

Bonnie Dundee

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke
Ere the King's crown go down, there are Crowns to be broke
So each Cavalier that loves honour and me
Let him follow the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee!

(Chorus)

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can
Come saddle my horses and call out my men
Unhook the west port and let us gae free
For it's up wi' the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee!

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat
But the Provost (douce man!) said "Just e'en let it be!"
"For the town is well rid of that devil, Dundee!"

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth
Be there lords in the South, there are chiefs in the North!
There are brave Duinnewassals three thousand times three
Will cry "Hey for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee!"

Then awa' tae the hills, tae the lea, tae the rock,
Ere I own a usurper, I'll crouch with the fox!
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee:
Ye hae no seen the last o' my bonnets....and me!

-Sir Walter Scott