

✘ Sound the pibroch

Sound the pibroch loud on high,
Frae John o' Groats tae Isle o' Skye,
Let ev'ry clan their slogan cry,
Rise and follow Chairlie.

Chorus :

Hatcheen foam, foam, foam,
Hatcheen, foam, foam, foam,
Hatcheen, foam, foam, foam,
Rise and follow Chairlie.
From every hill and every glen,
Are gathering fast the loyal men,
They grasp their dirks and shout again,
Hurrah for Royal Chairlie.
On dark Culloden's field of gore,
Hark they shout Claymore, Claymore,
They bravely fight what can they more,
Than die for Royal Chairlie.
Now on the barren heath they lie,
Their Funeral Dirge the eagle's cry,
And mountain breezes o'er them sigh,
Wha' fought and died for Chairlie.
No more we'll see such deeds again,
Deserted is each highland glen,
And ye lonely cairns are o'er the men,
Wha' fought and died for Chairlie.