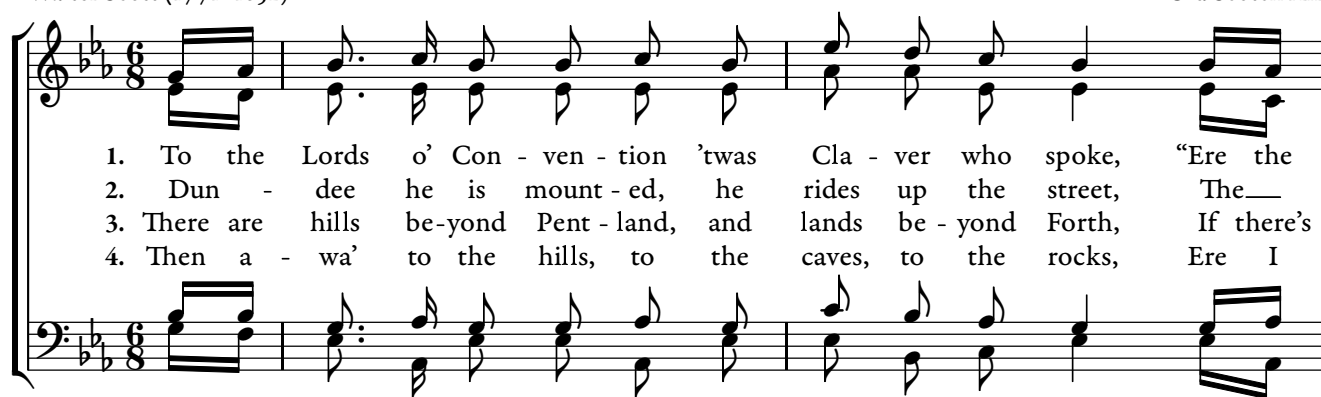


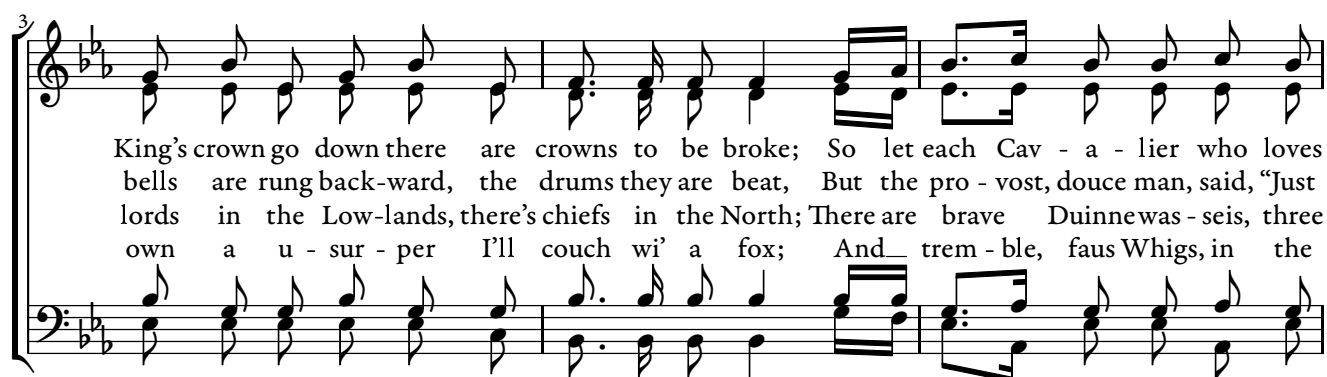
# BONNIE DUNDEE

Walter Scott (1771-1832)

