



6 2
7/6

1872

7/6 mo k1

201

a few copies printed

\$.37/1.c





BOINEIDEAN CORRACH DHÙINDIAIGH.



'AN LOCHABAR

'DEIREADH A' GHEAMHRAIDH.

1860.

THE BONNETS OF BONNIE DUNDEE.

To the Lords of Convention
'Twas Claverhouse spoke—
Ere the King's crown go down
There are crowns to be broke ;
So let each cavalier
Who loves honour and me,
Come follow the bonnet
Of Bonnie Dundee.

CHORUS—Come fill up my cup,
Come fill up my can ;
Come saddle my horses
And call up my men ;
Come open the West Port,
And let me gae free—
For it's up with the bonnets
Of Bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted,
He rides up the street ;
The bells are rung backwards,
The drums they are beat ;
But the Provost, douce man,
Said, " Just e'en let him be—
The Town is weel quit
Of that Deil of Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, &c.

As he rode down the sanctified
Bends of the Bow,
Ilk earline was flyting
And shaking her pow ;
But the young plants of grace
They looked couthic and slee,
Thinking luck to thy bonnet
Thou Bonnie Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

With sour-featured Whigs
The Grass Market was cramm'd,



BOINEIDEAN CORRACH.

DHUNDAIGH.

Ri sàir Cuigse 'n Dunéidiunn
Thuir Cléibhers' mar so—
Mu'n d' thig crùn an Rìgh'nuas
'Sioma enuachd a bhios goirt ;
Gach lascaire tréun
Leis an éibhneas glonn-ghnìomh,
'Nis tógadh air, 's leanadh c
Boineid Dhùndiaigh !

F'ONN—Lionar mo chopan,
Dear ~~dear~~ lionar mo ehuaich,
'Us diòlaidear m' eachraidh,
A mach biodh mo shluagh ;
'Ghrad fhosglar au t-Iar-phort,
'Us leigear dhomh triall,—
Tha togail fo bhoineidibh
Corrach Dhùndiaigh.

Leum Cléibhers' air 'each
Agus mharcach tre 'n t-sràid
Sheinn na cluig air an ais,
Bhuail gach drumma le stàirru ;
Ars' am Prothaiste còir,
“Leigear fòil leis a shriau,
Oir 's maith as ar comunn
An Rosad, Dùndiaigh.”
Lionar mo chopan, &c.

Mar mharcach le sùrd
Tre na Lùbaith, 'nà still
Bha gach cailleach a' tathunn,
'S a' crathadh a' cinn ;
'S na h-ògana gràs-mhor,
'G ambar blàth air au t-sonn,
'S a' guidhe 'buaidh-làrach,'
Do dh' Armunn nan glonn.
Lionar mo chopan, &c.

Lion Cuigsiche scarbh-ghnùiseach
Margadh-an-fhèid ;

As if half the West
 Had set tryst to be hang'd ;
 There was spite in each look—
 There was fear in each e'e,
 As they watch'd for the bonnets
 Of Bonnie Dundee.
 Come fill up my cup, &c.

These Cowls of Killmarnock
 Had spits and had spears,
 And long hafted gullies
 To kill Cavaliers ;
 But they shrunk to close-heads
 And the causeway was free,
 At the toss of the bonnet
 Of Bonnie Dundee.
 Come fill up my cup, &c.

He spurr'd to the foot
 Of the proud Castle rock,
 And with 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."
 Come fill up my cup, &c.

The Gordon demands of him—
 Which way he goes ?
 " Where'er shall direct me
 The shade of Montrose !
 And your Grace in short space
 Shall hear tidings of me,
 Or that low lies the bonnet
 Of Bonnie Dundee.
 Come fill up my cup, &c.

" There are hills beyond Pentland,
 And lands beyond Forth ;
 If there's Lords in the Lowlands
 There's Chiefs in the North ;
 There are brave Duinewassals
 Three thousand times three,
 Will cry haigh ! for the bonnet
 Of Bonnie Dundee.
 Come fill up my cup, &c.

Mar dhaoine ri'n crochadh
 B'e coltas a' phòir,
 'N uair' bha iad a' còimhead,
 Le goigh, 'us le fiamh,
 Am faiccadh iad seolladh
 De bhoincid Dhùindiaigh.
 Lionar mo chopan, &c.

