

Deante

"Culloden's Harvest"

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Chorus (after each verse):
Cold the wind on the moors blow
Warm the enemy's fire glows
Black the harvest of Culloden
Pain and fear and death grow

'Twas love of our prince drove us on to Drumossie
But in scarcely the time that it takes me to tell
The flower of our country lay scorched by an army
As ruthless and red as the embers of hell

Red Campbell and fox did the work of the English
MacDonald in anger did no work at all
With musket and cannon 'gainst honor and courage
The invader's men stood while our clansmen did fall

Now mothers and children are left to their weeping
With only the memory of father and son
Turned out of their homes to make shelter for
strangers
The blackest of hours on this land has begun

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