unhook the West Port and let us gae free
For it's up with the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee

Dundee he is mounted and rides up the street
The bells tae ring backwards, the drums tae are beat
But the provost douce man says, 'Just let it be.'

When the toon is well rid o' that devil Dundee

Chorus

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' Bonnie Dundee

Chorus

Then awa tae the hill to the lee and the rocks
Ere I own a usurper I'll crouch with the fox
So tremble false wigs in the midst of yer glee
For you've no seen the last of my bonnets and me

Chorus

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