B'airm sleagh, 'us bior-fcòla
 Do na cèd-saich o'n Iar,
 Agus core air bhàrr bata,
 A chasgradh nan cliar;
 Ach theich as an rathad,
 Le h-athadh fo dhion,
 Aig faotainn doibh plathadh
 De mhaithibh Dhùindiaigh.
 Lionar mo chopan, &c.

Spuir'each gu cois craige sin,
 Caisteil nan stùadh,
 Thuirt grad ris ã Cheann—
 Coilcach sàr an Taoibh-tuadh—
 “Canadh ‘Meig,’ 'sa co-bhràth'rcan,
 Diog bhlàth'-còig no sca—
 A labhras teas gràidh,
 Do bhoincid àird-ghuirm Dhùindiaigh”
 Lionar mo chopan, &c.

Diù Gòrdon 'sin dh' iarr,
 ‘Cean is triall ghuit a Sheòid?’
 “An céum sin a dh'fhoillsicheas
 Taibhse Mhointròis!
 'Us cluinnidh bhur Gràsan,
 Gun dàil ormsa sgial;
 No 's iosal 's an àrfhaich
 Boincid àrd-ghorm Dhùindiaigh
 Lionar mo chopan, &c.

“Ma tha Mòirfhearan pailt,
 Ann an inagh-thìr man Gall,
 Gur lionnhor Cinn-chiumidh,
 'N tìr ghlinnich nam beann,
 'S naoi mìle Duin'ùasal,
 'Dh' éircas 'sùas leom gun fhiamh
 'Us iolach a thogas
 Air bhoineid Dhùindiaigh
 Lionar mo chopan, &c.

"There's brass on the target
 Of barken'd bull-hide ;
 There's steel in the scabbard
 That danglès beside ;
 The brass shall be burnish'd,
 The steel shall flash free
 At a toss of the bonnet
 Of Bonnie of Dundee.
 Come fill up my cup, &c.

Away to the hill,
 To the woods, to the rocks—
 E'er I own a usurper,
 I'll couch with the fox ;—
 And tremble, false Whigs,
 In the midst of your glee
 You have not seen the last
 Of my bonnets and me !
 Come fill up my cup, &c.

He waved his proud hand,
 And the trumpts were blown,
 The kettle-drums clashed,
 And the horsemen rode on :
 Till on Ravelston's cliffs,
 And Clermiston's Lea—
 Died away the wild war-notes
 Of Bonnie Dundee.

Come fill up my cup,
 Come fill up my can ;
 Come saddle my horses,
 And call out my men ;
 Fling open the West Port
 And let me gae free—
 For it's up with the bonnets
 Of Bonnie Dundee.

SIR W. SCOTT.

Air an sgeithidh tha pràis,—
 Seiche làn chairte 'n tairbh—
 'S an truaille 'tha làmh ri',
 Tha stàillinn gun mheirg ;
 Agus dearsaidh a' phràis,
 Drillidh 'n stàillinn mar 'ghrian
 'N uair' thogar le h-àrdan
 Boineid àrd-ghorm Dhùindiaigh.
 Lionar mo chopan, &c.

Air falbh thun nan coilltibh,
 Nan creag, 'us nam beann ;
 Ni mo leaba 's an t-Saobhaidh,
 Mu 'n taobh le rìgh feall.
 Gabhaibh oillt, a chealg-chuigsich,
 'S gearr-mhairiann bhur rian,
 Dh' fheobh fathast garbh-sheolladh
 De bhoineid Dhùindiaigh.
 Lionar mo chopan, &c.

Chrath e rithe nan èuchd,
 Agus shèid an stoc, crùaidh,
 'Choire-dhruma bhual bras,
 Am marc-shluagh 'ghrad ghlùais ;
 Seach Stiùic Bhaile-raobhail,
 Agus Raon Bhaile-cliar—
 Gu'n 'chailleadh, 'san astar,
 Ceol tatrach Dhùindiaigh.

Lionar mo chopan
 Dearth-lionar mo chuach,
 'Us diolaidcar m' càchraidh,
 Amah biodh mo shluagh,
 'Ghrad fhosglar an t-Iar-phort,
 'Us leigear dhomh triall—
 Tha togail fo bhoineidibh,
 Corrach Dhùindiaigh !

ABRACH.







