

# Bonnie Dundee

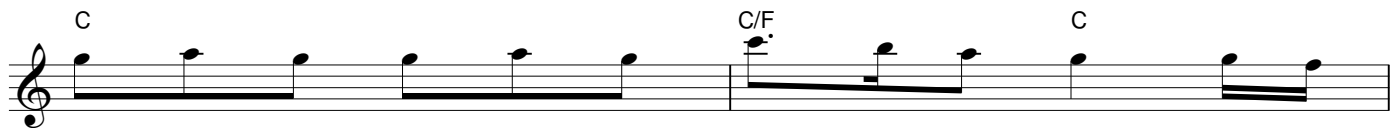
Scottish folk song  
Words by Walter Scott



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



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\_\_\_\_



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



fol - low the bon - nets of that 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. }



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



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

C<sup>7</sup>/B<sup>b</sup> F/A      C<sup>7</sup>/E      F      N.C.      C/G      G      C

hook the west port\_ and let us gae free, For it's up with the bon-nets of Bon-nie Dun-dee