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CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

Oh! Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling; Oh! Charlie is my darling, The young Chevalier.

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'Twas on a Monday morning, right early in the year, When Charlie came to our town, the young Chevalier.

Oh! Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling; Oh! Charlie is my darling, The young Chevalier.

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As he came marching up the street,
The pipes played loud and clear,
And a' the folks came running out,
To meet the Chevalier.

They've left their bonny hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear;
To draw the sword for Scotland's Lord,
The young Chevalier.

Wi' hieland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores bright and clear;
They came to fight for Scotland's right
And the young Chevalier.

Oh! there were many beating hearts,
And many hopes and fears,
And many were the prayers put up
For the young Chevalier.

CHARLIE'S FAREWELL.

Fareweel, fareweel, my gallant hearts a', Fareweel to Scotland, ye sae dear; I weep

for the ills that on thee's fa'en, And a' the wrangs that thou maun bear.

Oh, Scotland, thou'rt but a reckless name!
A reckless fate abideth thee!
The bonniest spot in a' Christendom,
Is the haunt of guilt and treacherie!

O gin my grave were Culloden field,
Where drapt the flowers o' chivalrie!
O Scotland! Scotland that I should live
To mourn the wrangs o' thine and thee!

O fare thee weel, thou bonnie Scotland,
Thy stay and prop I wish'd to be;
But thee and thine I will ne'er forget,
Tho' I am banished far frae thee.