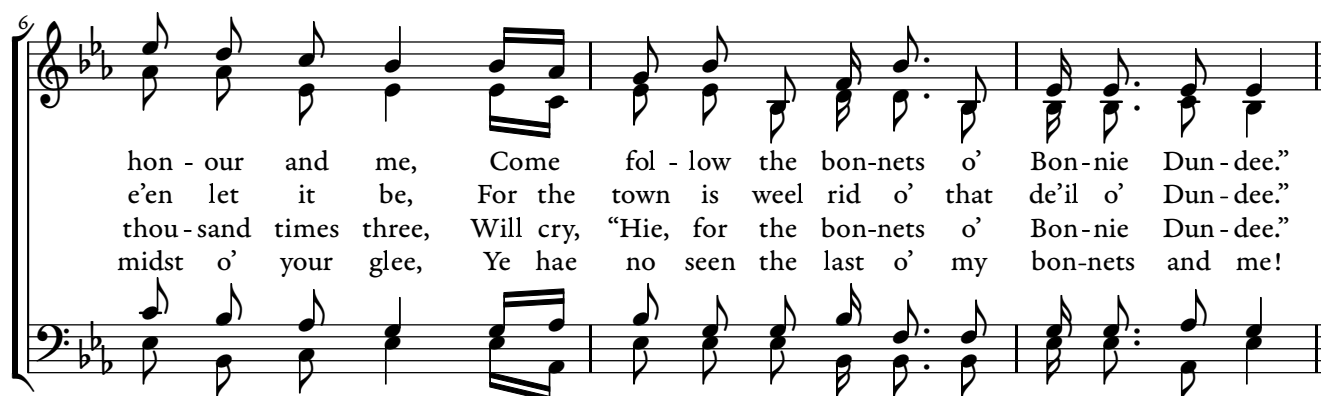
Old Scotch Air



1. To the Lords o' Con - ven - tion 'twas Cla - ver who spoke, "Ere the  
 2. Dun - dee he is mount - ed, he rides up the street, The—  
 3. There are hills be-yond Pent - land, and lands be - yond Forth, If there's  
 4. Then a - wa' to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks, Ere I



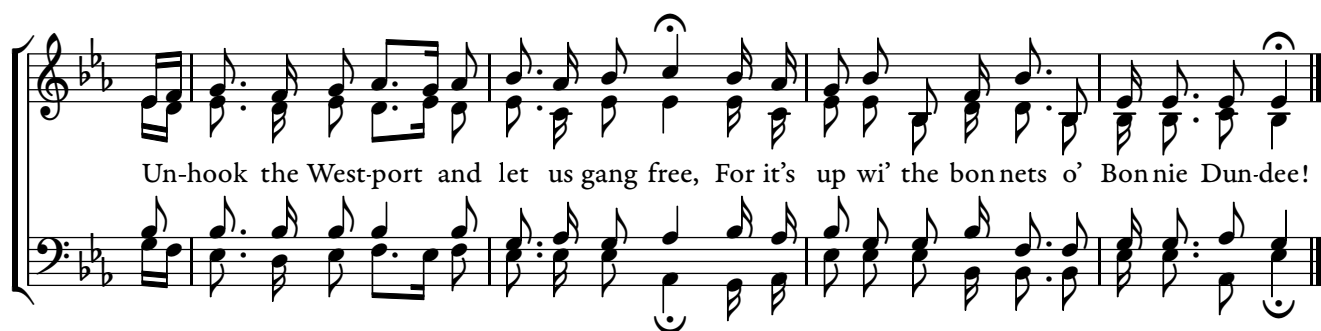
King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke; So let each Cav - a - lier who loves  
 bells are rung back-ward, the drums they are beat, But the pro - vost, douce man, said, "Just  
 lords in the Low-lands, there's chiefs in the North; There are brave Duinnewas - seis, three  
 own a u - sur - per I'll couch wi' a fox; And trem - ble, faus Whigs, in the



hon - our and me, Come fol - low the bon-nets o' Bon-nie Dun-dee."  
 e'en let it be, For the town is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dun-dee."  
 thou - sand times three, Will cry, "Hie, for the bon-nets o' Bon-nie Dun-dee."  
 midst o' your glee, Ye hae no seen the last o' my bon-nets and me!



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 gang free, For it's up wi' the bon nets o' Bonnie Dun-dee!