

Cam Ye By Atholl

The Corries

Cam' ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg,
Down by the Tummel, or banks of the Garry?
Saw ye the lads, wi' their bonnets an' white cockades,
Leaving their mountains to follow Prince Charlie.
Follow thee, follow thee, wha wadna follow thee?
Long has thou lov'd an' trusted us fairly!
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee?
King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Charlie.

I hae but ae son, my gallant young Donald;
But if I had ten, they should follow Glengarry;
Health to MacDonald and gallant Chan Ronald,
For these are the men that will die for their Charlie.
Follow thee, follow thee, wha wadna follow thee?
Long has thou lov'd an' trusted us fairly!
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee?
King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Charlie.

I'll go to Lochiel, and Appin, and kneel to them;
Down by Lord Murray and Roy of Kildarlie;
Brave Mackintosh, he shall fly to the field wi' them;
These are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.
Follow thee, follow thee, wha wadna follow thee?
Long has thou lov'd an' trusted us fairly!
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee?
King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Charlie.

Down by thro' the Lowlands, down wi' the whigamore,
Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely;
Ronald and Donald drive on wi' the braid claymore,
Over the necks o' the foes o' Prince Charlie.
Follow thee, follow thee, wha wadna follow thee?
Long has thou lov'd an' trusted us fairly!
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee?
King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Charlie.