

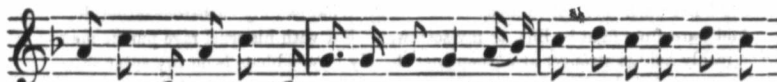
BONNIE DUNDEE.

Allegretto.

Sir Walter Scott.



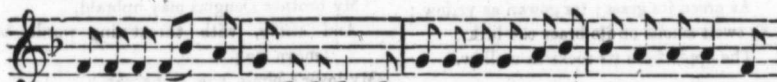
1. To the Lords of Con-ven-tion, 'twas Claver's who spoke, "Ere the



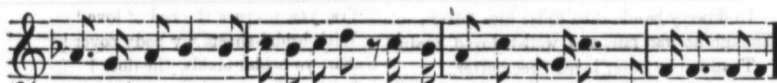
King's crown shall fall, there are crowns to be broke, So let each ca - va - lier who loves



hon - our and me, Come fol - low the bon-net of Bon-nie Dundee. Come



fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Comesaddle your horses and call out your men; Un-



hook the West Port, and let me gang free, And its room for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee."

Dundee he is mounted—he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they
are beat,

But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just
e'en let him be,

The gude toon is weel quit of that deil of
Dundee."

Come, fill up, etc.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the
Bow,

Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;
But the young plants of grace, they look'd

couthie and alee,

Thinking—Luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonnie
Dundee!

Come, fill up, etc.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket
was crammed,

As if half of the West had set tryste to be
hanged;

There was spite in each look, there was fear
in each e'e,

As they watched for the bonnets of Bonnie
Dundee.

Come, fill up, etc.

These cowl's of Kilmarnock had spits and had
spears,

And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers;

But they shrunk to close-heads, and the
causeway was free,

At a toss of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up, etc.

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle
rock,

And to the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke:

"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa
words or three

For the love of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee."

The Gordon demands of him which way he
goes:

"Where'er shall direct me the shade of Mont-
rose,

Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings
of me,

Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonnie Dun-
dee.

Come, fill up, etc.

"There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands
beyond Forth;

If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs
in the North,

There are wild dunniewassals, three thousand
times three,

Will cry, 'Hoigh! for the bonnets of Bonnie
Dundee.'

Come, fill up, etc.

"There's brass on the target of barken'd bull-
hide,

There's steel in the scabbard that dangles
beside,

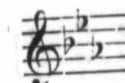
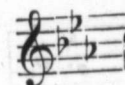
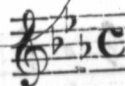
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall
flash free

At the toss of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up, etc.

"Away to the
rocks,
Ere I own a us
And tremble, f
your glee,
Yehavenot seen
Come, fill

He waved his p
were blown
The kettledrun
rode on,



My Nannie
Nae artl
May ill bel
That wa

Her face is
As spotl
The op'nir
Nae pur

A country
An' few
But what
I'm wel