

## Bonnie Dundee

The Irish Rovers

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