

# Bonnie Dundee

Scottish folk song  
Words by Walter Scott

N.C. Eb Ab/Eb Eb

To the Lords of Con - ven - tion 'twas Cla - ver - house spoke, "Ere the  
Dun - dee he is mount - ed, he rides up the street, The  
There are hills be - yond Pent - land, and lands be - yond Forth, If there's  
Then a - wa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks, Ere I

Eb/Bb Bb

King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke, So  
bells they ring back - ward, the drums they are beat, But the  
lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north; There are  
own a u - surp - er I'll crouch wi' the fox; And

Eb Eb/Ab Eb

each Ca - va - lier who loves hon - or and me, Let him  
Pro - vost (douce man) said "Just e'en let it be, For the  
brave Dun - nie was - sels, three thou - sand times three, Will the  
trem - ble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee, Ye cry hae

Eb/Bb Bb Eb N.C.

fol - low the bon - nets of Bon - nie Dun - dee." } Come,  
town is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dun - dee;" }  
"Hey for the bon - nets of Bon - nie Dun - dee." }  
nae seen the last o' my bon - nets and me. }

Eb Ab/Eb Bb

fill up my cup, \_\_\_\_\_ come, fill up my can, Come,

Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb

sad - dle my hors - es, and call out my men, Un -

