

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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