



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) -