

# Bonnie Dundee

The Corries version



To the Lords o' Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke  
E'er the King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke  
So each cavalier who loves honour and me  
Let him follow the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my 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 streets  
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat  
But the Provost douce man says just let it be  
For the toon is well rid o' that devil Dundee

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can...*

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

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can...*

And awa tae the hills, tae the lee and the rocks  
Ere I own an usurper I'll couch with the fox  
So tremble false Whigs in the mid'st o' yer glee  
For ye've no seen the last o' my bonnets and me

*Come fill up my cup, come fill up my 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*

- Walter Scott (1825) -