

Corries

"The News From Moidart"

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The news from Moidart cam yestreen,
Will soon gar mony ferlie
For ships o' war hae just come in,
And landed royal Chairlie.

Chorus:

Come through the heather, around him gather,
You're a' the welcomer early,
Around him cling wi' a' your kin',
For wha'll be king but Chairlie.

The Highland clan wi' sword in hand,
Frae John o' Groats to Airlie,
Hae to a man declared to stand,
Or fa' wi' royal Chairlie.

Chorus...

There's no a lass in a' the land,
But vows baith late and early,
To man she'll ne'er gie heart or han',

Wha wadna fight for Chairlie.

Chorus...

Then here's a health tae Chairlie's cause,
An' be't complete and early,
His very name our heart's blood warms,
To arms for royal Chairlie.

Come through the heather, around him gather,
You're a' the welcomer early,
Around him cling wi' a' your kin',
For wha'll be king but Chairlie.

Come through the heather, around him gather,
Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' th' gethir,
And crown him rightful, lawful king,
For wha'll be king but Chairlie.

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