

Then fill up the cup, let none be denied,
Here's health to the boys who lowered the pride
Of the arrogant Hun, who ne'er wanted to see
What was meant by the skirling of "Bonnie
Dundee."

They came from the North and the South, East and
West,
They were all brawn and muscle, their hearts were
the best,
And they fought wi' Bill Griesbach that we might be
free,
Of the murderous tyrant of old Germanie.

Then fill up the cup, here's health to the lads,
Of the brave Forty Ninth, be they brothers or
dads,
When they rushed at the Germans 'twas easy to
see
There 's none so respected as "Bonnie Dundee."

To the Lords of Hunland, 'twas Griesbach who spoke,
E're this old war is finished your hearts will be
broke,
When the lads from the land of the old maple tree
Make ye loup to the skirling o' "Bonie Dundee."

Then fill up the cup, I'll give you a toast,
Here's to all our brave heroes, let this be our
boast,
There was ne'er a Canadian sailed over the sea
But upheld the traditions of "Bonnie Dundee."

Never let us forget what we owe our dead,
By our children their wonderful deeds will be
read,
For the heroes of Canada never could yield,
And they sleep neath the poppies in Flanders
field.

Then fill up the cup to memory dear
Of our fallen heroes who never knew fear,
They fought the good fight and their spirits are
free,
They'll be with us forever in "Bonnie Dundee."