

# Sound The Pibroch

The Corries

Sound the pibroch loud and high  
Frae John o' Groats tae Isle o' Skye  
Let every clan their slogan cry  
Rise and follow Charlie

Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham  
Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham  
Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham  
Rise and follow Charlie

See that small devoted band  
By dark Loch Shiel they've made their stand  
And bravely vowed wi' heart and hand  
To rise and Royal Charlie

Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham  
Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham  
Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham  
Rise and follow Charlie

From every hill and every glen  
Are gatherin' fast the loyal men  
They grasp their dirks and shout again  
Hurrah for Royal Charlie

Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham  
Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham  
Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham  
Rise and follow Charlie

On dark Culloden's field of gore  
Hark they shout Claymore, Claymore  
They bravely fight what can they more  
Than die for Royal Charlie

Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham  
Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham  
Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham  
Rise and follow Charlie

Now on the barren heath they lie  
Their Funeral Dirge the eagle's cry  
Mountain breezes o'er them sigh  
Wha' fought and died for Charlie

No more we'll see such deeds again  
Deserted is each Highland glen  
And lonely cairns are o'er the men  
Wha' fought and died for Charlie

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