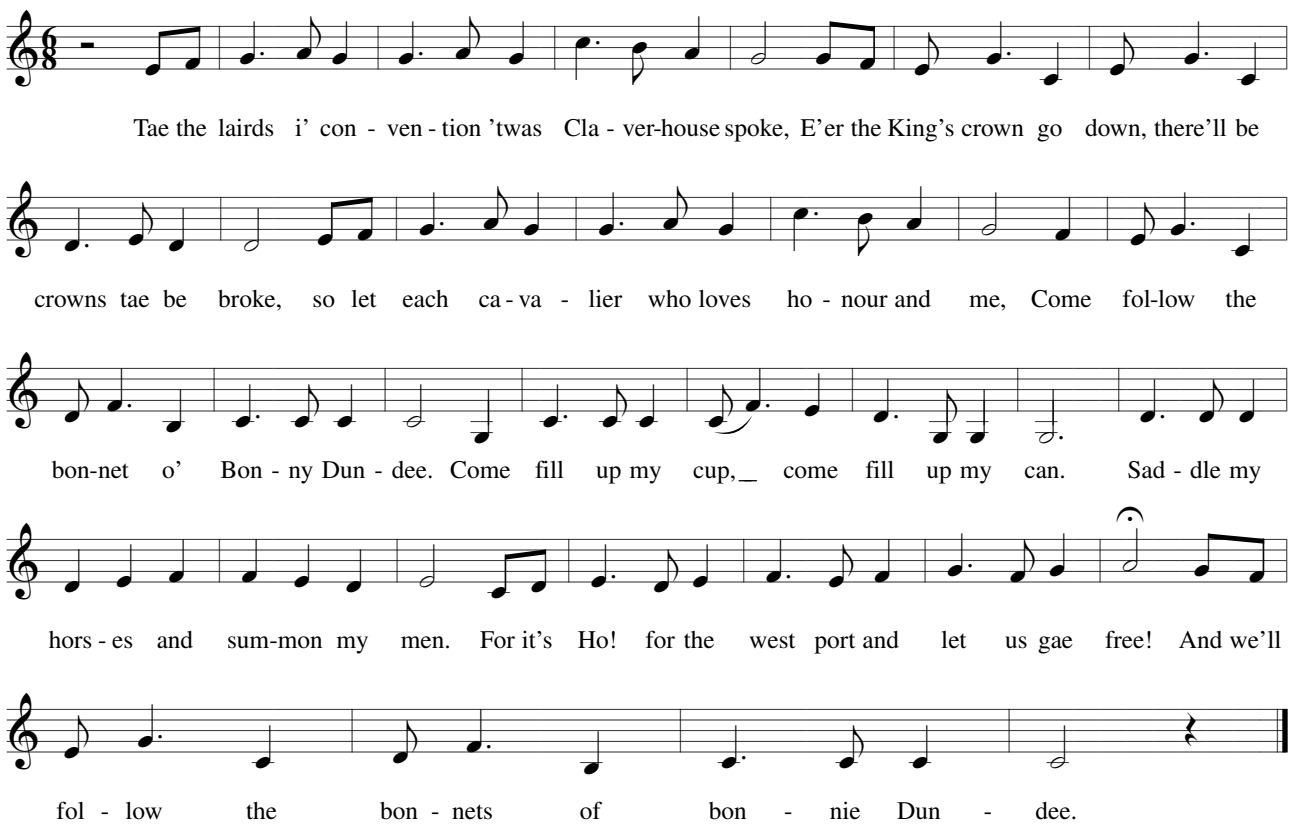
Tae the lairds i' con - ven - tion 'twas Cla - ver-house spoke, E'er the King's crown go down, there'll be
crowns tae be broke, so let each ca - va - lier who loves ho - nour and me, Come fol-low the
bon-net o' Bon - ny Dun - dee. Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can. Sad - dle my
hors - es and sum-mon my men. For it's Ho! for the west port and let us gae free! And we'll
fol - low the bon - nets of bon - nie Dun - dee.