Bonnie Dundee

D G D
To the Lords of con-ven-tion ‘twas Clav-er-house spoke
A
Ere the King’s Crown go down there are crowns to be broke
D G D
So each Ca-va-lier who loves hon-our and me,
A7 D
Let him fol-low the bon-nets o’ Bon-nie Dun-dee

Chorus…

D G D
Dundee he is mounted and he rides up the street
A
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat;
D G D
But the provose (douce man) said, “Just e’en let it be,
A7 D
For the toun is well rid o’ that devil Dundee.”

Chorus…

D G D
There are hills beyond Penland, and lands beyond Forth
A
Be there lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north;
D G D
There are brave Duinne wassels three thousand times three
A7 D
Cry “Hey for the bonnets o’ Bonnie Dundee”

Chorus…

D G D
Then away to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks
A
Ere I own a usurper I’ll crouch with the fox;
D G D
So tremble false Whigs in the midst o’ your glee
A7 D
Ye hae no seen the last o’ my bonnets and me.

<u>Chorus:</u>
D A D
Come Fill up my cup, come fill up my can. Come sad-dle my hor-ses and call out my men.
A7 D G D A7 D
Un-hook the west port and let us go free, for it’s up with the bon-net’s o’ Bon-nie Dun-dee.