

## Isla Grant "The Ghosts Of Culloden"

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[CHORUS]

Can you hear them, can you see them  
Marching proudly across the moor,  
Hear the wind blow thru the drifting snow,  
Tell me can you see them, the ghosts of Culloden.

Many bravely fought and sadly they were slain,  
But they died with such pride and dignity,  
Their lives were not in vain,  
We still remember them,

They fought to save their land, and died for liberty.

[REPEAT CHORUS]

Thru the mist you'll hear - a lonely piper play,  
Listen carefully - you'll hear - a mournful cry,  
Swords and bayonets crash - as man to man they  
clash,  
They came to fight to live - and now they die.

[REPEAT CHORUS x2]

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